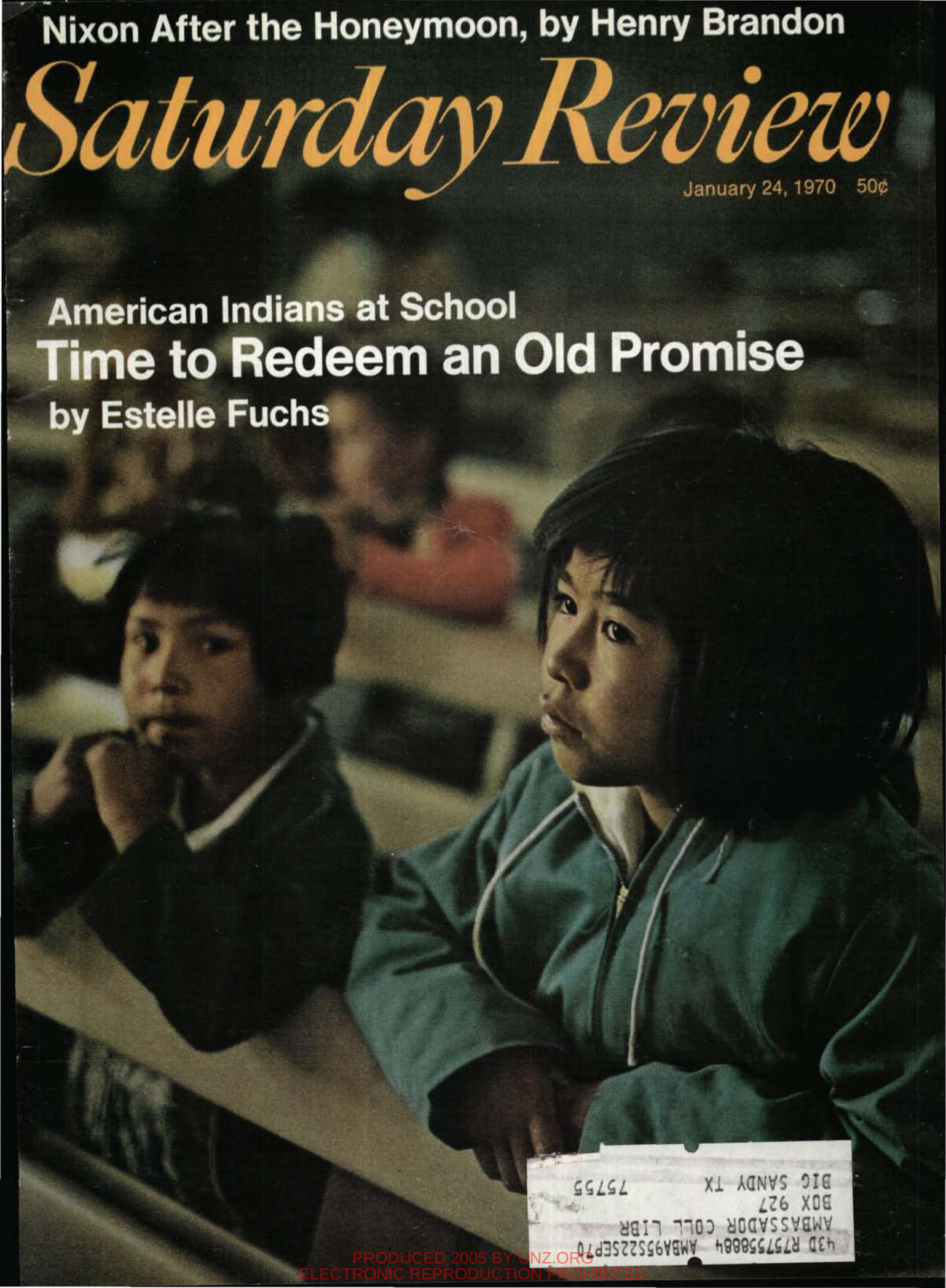
Nixon After the Honeymoon, by Henry Brandon

Saturday Review

January 24, 1970 50¢



American Indians at School

Time to Redeem an Old Promise

by Estelle Fuchs

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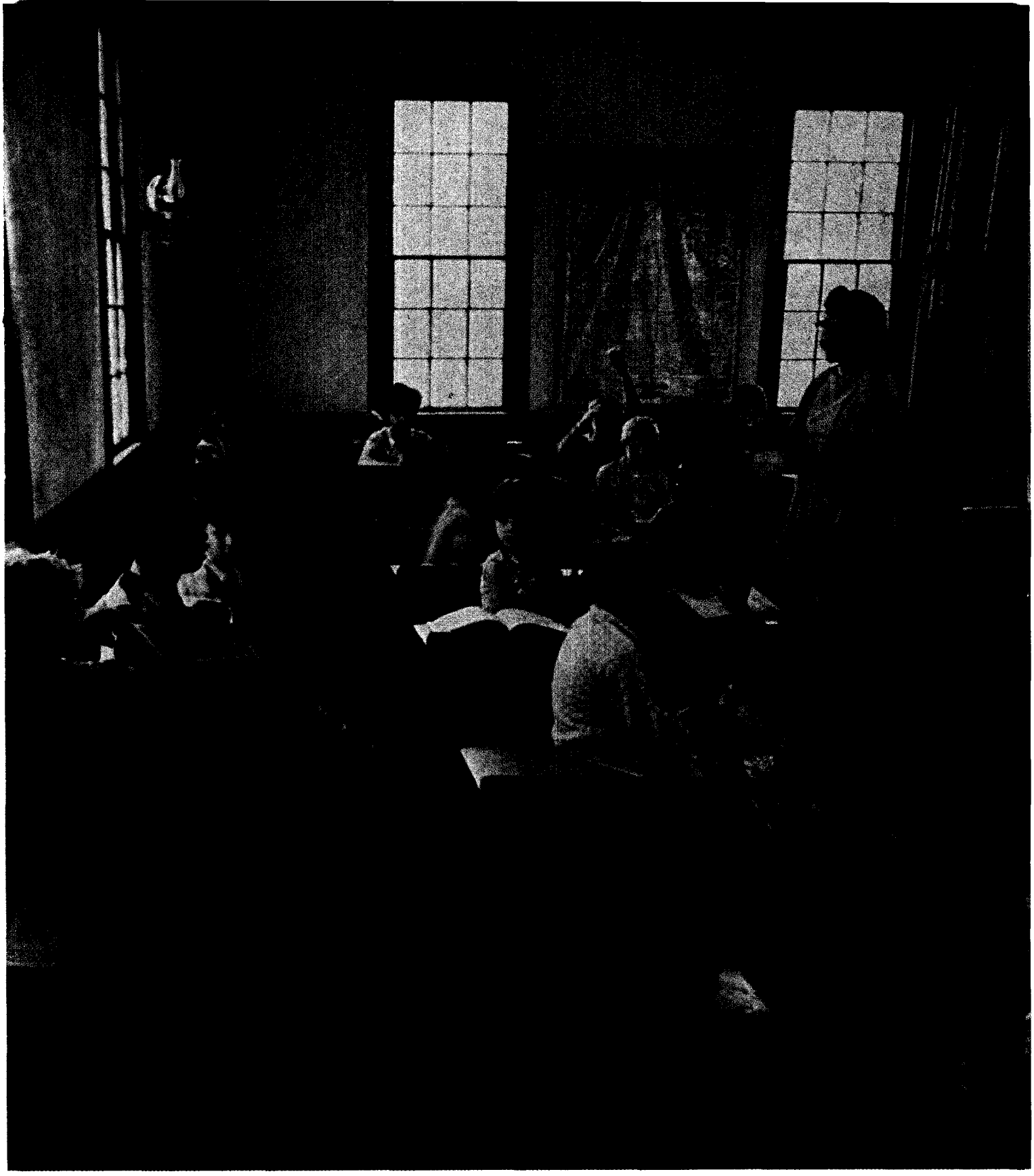

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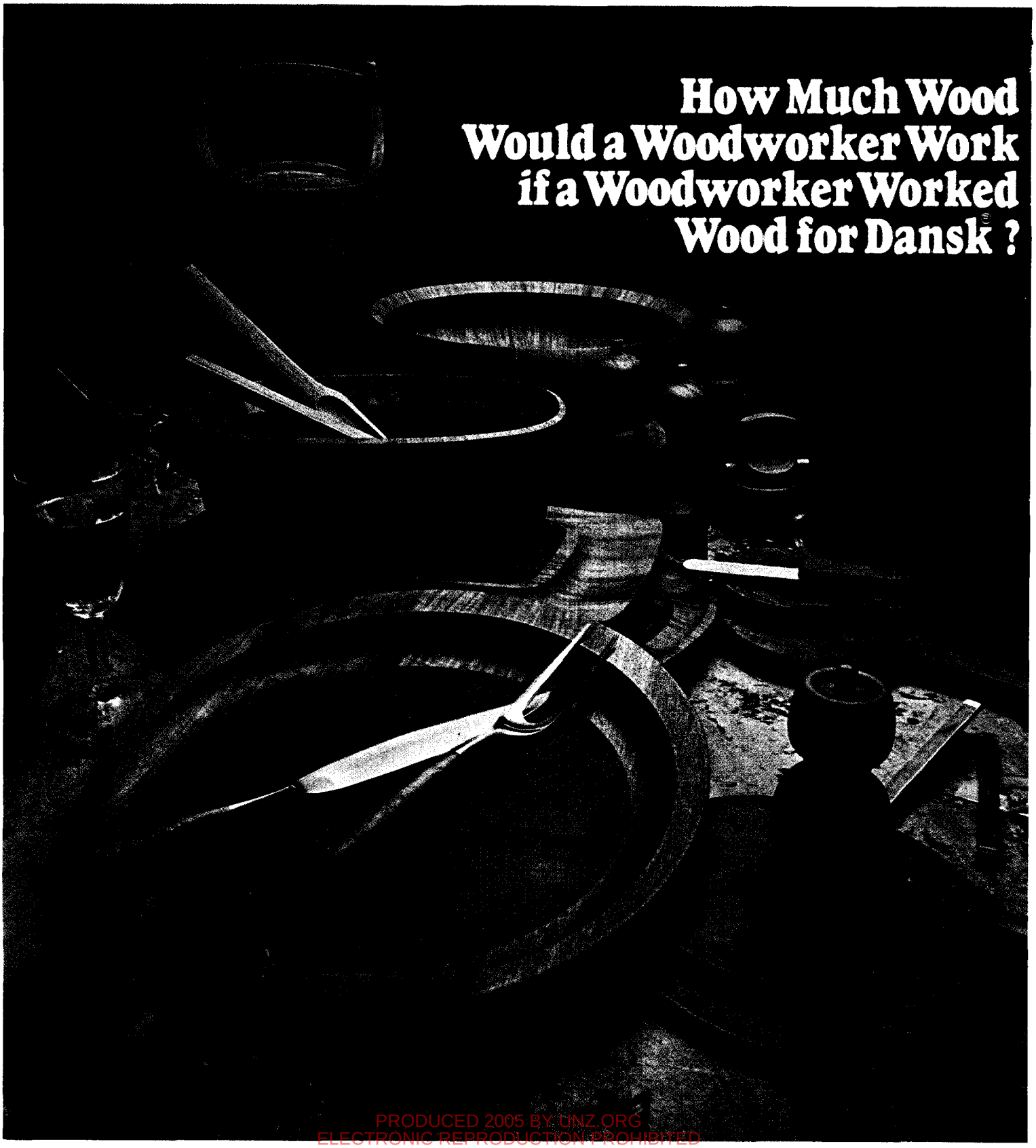

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January 24, 1970

Saturday Review

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One sad fact about the happy challenge of the young is that, eventually, they must lose one of their major battles. They will lose their own definition. They cannot stay young.

From the other side of the gap, I can tell them, in consolation but no sorrow, that it isn't as bad over here as it looks. At least I have never wanted to be younger than I was at any given age. Still, there is something about youth that makes it truly different from youthfulness. The moment is to be cherished, presumably because, like life itself, it is temporary.

These mutterings are prompted by my discovery that, at Doubleday, we seem to have one of those unplanned "series" going, with an emphasis on youth. Later in 1970, for example, we will publish for the first time in English *The Young Lenin*, by Trotsky. This is a remarkable portrait of a revolutionary in the making, who was, in his early prime time, not very revolutionary.

This week we are publishing Charles Baudelaire's LETTERS FROM HIS YOUTH. These ninety-five letters, discovered under the floorboards of a bombed-out villa almost a century after the poet's death, give intimate glimpses into the childhood of the man who would write *Les Fleurs du Mal*. Sad to report, at least for those with the usual illusions, that childhood was in large measure a happy one.

Baudelaire's packet of letters, writes Enid Starkie in her introduction, "consists largely of letters addressed to his half-brother, his mother, and stepfather. It is not often that the letters of a child are preserved, and especially by a half-brother, when no one could have guessed that he would ever become famous. The letters are, however, so fresh and original, so witty and charming for a boy of that age . . . that the older brother thought they were worth saving."

Wrote Baudelaire, victim and beneficiary of his childhood: " . . . Genius is nothing but childhood clearly revealed, endowed with all the virile powers of maturity for its expression."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Young Lenin, by Leon Trotsky, translated by Max Eastman, will be published by Doubleday later this year. *Charles Baudelaire—Letters from His Youth* ($4.95), translated by Simona Morini and Frederick Tuten, is published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., 277 Park Ave., New York 10017.

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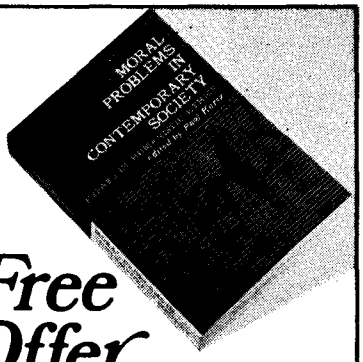

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Miss Maxi

The bus this morning
(Rush-hour Express
Get back there behind the white line, please)
Was the setting of a moment,
No more,
Of a rare grace.

Note: I say, just a moment,
When a young lady in a yarn hat,
And violet lenses,
And a Tsarist coat of, at last,
Satisfying amplitude

Gathered her anachronistic skirts
In a gesture older than Hecuba,
Drawing up the stuff of cherry wool
About her ankles, and swept off the bus.
(Step down to trigger back door, please.)

A young thing, this one with yarn hat,
Violet lenses, and, presumably,
Good knees.
This young thing, who never knew till now
The tacit language of the hem,
Could and did (I saw her)
Lift her skirts, age-old expression,
And sweep off the bus.

What was it, Yarn-Hat, racial memory?
There for an instant you were
The woman at the well,
A noble Roman matron,
One minor Regency figure.
Bath? Baden-Baden? Brighton? Byzantium?

And more woman, in your Cossack's coat,
Than this Express has seen these many mornings.

—RICHARD PECK.

2/4/68

THE RUMOR that the world came to an end on February 4, 1968, was discounted yesterday by Paul McCartney.

The fact that the Beatles are shown on the cover of their latest record dressed as angels and standing on the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth of a series of clouds does not indicate the date February 4, 1968, Mr. McCartney said. "We don't abbreviate dates that way in Britain. 2/4/68 is April 2, 1968, two months later."

Proponents of the rumor pointed to the discovery by a Jacksonville, Florida, disc jockey that the record *This Is a Recording* sounds the same played forward or backward. Others proposed that it was quite possible that the United States had come to an end two months before Great Britain.

Persons interviewed throughout the United States showed a surprising willingness to consider the rumor. "The Beatles are trying to tell us something," a Los Angeles housewife said. Several persons echoed the words of a Milwaukee truck driver: "For some time now I've had the feeling that things just aren't believable anymore."

Newspapers and television stations reported an increasing number of phone callers demanding to know whether *The New York Times* is "real," why Huntley and Brinkley are never shown on the same screen, and whether "there actually is a Walter Cronkite." Other callers expressed doubts about the existence of Vice President Agnew, the SDS, President Nixon, *Oh! Calcutta!*, former President Johnson, Vietnam, the Gulf of Tonkin, the Paris peace talks, Songmy, and the United States Army.

Social scientists and political analysts, at a loss to explain the remarkable growth of the rumor, agreed on its significance. "People are trying to find some kind of meaning in what's happening around them," suggested one psychologist. "If the United States is imaginary, it gives them something to hold on to." —GEOFFREY BUSH.

I Have This Quote Thing

A MAN on a television discussion program a while back offered some high-sounding sentences on peace and war, and added, "That's a quote from the Pope." That last phrase jabbed someplace deep inside my head, and I winced almost as though the fellow had pointed offstage and said, "There's the broad from the nunnery." In the next morning's paper, a columnist ended his daily piece with what he billed as "a great quote from Yeats." Suddenly I realized something that had bothered me vaguely for months: I have this thing about the use of "quote" as a noun, a usage that has crept into the language while I was not listening carefully.

Thinking back, I recalled the lady who once asked her husband within my hearing, "What's that quote from Shelley I'm so nuts about, honey?" And the man who ended his description of a new Neil Simon play with the words, "It's a riot. Full of quotes." I have not

(*Continued on page* 45)

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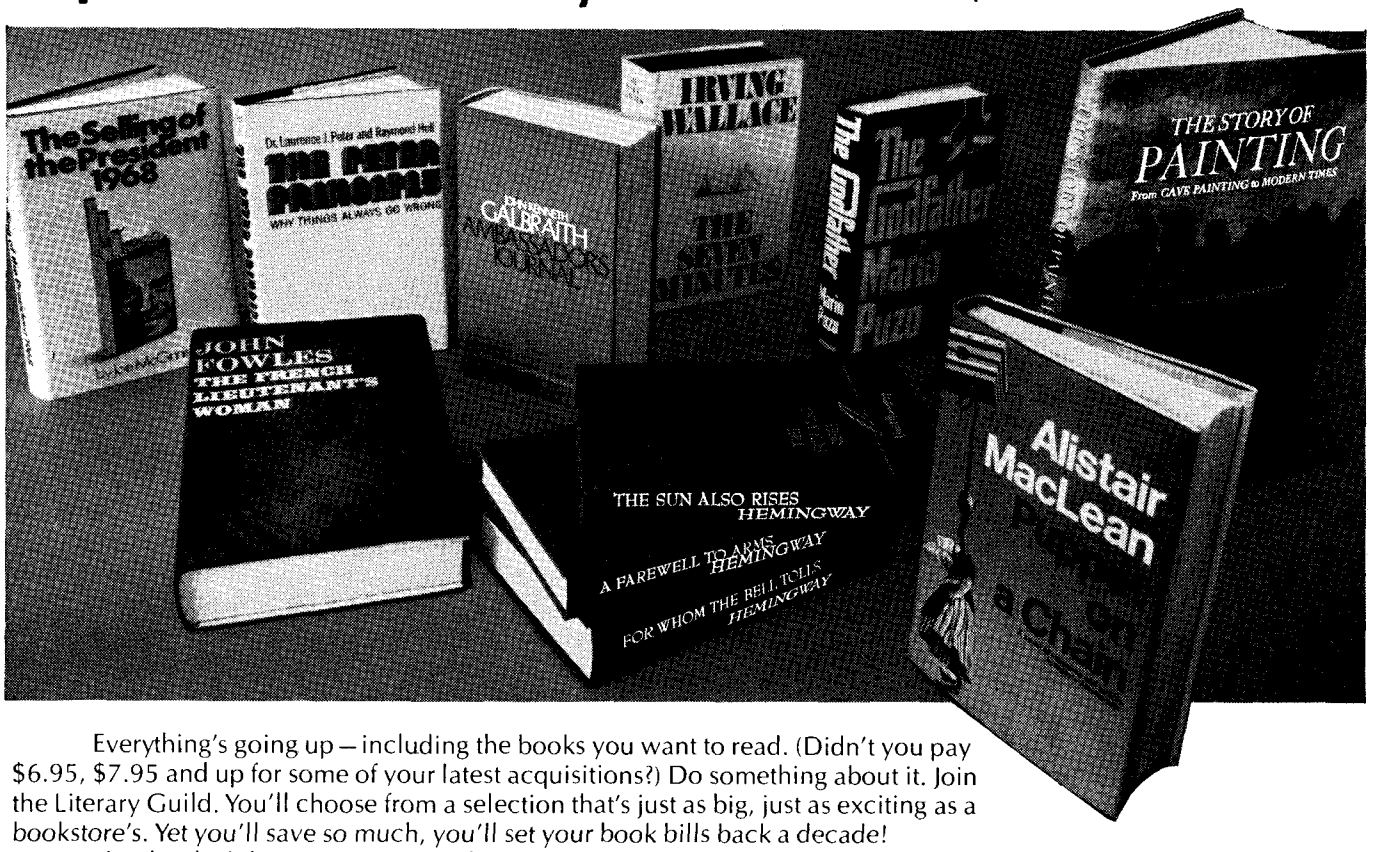

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Dirty Five-letter Word

ELKE SOMMER is an attractive movie actress. Recently she appeared on the *Merv Griffin Show* on CBS and asked people to write letters appealing for PEACE.

Carol Burnett is a gifted TV entertainer. She appeared on the *Merv Griffin Show* on Christmas Day and asked people to write letters appealing for PEACE.

Snip, snip. The CBS censors cut the appeals out of both programs.

Having survived and risen above the early days of censorship when "damn" and "hell" were snipped, television has now taken the giant step backward for all mankind. PEACE is a dirty word on all the talk shows. And the guests who appear on them are hereby warned to "watch it" when the subject comes up, if indeed it will ever again be permitted to come up.

"Talk shows" is a euphemism for "chatter shows." Too often the guests who show up on these midnight programs are hired at coolie wages to sit there making idle chatter while the host holds up—to plug—an author's unread book, or a singer's unheard album, or stills from an actor's unseen latest movie. This is not fair pay for the sleep a viewer loses.

If this censorship prevails—and the way everybody seems to be backing out of saying anything (I hate to use the word) meaningful, censorship will fast become the In thing. Dialogue on the chatter shows has been sinking into incredible banality. Censorship can only depress it further.

The sad part is that the lower the standard of dialogue, the higher the rating. For instance, the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Tiny Tim on Johnny Carson's show. It is to the everlasting shame of our nation's viewers that when this quaint couple was married one midnight some time ago, in full view of millions of insomniacs, the program got its top rating. No censorship here. Marriage is in. Peace is out.

Of course, this was only a one-shot hypo for Mr. Carson. How often can Tiny Tim get married? What does he do for an encore? It's to the credit of Mr. Carson's restraint that he didn't order his cameras to accompany the couple on their honeymoon. Perhaps there is already in the works some sort of plan to bring them back to tell about it.

It would be a pleasant surprise if Mr. Tim did come back, a married and stable citizen, willing and anxious to discuss some of the problems that beset the world—and now him—such as the population explosion and planned parenthood.

"Would you want to discuss that?" Mr. Carson might ask, hopefully leading his victim into whatever disaster that might bring on.

"Of course, I want to talk about it," Mr. Tim might say. "I have the courage of my convictions. I have two lips to speak out, and I won't tiptoe through these two lips to speak my mind."

It would be the icing on the wedding cake, if he had read up on the subject and actually had (here I go again) something meaningful to say. Actually, it might be required by hosts of these shows that all guests bone up on a subject of some import. Instead of what I heard the other evening on David Frost's "talk" show.

Gig Young, actor, was a guest. He spent the first five or ten minutes reading off a cue card the names of the entire cast in his next movie. Then Mr. Frost, usually more astute, made the mistake of asking Gig Young if his real name is Gig Young. That sent Mr. Young into a complicated and desultory explanation of the time he made his first movie and played a character named Gig Young. So the producer who, I suppose, had tried to find a catchy name for his actor changed the billing to read "Gig Young played by Gig Young."

When I went to bed, I slept soundly after that information. I had turned and tossed through many a night wondering if Gig Young is really Gig Young's real name. Haven't you? Anyway, no censorship there. Gig Young is in. Peace is out.

How lucky we are there was no TV, or censor, when Matthew recorded the Sermon on the Mount. If he had been a guest on a late show to plug the Beatitudes, he would probably have run into some trouble.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit," he would have said, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Snip, snip.

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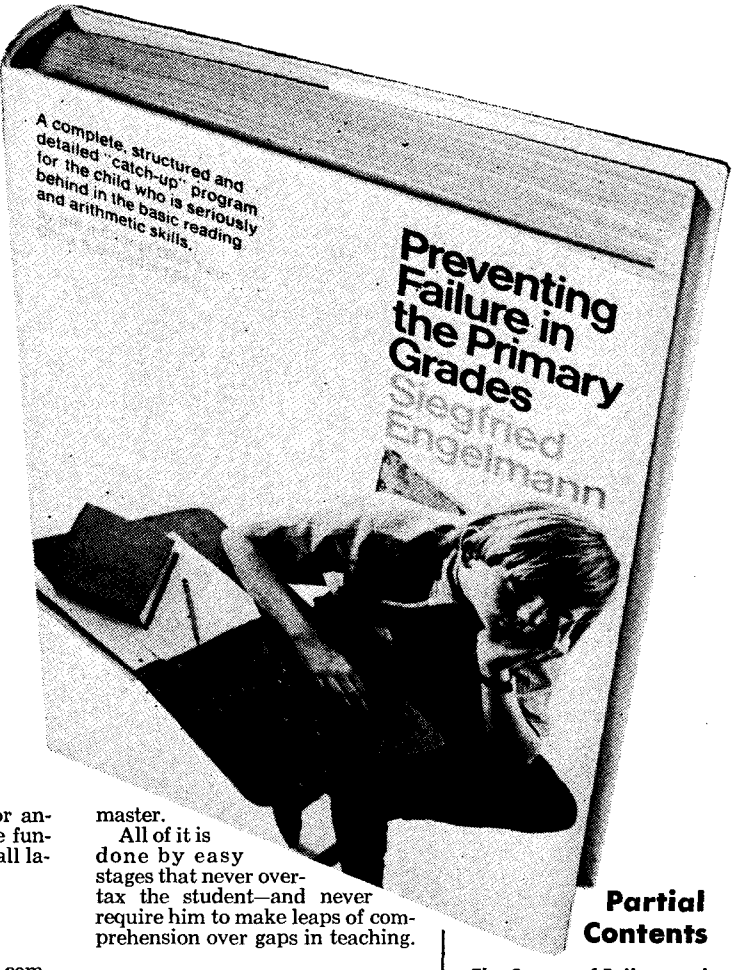
A complete, structured and detailed "catch-up" program for the child who is seriously behind in the basic reading and arithmetic skills.
Preventing Failure in the Primary Grades
Siegfried Engelmann

■ What do you do with a boy in the third grade who can't read the word "cat"?

Or a girl in the fourth grade with only a vague notion of what it means to multiply and divide?

Or the youngster who doesn't understand what to do when the teacher says "Fold your paper in two the long way"?

These are not exceptional cases. There are some in nearly every school. In ghetto schools, whole classes may be filled with them.

Whose fault?

Backward pupils cannot simply be written off as "dumb". They are the victims of teaching methods which obviously have been inadequate for *them*—however adequate they may have been for others.

If a child has failed to learn, his teacher has failed to teach him properly.

It does no good to teach more slowly, or to go over things again and again, or to demand that pupils "please pay attention". Some children cannot be taught in the ordinary way.

Special techniques needed

It takes special teaching methods to repair the damage that earlier inadequate teaching has done to slow learners. But *it can be done.* The techniques are wisely and brilliantly demonstrated by Siegfried Engelmann in **PREVENTING FAILURE IN THE PRIMARY GRADES.**

Dr. Engelmann's earlier book, *Give Your Child a Superior Mind,* showed how parents may teach pre-schoolers the basic concepts that will give them a tremendous advantage in school and in life. This new book shows how to help the child who is already in school –but who, for one reason or another, has never grasped the fundamental ideas upon which all later learning depends.

A magical "catch-up" program

What this book offers is a complete, structured, and detailed "catch-up" program for children who are seriously behind in reading, language comprehension, and arithmetic skills.

It is a thoroughly tested method that may be used by parents as well as by classroom teachers. And it works! You will be amazed at how much effective help it can give your child, or those in your class.

It shows the child how to cope with his study problems, learn more easily, understand more clearly. And it immediately begins to give him the confidence he desperately needs—which only the experience of success can provide.

The key to the problem

Dr. Engelmann stresses that the reason why children don't learn is often no more than this: *The child knows less than the teacher assumes.*

Ideas that may appear obvious to you—such as "top" and "bottom", "singular" and "plural", "plus" and "minus"—were never made clear to the child. And until they are, his ability to learn what follows is doomed in advance.

How to do it—step by step

Simple concepts must be simply and patiently taught. *This book shows you how to do it.*

Dr. Engelmann demonstrates exactly how to introduce each idea . . . what words to use . . . and, most important, *how to be sure the child really understands.*

Then—building on this firm base—he goes on to cover all the reading, writing, verbal communication, and arithmetic skills a child in the primary grades must master.

All of it is done by easy stages that never overtax the student—and never require him to make leaps of comprehension over gaps in teaching.

Can be adapted for older children

This method can also be adapted to the needs of a 16-year-old who has gone through school without learning basic skills.

Whether you are a professional teacher or a worried parent, you will be delighted by the way the techniques this book offers can help the child overcome his learning handicaps—and take his proper place in school and in modern society.

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Examine a copy of PREVENTING FAILURE IN THE PRIMARY GRADES now at your bookstore—or let us send it to you for a 30-day free trial. Mail the coupon below. Try Dr. Engelmann's methods and techniques. Use them for thirty full days. Then, if you have not had convincing proof that your child is being helped in his schoolwork and in his general attitude, return the book and you will owe us nothing. Otherwise, remit $7.95 plus mailing costs. Write to Simon and Schuster, Dept. 39, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020

Partial Contents

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Reading and Language for the More Advanced Child:
Following instructions involving numbers . . ."and". . ."all". . ."if-then". . ."or". . ."only". Descriptions. Definitions. Analogies. Dictionary work.

Arithmetic for the Beginning Child:
Teaching zero. Adding as counting. Number symbols. Plus and minus. Elementary algebra. Verbal problems. Negative numbers. Multiplication.

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Were the 1960s the Decadent Decade—or would the 1970s be even more so? One thing was certain. We chose the right spot to take leave of the former and enter the latter—Los Angeles. Certainly that city has not only the most people, but also the most jokes. Take two, for openers, from the Broadway play *Butterflies Are Free*: "In Los Angeles the climate's great, but the weather's lousy." And, "I was going to go to UCLA, but I couldn't find a place to park."

In Los Angeles, there are Signs of the Times wherever you look—particularly on billboards. UNDERTAKING AND BURIAL TOGETHER—ONE CALL FOR EVERYTHING, screams one. We liked best Peggy Cass's comment. "What the hell do they think we do in New York," she demanded, "bury an arm here and a leg there?" On a similar note, we came across a billboard advertising two new Warner Brothers records. One was *The Grateful Dead*, the other, *Roll Over and Play Alive*. On, we presume, the other side.

Las Vegas ads too were billboarded everywhere. One stood out. VEGAS' ONLY FAMILY CASINO, it boasted. Suggested, we guess, for mature families only. Meanwhile, up in San Francisco, one club billboard said, TOPLESS!, another, BOTTOMLESS!, still a third, TOPLESS AND BOTTOMLESS! But the simplest had a nice, old-fashioned ring: STARK NAKED!

Back in Los Angeles we liked the stamped instructions on the back of maps of stars' homes:

> Drive west on Sunset until you get to a sixteen-story building, with a 9000 on top. Pass that building and go one more block to Doheny. Turn left. Follow the red line on your map. Each red number indicates a star's name, and each red star indicates the site of that star's home. If you become lost, throw map away and scream.

We also liked the polite note underneath. "The addresses appearing on this map are private homes. Please do not intrude in any way."

The column of the month was Bill Kennedy's in the Los Angeles *Times*. "It just occurred to me," it began, "that, although I wrote the page 1 Rose Parade story about ninety times during my formative years, I have never actually seen the pageant." Then he went on:

> The task this year went to a light-fingered female type, Myrna Oliver, and I pity her. First she had to go to work pasting up the complete program for the parade all the way from the trumpeters down to the last float.
>
> This exciting chore done, she turned out a detailed description of each float for another sidebar several yards long. By this time her pinkies were worn to the bone, but she smiled a grim little smile and cleared her desk for the main story.
>
> She has to set her mind twenty-four hours ahead, because she must write in the past tense about the big event before it happens, so that the first edition will be on the street while the parade is forming.
>
> Spading up her floweriest, she described the overall picture as a "shimmering pageant of magic beauty," a "multicolored floral tapestry," and a "stately procession that threaded its rainbow hues along the five-mile route of march."
>
> She recorded her impressions of the crowds "banked along the streets in canyon walls of cheering humanity," and the "majestic backdrop of the Sierra Madres framing a panegyric canvas that called for the brush of a master."
>
> She did not forget the bugler astride a silver-bridled palomino, "flourishing her glittering trumpet," and the "clear, liquid notes sounding in the morning air."
>
> She put it all down in a "magnificent riot of color," just as she imagined it might be. Then she went home to bed.

All bullfight anti-aficionados who have suffered long and nobly hearing our views here are hereby ordered to watch our short film on CBS-TV's *Sixty Minutes*, Tuesday evening, January 20.

We ran into another Kennedy during our sojourn—Bob Kennedy, the Boston radio and TV man. Mr. Kennedy was formerly in the service in Georgia. "Los Angeles," he told us, "is Valdosta, Georgia, with a glandular condition." Mr. Kennedy had just guest-hosted a typical L.A. call-in talk show. "There are certain generalities you have to learn," he said. "The word 'student' is a bad word. 'Idealistic' is a dirty word. The combination 'those idealistic young people' is just about the worst thing you can say.

"The whole state," he declared, "exhibits a classic case of paranoia. They are loners. Their houses all evolve to the back. It's a behind-a-wall life—like China. There aren't even any interesting, character-like neighbors for your children to see. Your children only see themselves, over and over. And on top of it all, when you want someone to come over and play with your children, you have to go out and import them. If Hertz only had a rent-a-playmate plan, they'd make a fortune."

Columnist Art Seidenbaum urged readers to rally to an organization called "Lesser Los Angeles." Calling attention to the success of Lesser Seattle, which, he noted, had been fighting boom and boosterism for some time, Seidenbaum commended a letter that pointed out that Lesser Los Angeles was not only a necessity, but must also include other communities. Otherwise, the letter declared, the surrounding areas could "visit their pollutants" on the metropolis. "What is worse," the letter went on, "once we have established a little oasis of zero growth, their people will visit us regularly, and for longer and longer periods. Our weekends will not be ours to enjoy."

Our own suggestion is that Californians start ignoring the time zone and set their watches three hours ahead to Eastern time. We ourselves always do this when we are in California, and we believe it is one of the major reasons why, even during extended stays, we have never gone either a) native, b) Hollywood, or c) crazy. It is, of course, a well-known fact that too much sun addles the brain. And if Californians got up at seven o'clock New York time, not only would they have the benefit of several hours of darkness in the morning, they would also be in, or at least going to, bed before sunset—thus cutting out a good deal of potential addling at both ends. Also, this system would effectively cut down the statewide inferiority complex that derives in large measure, in our opinion, from the fact that in California you have to set your alarm to call your broker before the market opens, and then you feel the day is all over at noon when the market closes. After all, going to bed before sunset may involve a little sacrifice, but no sacrifice ought to be too much for a real LLA—or Lesser Los.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1867)

(SAM) LEVENSON:

SEX AND THE SINGLE CHILD

The child may either ask pointed questions, point and ask questions, or figure it out for himself from the figures, features, and fixtures he sees all about him.

When he gets to college he will review the same subject matter under the heading of Comparative Anatomy I-II.

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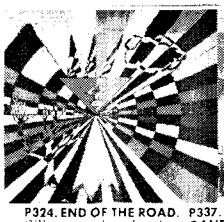

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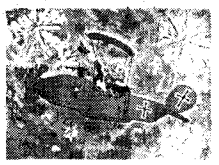

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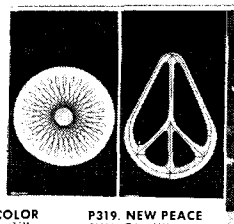

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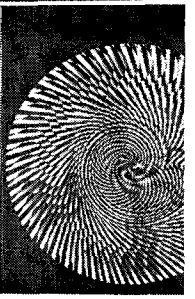

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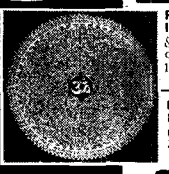

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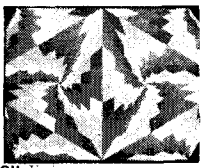

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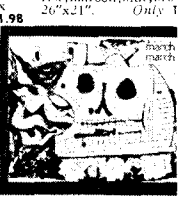

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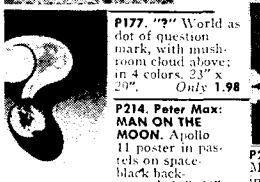

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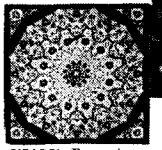

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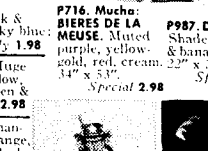

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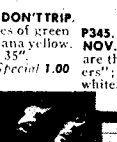

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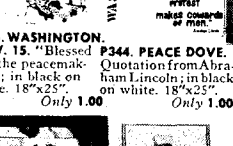

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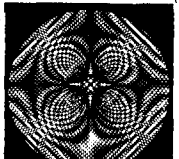
P147. Hug: LION'S HEAD. *On Canvas* —Lithographed in dayglo yellow, cerise, beige, on black. 21" x 26". *Only* **1.98**



P361. RHYTHM. Dayglo yellow, red, purple, greens, blue, on black. 22"x26". *Only* **1.98**

P205. EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED. Full color Tomi Ungerer poster for the Village Voice; 29"x45". *Only* **1.98**

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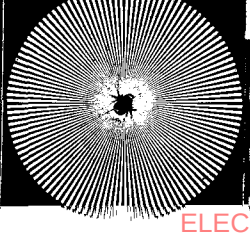

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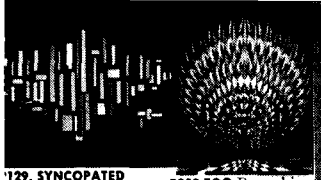

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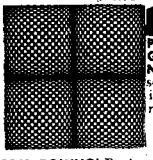

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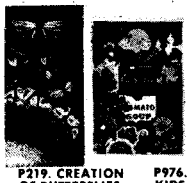

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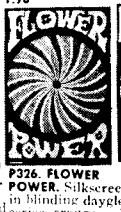
P357. IRON BUTTERFLY. Metal butterfly, stained glass wings; reds, blues, yellows, browns. 24"x32". *Only* **1.98**

P325. BE IMPREGNABLE—USE THE PILL. Silkscreened in dayglo cerise, yellow, orange on blue. 21" x 31". *Only* **1.98**



P326. FLOWER POWER. Silkscreen in blinding dayglo cerise, orange, yellow, green & blue, white, on black. 21"x32". *Only* **1.98**

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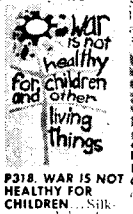
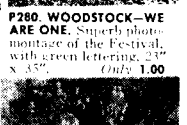


P318. WAR IS NOT HEALTHY FOR CHILDREN... Silkscreened dayglo yellow, cerise & green; black letterine. 22" x34". *Only* **1.98**

P329. SUPER-PEACE. Silkscreened dayglo yellow, blue, green, orange, cerise, on black. 33" x 29". *Only* **2.98**

P316. OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE—YOUNG ONES DO. Silkscreened dayglo red, blue, green. 32" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P706. PEACE. Iridescent reds & greens with white and red-brown. 30" x 19". *Special* **1.00**



P260. WOODSTOCK—WE ARE ONE. Superb photo montage of the Festival, with green lettering. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.00**

P208. Tchelitchew: HIDE-AND-SEEK. The levels of childhood: aspiration, fantasy and terror; greens, reds, yellows. 25" x 29". *Only* **7.49**

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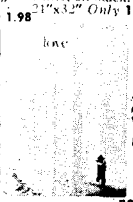
P313. CLASSICAL PEACE. Silkscreened in vivid dayglo yellow-green, orange, cerise, on black. 21" x 33" *Only* **1.98**

P835. Picasso: THE GUITARIST. Classic in blues with brown 18" x 26½". *Pub. at $7.50 Only* **2.98**



P871. Lorin Gillette: LOVE. Couple embracing against a background of sea and sand. 17¾" x 21½". *Only* **1.98**

P858. Ben Shahn: YOU HAVE NOT CONVERTED A MAN BECAUSE YOU HAVE SILENCED HIM. Black & brown on white. 30"x 45". *Only* **3.95**

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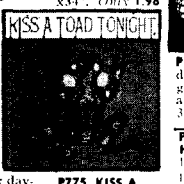
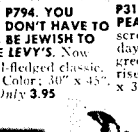
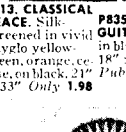


P775. KISS A TOAD TONIGHT. Toad in reds on olive green background. 25½" x 25½". *Special* **1.49**

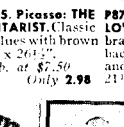
P667. ENDLESS SUMMER. Poster in full color on paper. Dayglo. 29¾" x 40". *Special* **1.98**



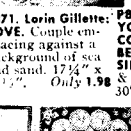
P159. LE SOLEIL—Tarot Card XVIIII. Huge full color "Sun," symbolizing the prince of heaven; mustard, green & blue. 24" x 37". *Special* **1.00**



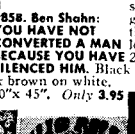
P191. THE PILL is a NO-NO. Pope Paul on the Pill; brown & yellow-beige. 11"x17". *Only* **1.00**



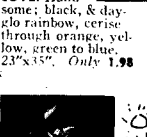
P235. ZODIAC. Handsome Zodiac with dayglo orange signs, constellations in blue, gold calligraphy, on black. 22"x36". *Only* **1.98**



P366. WHO ROLLED MARY JANE? Double-entendre; Dayglo cerise, blue & purple. 23"x35". *Only* **1.98**



P118. DRAGON. Contemporary "Gothic" dragon; vivid dayglo on black. 21" x 29". *Only* **1.98**



P737. Picasso: DON QUIXOTE. *On Artists' Canvas*—silkscreen in black. 20" x 24". *Special* **2.98**

P111. Faulkner: "I BELIEVE . . . that man will not merely endure/he will prevail/ . . ." 30"x45". *Only* **3.95**

P356. COME FILL THE CUP. Shimmering vision in full color; blues & greens predominate. 24"x32". *Only* **1.98**

P348. Picasso: GUERNICA. Lithograph of Picasso's masterpiece portraying horror of modern warfare; black, grays, pale yellow. 46"x21". *Only* **2.98**

P363. FEELIN' GROOVY. Our favorite canine in Black Lite cerise, green, black & white. 23"x35". *Only* **1.98**

P301. Dali: SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC—12 Plate Portfolio. Reproduced in eight colors—superbly decorative, incredibly imaginative. Each 14"x18". *Portfolio of 12. Only* **9.95**

P237. "NO SMOKING PLEASE . . . Every Cigarette shortens Your Life by 13 Minutes"; dayglo yellow, cerise, green, blue, orange on black. 21" sq. *Only* **1.98**

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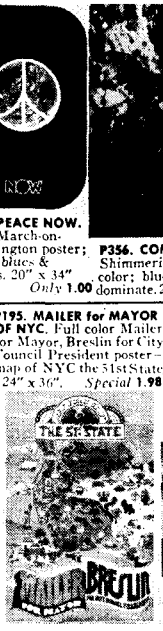
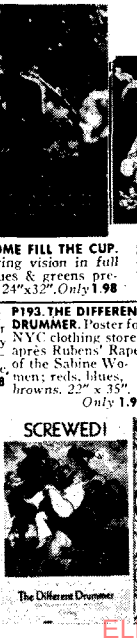
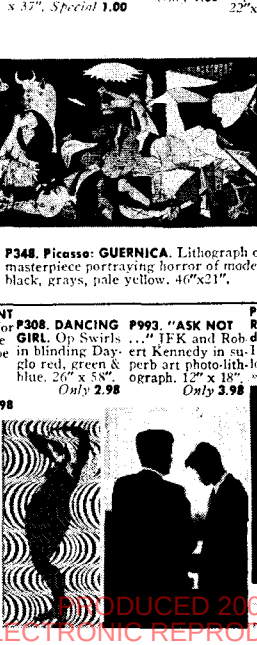


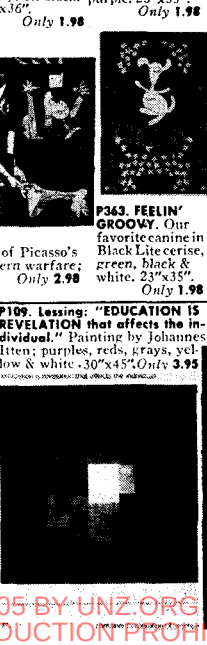
P193. THE DIFFERENT DRUMMER. Poster for NYC clothing store après Rubens' Rape of the Sabine Women; reds, blues, browns. 22" x 35". *Only* **1.98**



P308. DANCING GIRL. Op Swirls in blinding Dayglo red, green & blue. 26" x 58". *Only* **2.98**



P993. "ASK NOT . . . " JFK and Robert Kennedy in su-litten; purples, reds, grays, yellerb art photo-lith-low & white. 30"x45". *Only* **3.95**



P109. Lessing: "EDUCATION IS REVELATION that affects the individual." Painting by Johannes ograph. 12" x 18". *Only* **3.98**

P215. SPACE, NOT WAR. Superbly detailed moon photo in black & white. 16¾" x 21¾". *Only* **1.00**

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P173	P251	P316	P340	P365	P835	
P177	P252	P317	P343	P366	P840	
P187	P261	P318	P344	P646	P845	
P190	P276	P319	P345	P647	P858	
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Nixon After the Honeymoon

—D. Jordan Wilson, Pix.

by HENRY BRANDON

WASHINGTON.

Looking at President Nixon's political accomplishments after his first year in the White House is like walking through a supermarket. The shelves, of course, are still being stocked, and many remain empty, which doesn't make it easy to reach an overall judgment. But some of the wares are now on display. I can see new and promising policies of solid nutritious value that should be assets to the national diet. I can see some that have only been relabeled, some whose labels sound misleading, others whose packaging seems more important than the content. In some cases the cyclamate ingredient probably exceeds the standards established by the Food and Drug Administration; in others, the claims made for quality and weight might well arouse the suspicions of Mrs. Virginia Knauer, the redoubtable lady who looks after consumer interests. Altogether, looking over the shelves, I find it difficult to determine the store's buying policies.

However, as everybody knows, supermarkets are usually quite profitable. They try to cater to as broad a clientele as possible, and their technique has been very successful.

Among the goods displayed on Mr. Nixon's shelves is the "controlled disengagement" from Vietnam, and it is an item with wide appeal. (To comfort the doves, there is the Guam Doctrine —support for the principle that the United States should not become engaged in another war on the Asian mainland; to soothe the hawks, there is the promise of an "honorable" settlement of the war.) Tax reform and the new welfare program calling for a family assistance system are aimed at the poor and liberal customers with some consolations for conservatives; the sharing of federal revenues with states and cities is for the many who have come to dislike central control in Washington; the new draft law is directed at the young; the attempt to retard school desegregation, the supplanting of the voter registration law for Negroes, and the bitter fight over the nomination of Judge Clement Haynsworth to the Supreme Court were for the Southern clientele; and the body and soul of Spiro Agnew are displayed for the conservative. The poverty program, however limited, is to assuage the poor, the crime bill to satisfy everybody, and the doubling of the subsidy for the arts to give some comfort to the intellectuals.

Obviously, the political labeling is more complicated, but generally speaking the conservatives will find it easier than the progressives to reconcile themselves with the goods displayed and the staff employed.

Last October some American magazines and television commentators predicted an early bankruptcy of the Nixon supermarket and staged a week of the "long pocket knives" in which they counted the President out well before they reached ten. Since then, though, business seems to have picked up and Mr. Nixon's poll rating not only has been going up, but is now higher, at the end of the first year, than was President Eisenhower's at this stage. His honeymoon with the people quite clearly has lasted longer than that with the news media, which may only prove that the media are either more demanding than the people or out of touch with the majority.

But this first year is not the best guide to assess the future of the Nixon administration, for in 1969 the President did not have to cope with a serious crisis. Whatever crises he faced were either inherited or self-inflicted. He was given time to study the situation methodically, as is his inclination, and to develop various options without having to make crucial decisions that are the ultimate test of leadership.

In regard to Vietnam the President has succeeded in rallying public opinion with little more than one major speech in which he gave the impression that he is planning to disengage gradually. According to present plans, more than 100,000 troops will have left by the end of next April—a far cry from the old "search and destroy" strategy. Now the public controversy has shifted to the speed with which President Nixon is withdrawing. Some want all troops to be out by the end of 1970; others, and they may be in the majority, are willing to leave the timetable to the best judgment of the President. Gaining this elbow room is a

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major achievement, if only a temporary one.

Mr. Nixon has offered Hanoi two alternatives: "Vietnamization" of the war and/or negotiations. With the North Vietnamese unwilling to offer conditions acceptable to Mr. Nixon, and Mr. Nixon unwilling to swallow those offered by Hanoi, the President is now relying on Vietnamization in the belief that Hanoi will not feel comfortable seeing South Vietnam become increasingly self-reliant and that the North Vietnamese, sooner or later, will be more pliable at the conference table. The sharp denunciation of the Vietnamization idea by Hanoi confirms half of the Nixon assumption—Hanoi does not like it and quite rightly assumes that it means a prolongation of the conflict. The big problem is whether Vietnamization will inspire Hanoi to renewed efforts at the peace table.

Judging by their own psychological approach, the North Vietnamese may also prefer to gamble on Vietnamization. The great weakness of the plan, they feel, is our assumption that what succeeded in South Korea will also work in South Vietnam. There is no equivalent to the Vietcong in South Korea; enemy infiltration from the North is negligible. In addition, South Vietnamese soldiers do not compare in resilience and bravery to the Koreans. The key question is whether the President would withdraw all American troops if the South Vietnamese fail, arguing, as he justly could, that the United States had done its duty to defend South Vietnam's independence and could do no more; or whether he would allow himself to remain involved in an endless and unwinnable war. All one could say by the end of 1969 was that he succeeded in persuading much of American public opinion to give him a reprieve, but there are enough indications to conclude that while President Johnson tried to win a military victory by stealth, President Nixon is hoping to disengage by stealth.

The President has shrewdly buttressed his play for time by initiating a phased troop withdrawal and by getting Congress to agree to a new draft lottery that removes some of the agony of suspense that has contributed to inflaming the young. But the war remains a drain on American resources, and the President is prevented from shifting badly needed funds, as proposed by the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, to meet the internal social threats.

The state of the economy, Mr. Nixon's second burdensome legacy from the Johnson administration, remains unsettled and confused. Production is slowing down; the stock market has turned bearish; yet prices and wages are rising. The situation is so muddled that those who claim that inflation has worsened under the Nixon administration are correct; those who believe that recession is already upon us feel they can prove it; and those who insist that Mr. Nixon's deflationary medicine is beginning to show its curative effects are also correct. This uncertainty is the most serious cloud on the horizon at the end of Mr. Nixon's first year. Continued prosperity has cushioned the various crises that bedevil this country, and, therefore, nothing could have a more devastating effect than a recession in 1970.

The advent of the Nixon administration, if one can pinpoint it historically, coincided with a turning point in the American outlook on the world that, curiously, has been delayed by the momentum of the Vietnamese war. A certain fatigue with the global burdens the United States carried in the Sixties and an increasingly grimmer realization of the internal social disarray have been upsetting the country's robust inner balance.

And so it has become President Nixon's task to manage the American retreat from the high-water mark of global commitments without undermining the security of the West and American interests generally. This is not an easy task for a one-time interventionist and hard-liner, and it must continue to create some complex inner dilemmas for him. But Mr. Nixon is a good decipherer of writings on walls; he has a sense of history, and he is learning to adjust his outlook accordingly.

His is an unheroic task, but it fits the mood of the country and his personality, for he is a manager rather than a leader. In foreign affairs he has generally struck the right note despite the fact that his high hopes of Russian aid in persuading Hanoi to speed up a Vietnam settlement and in furthering a Middle Eastern settlement did not prove justified. The Strategic Arms Limitation Talks with the Russians are finally under way, but their outcome is still impossible to assess. In Europe the change of leadership in France and Germany has given European politics a new momentum that Mr. Nixon has welcomed in a detached way. And so nothing serious has gone wrong, and the world has considerably more confidence in Mr. Nixon's judgment than it had in President Johnson's.

From the beginning the President has tried to create a contrast to Mr. Johnson and has made blandness and restraint the hallmarks of his approach to the Presidency. He and his aides consider the relative tranquilization of the country a major achievement. It is of course impossible to keep a quasi-revolution at fever pitch, and it may be that the worst turbulence was over by the time he came to power and that the forces of rebellion had already begun to lose some of their momentum. Much of the tension of the Johnson era has indeed waned, and Mr. Nixon has lowered public expectations that had become runaway obsessions. Curiously, there was much less violence in 1969, though the President hasn't come any nearer to solving crucial problems. There have been no serious riots in the ghettos, although Mr. Nixon has not gone out of his way to meet the demands of the blacks, and the turbulence of the campuses, too, has declined.

The President's "silhouette" was kept deliberately low, and he stayed remote. His cabinet officers are so unassuming that at times one begins to wonder whether anybody really stands watch at the controls; if Dr. Henry Kissinger, the President's assistant for national security affairs, got more publicity than the cabinet officers, it is because this former Harvard professor, who was considered pretty much of a square in Cambridge, looks an eccentric in Mr. Nixon's back yard.

President Johnson might well have preferred to follow his own conservative instincts, but he could not afford to antagonize his liberal constituency any more than he already had. When he gave up, it was because this constituency, his power base, had deserted him.

President Nixon, of course, does not need to cater to the liberals. His power base is to the right of the center. The liberals, therefore, find themselves on the defensive, and however much many editorial writers would like to convert him into a more liberal President he will not follow their exhortations. He has enough political common sense, however, to realize that he must occasionally use liberal tools if the mood or situation requires it. But he is unlikely to make major concessions, for he is probably convinced that liberals would never vote for him anyway.

He is a conservative by conviction; he is suspicious of intellectuals; he dislikes and fears the Eastern Establishment. One of his aims is to disarm what has been the most powerful force in government for more than a generation, and he is using all his political guile to shift the power center to the

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right. For this purpose he has been trying to mobilize what he calls "the silent majority." Vice President Agnew has become the catalyst, and he seems to relish the role. He looks and sounds like a far happier warrior than Mr. Johnson's own happy warrior, Hubert Humphrey, though it may be more appropriate to call him the "happy henchman."

The Vice President has been extraordinarily successful in the task allocated to him. His attacks on the mass media triggered letters to editors and telephone calls to television stations from people who had never given vent to their antagonistic feelings so spontaneously. In their anger, despair, and confusion about the turbulence in American life, people look for scapegoats, and the Vice President pointed at a few convenient ones. There is ample proof that television bears some responsibility for accentuating violence, but, on the other hand, it also helped people to grasp the problems of the war in Vietnam.

But what makes the mobilization of the silent majority an event of far-reaching importance is that people have been energized and are mounting the barricades against those who, they feel, are upsetting the status quo. They had no leader in the White House in the past, and they see the Vice President as a friend in court and pied piper. It may well be that the silent majority gradually will become an articulate and dominant force, isolating the so-called Eastern Establishment. The latter bears a major responsibility for the war in Vietnam, which hurts, of course, and, as in Europe, the elite is now in retreat here.

But will the silent majority give the President the kind of broader political base he needs to govern? It may help him to win the elections, and that is, of course, a tempting thought for any politician, but however patriotic and decent this silent majority may be, it lacks perspective and understanding of the real social problems at stake. Many have never taken much interest in the world beyond the American shores. When a few liberal Republican Senators discussed this newly emerged conservative force the other day, they came to the disturbing conclusion that their own political futures could well be in jeopardy. Much silent majority thinking stands well to the right of President Nixon and is likely to oppose many of the ideas and programs he considers essential. The President may find that in such fields as taxation, civil rights, public welfare, foreign aid, to mention only a few, strong conservatives will either not go along with him or fight him. One day soon Mr. Nixon may admit, with Goethe's Dr. Faustus, that he regrets having summoned ghosts he cannot get rid of. The President may think that he must appeal to these political elements in order to weaken the George Wallace forces, but in the end he may find that he weakened himself.

It all makes a complicated man even more complicated to assess. Mr. Nixon surrounds himself with conservatives, but he also keeps a sprinkling of liberals and elitists because he knows that in this country their ideas cannot be ignored and at times must be embraced. Thus he promoted the aforementioned family assistance welfare system and developed a plan for sharing federal revenue with the states, cities, and local communities that represents an imaginative and radical departure and has far-reaching implications.

Yet he treats anything radical with stealth. It is wrapped in conservative clothing and is not pressed very hard. If one compares, for instance, the enormous lobbying effort the White House expended on the nomination of Judge Haynsworth with that applied to the new welfare program, one cannot help seeing the President as a leader walking on tiptoes. It seems that he is satisfied with getting programs on record rather than pushing them with appeals to the public and Congress.

Inevitably, his relations with the Democratic Congress are difficult. But he has made them ever more difficult by failing to establish relationships with both Democratic and Republican minority leaders.

Mr. Nixon's strongest characteristic is his desire for remoteness. His failure to win the sympathy, if not the confidence, of the blacks is not surprising. There are many indications that he has made some basic commitments to a "Southern strategy" that is difficult to reconcile with the interests of the black community. Nor is it surprising that he has antagonized so many of the young, especially with his response to the October 15 Moratorium.

Overall, however, and most Democratic leaders admit it privately, President Nixon has done surprisingly well, not so much in governing the country as in managing it. He was probably correct in assuming that the country needed a shakedown period after waves of social upheaval and innovation. He has done little about coping with crime—putting the blame on Congress is somewhat justified—and still rising inflation. The latter, leading Democrats believe, is likely to hurt him more politically than anything else. But otherwise the supermarket approach, his pragmatism with a conservative edge, has helped him to gain strength, and this in turn has given him greater confidence.

At the end of 1969 any assessment of the President's performance and record could be only tentative. The crises that will determine Mr. Nixon's fate in history are likely to reach a decisive stage this year. That's why 1970 looks like his hinge of fate.

"Sir, my wife is picking me up at the office tonight, and I'd appreciate it if you'd remember my name."

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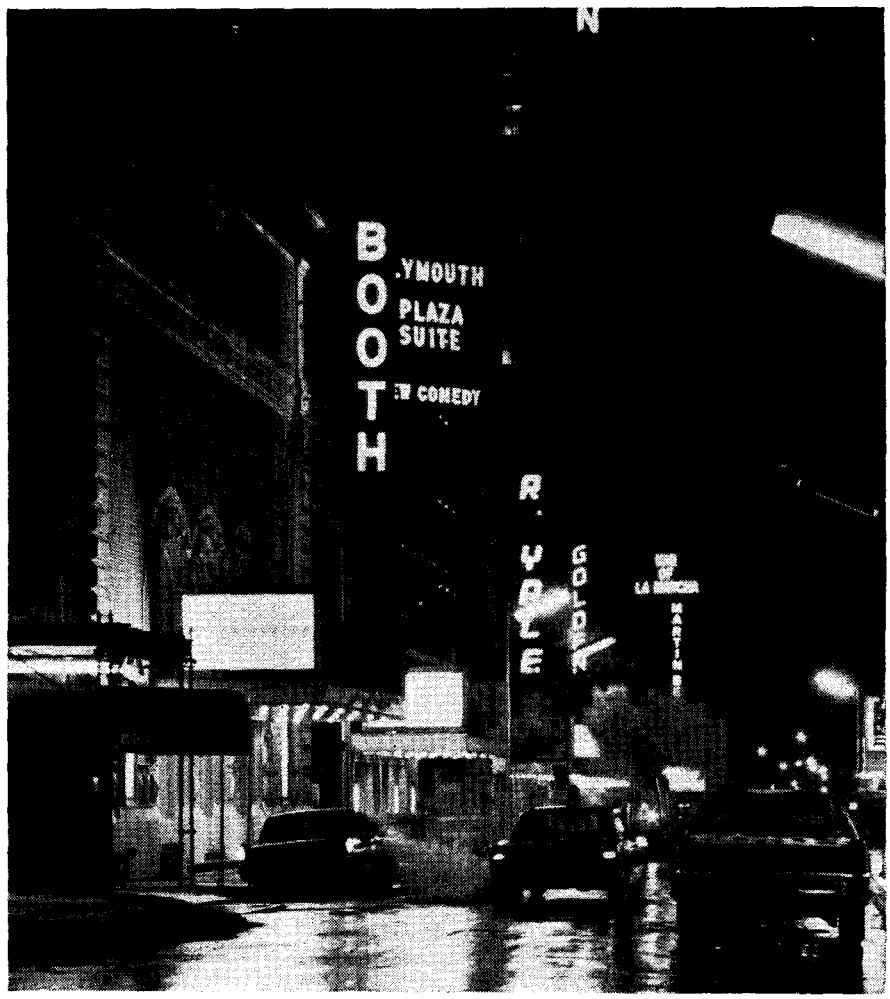
THE DECADE OF ENGAGEMENT

"The most valuable function of the theater as an art form is to tell us who we are, and the health of the theater is determined by how much of that we want to know."



—*Hank Morgan.*

by EDWARD ALBEE

Toward the end of 1969 I had my most recent dream about the end of the world. It is a dream I have about once a year—a rather calm dream—and it cannot be fairly called a nightmare. For while the extinction of life on earth by fire and suffocation is nightmare material, the result of such a holocaust—the earth becoming like its moon—produces an intense sadness rather than terror.

Nightmares are made of what has happened or what we can conceive happening. Dreams do not have to be.

In this dream, I am on a beach by the ocean. It is dusk turning rapidly into night. I am with two or three friends, none of whom is anyone I can place on waking. We are lying about, and perhaps we have a driftwood fire smoldering. It is incredibly quiet—rather as if all sound had been turned off. And suddenly it begins: An area of the eastern horizon is lighted by the fired explosion, hundreds of miles away, and no sound at all. Then another, perhaps to the west, no sound. Within seconds they are everywhere, always at a great distance.

To the three or four of us on the beach, before our smoldering fire, there is no question as to what is happening: We are watching the end of the world. There is no time for terror; it is overleaped, and the suddenness is unimaginable as the silent bombs go off. It will be seconds before our own lives cease—or maybe we are already dead; perhaps that is why there is no sound.

So much for the dream. I dare say I shall continue to have it until either the world dies or I do.

Coming as it did, though, at the last few breaths of the decade, the dream reminded me that we have, in fact, survived the 1960s and, having done so, stand a chance—or so the balance-of-terror people will have us believe—of getting through the 1970s. Good luck to us all.

Amid the sighs of relief that accompany the end of a decade rises the chatter of typewriter keys. Almost anyone of a literary and/or journalistic turn takes the occasion to look fore and aft, to suggest what is likely to happen in the new decade, based on his view of the successes and wreckage of the one just concluded, and, if he is a grumbly sort, to complain a bit about the distance between the possible and the likely.

Of course, the question can come up: Why should we even bother to concern ourselves with the state of the theater, for God's sake? Don't we have enough to worry about already? Are we not in a war that has divided this country more than any other since the Civil War? Are we not burdened with a government whose apparent concern with such matters as the Bill of Rights is dangerously minimal? In other words, given all that, and much else, is there any obligation on the part of anybody —save those who are either greedy or exhibitionistic or plain stupid enough to get involved with the theater in the first place—to concern himself with the state of the theater?

Well—greed and exhibitionism and plain stupidity aside—I think there is. The condition of the theater is always an accurate measure of the cultural health of a nation. A play always exists in the present tense (if it is a valuable one), and its music—its special noise—is always contemporary. The most valuable function of the theater as an art form is to tell us who we are, and the health of the theater is determined by how much of that we want to know.

I am less concerned than perhaps I should be with the specific ills and woes of the theater as a commodity market in the United States. I am far

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more concerned with what these symptoms suggest, for the only pertinence the theater has is as an art form, and the society in which it exists is—doubtless to the surprise of some—of more enduring importance than the economies of the commercial theater, the state of criticism, or who's going to play the lead next in *Hello, Dolly!*

For anyone who is interested in the grubbier side of the commercial theater in the United States, I recommend a volume by William Goldman entitled *The Season*. It is an informative book and brings to public attention much of the corruption—both economic and spiritual—of that commercial enterprise.

It is also, unfortunately, a book easily as corrupt as its subject—informative so long as one does not care any more than Mr. Goldman seems to about whether the information is true, half-true, or absolute fabrication—informative in the main, alas, if one's drive for knowledge is easily satisfied by such tactics as smear, snigger, and innuendo.

Mr. Goldman displays a compulsion to demean his betters, an unfailing attraction (intellectual or instinctual, I am not sure which) to the mediocre, and repeatedly makes embarrassingly hysterical references to that laughable nonsense—the take-over of the American Theater by homosexuals—references that, in their stridency, almost strike one as the attempts of a man to fortify himself against surprise attacks from within.

It is a shame that the book is not better—that its author's nature is such that what could have been a valuable piece of muckraking journalism emerges instead as opportunism. No one can fault Goldman for trying to make a buck, of course, and his book will probably make a swell musical; just think of the cast, with all those names Goldman drops things on.

I suspect that the 1960s will come to be thought of as the most exciting decade of the American Theater to date—and one of the most depressing as well.

During the 1960s the serious theater found that it no longer had to attempt uncomfortable coexistence with the occasionally extremely skillful escapist entertainments that are the staple of the commercial theater on Broadway. Truly serious plays no longer had to compete with what generally passes for seriousness on Broadway—the *J. B.*s, *The Great White Hopes*, the *Rosencrantz and Guildensterns*—but found that there were new arenas and new audiences.

Mind you, I'm not trying to suggest that serious plays cannot exist on Broadway, and will not continue to do so; with rare exceptions, their life expectancy is far less than that of the escapist entertainments or their middle-brow cousins. It is simply that during the 1960s an alternative became available. That alternative was, of course, Off-Broadway, and the explosion of reality and public awareness of what the theater was really all about occasioned by its advent is undoubtedly the most important theatrical event of the 1960s.

People are always complaining that there aren't enough good playwrights. Well, of course there never can be enough good playwrights, but concurrent with the first performances in the United States of the work of the European avant-garde—men such as Genet, Ionesco, and a giant named Beckett—there began emerging a generation of first-rate and potentially first-rate young American playwrights, of a number and diversity I am not aware of having existed before in such a short period of time. To list just a few names: Jack Gelber, Arthur Kopit, Frank Gilroy, Jack Richardson, Sam Shepard, Lanford Wilson, Israel Horovitz, Leonard Melfi, Adrienne Kennedy, Paul Foster. Some of these will prove to be shooting stars, to be sure, but the fact of them is a wonder, nonetheless.

The 1960s also saw an eruption of repertory theaters throughout the country, aided by private foundations, as well as by the government, aware that perhaps the American Theater was beginning to come of age.

And in our universities we suddenly began to find that in theater courses the history of the theater no longer ended with Ibsen, and that university productions of serious avant-garde plays were becoming commonplace.

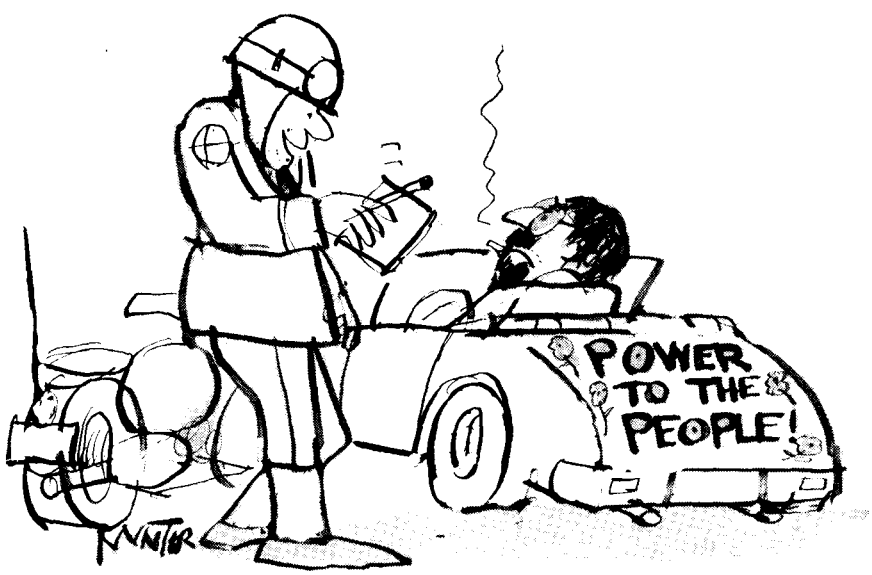
It was an exciting decade except that toward the end of it things began to turn a little sour. A retrenchment began—perhaps nothing more than the usual two-steps-forward-one-step-back syndrome—or perhaps a swinging away from adventure in our society, a confusion and dismay with the ways of the world. Our politics has swung toward reaction, our vocal youth are viewed with hostility, and the vast majority of the hundred million guns which are privately owned in this country are not in the hands of the militant blacks.

And the theater has suffered as a result. It may be—as it certainly seems to be in the minds of many—that reality is of such stuff that our arts must begin to serve us as we would have them do, to become mirrors of what we wish to see rather than of what is.

Art is not escape; it is engagement, and a general disengagement seems to me to be the greatest danger to the vitality of the arts in the 1970s.

A dialogue was begun in the 1960s—an essential dialogue—in which the public came to realize more than ever before that it was not enough to be either a passive recipient of the arts or a determinator of their nature, but that the arts were to be participated in with much the same engagement and sense of responsibility as that which motivated those who were creating them.

This dialogue must be renewed, for without it the arts will wither, and that is always the sign of a society that has turned in upon itself and is in the process of ceasing to matter.



"Would you like to write out the ticket?"

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

The Operatic Twins Reborn; Skrowaczewski, Rubinstein, Solti

To SPEAK of two such familiar operatic works as Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* in terms of a "revival" being clearly impossible, what is happening these nights at the Metropolitan may better be characterized as a rebirth, a renaissance, also a rejuvenation. Leonard Bernstein's return as a Metropolitan Opera conductor was contributory in the Mascagni as was the influence of Fausto Cleva in the Leoncavallo that followed, likewise the roster of performers employed in both. But the measure of difference between the restored and the revivified reposed in the participation of Franco Zeffirelli as designer, costumer, and director.

To a degree, Zeffirelli thus atoned for the overly ambitious treatment of Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra* that opened the new Metropolitan in 1966. Bold enough to derive his concepts of locale and local color from the well-bloodied soil from which the two works sprang, clever enough to deny himself any meaningless "improvements" on the action and reaction that have given these works their pulse of life for more than seventy-five years, Zeffirelli deviated little from the straight story line in either instance. He defined clearly the primrose path from infidelity to jealousy to tragedy that underlies each in its different way. And, by exercising all his arts and wiles as a director, he achieved the elusive objective of making the performers vivid embodiments of the true-to-life persons they were miming.

When one has said this, one has passed the highest possible praise on an opera director's effort. Or, to put it another way, when one has turned Franco Corelli into a blustering but essentially cowardly cad of a Turiddu, or made Richard Tucker a believable embodiment of an aging, love-maddened clown, you have indeed passed the operatic test in transformation with straight As. Making a miserable wretch of a Santuzza out of Grace Bumbry or a giddy hussy of a Nedda out of Lucine Amara is relatively easier, for both are more malleable. But the dramatic line and discipline of Sherrill Milnes's Tonio may bear witness to Zeffirelli's influence when much else about these productions has been forgotten.

Considering the minimal time (three weeks) in which the results were accomplished, some rough edges might have been pardonable. Their absence, either in the believable action of the chorus or the interplay of the principals, was tribute to the preplanning that speeded results in the on-site effort. To create a believable *mise en scène* for the nineteenth-century period was a function of Zeffirelli the costumer. To provide the townspeople with a setting to make their looks believable was a problem for Zeffirelli the scenic designer. And to give them animation, relationship, and participation was a challenge for Zeffirelli the director. The commanding consequences were directly proportionate to the rarity of such talents being combined in the same individual.

Any observer versed in *Cav*s and *Pag*s of the past will have his particular aspect for regarding these as special. In this view, the distinctive accomplishment of Zeffirelli was to make them wholly different yet complementary. *Cavalleria* was projected as an urban situation, with the life in the steeply hilly Sicilian town traced from sunrise (across a square dominated by an imposingly ugly Romanesque church) through an Easter Sunday that brings bloody tragedy before sundown. In *Pagliacci*, all is pastoral, bright, and visually pleasing until its action, too, turns at nightfall into violence and bloodshed. Along the way, Zeffirelli has indulged some creative latitude for galvanizing the normally static, but always within the limits of the permissible.

The high standard of the dramatic conception was only intermittently paralleled by the musical realization, for reasons altogether in keeping with the season's delayed opening and the penalties thereof to previous casting. Aside from Corelli (who was of two minds about singing, even on the day of the premiere), the *Cavalleria* was a compound of expedients (of whom Frank Guarrera as Alfio was the least tolerable). In the *Pagliacci*, there was a substitute (Lucine Amara) for a substitute (Teresa Stratas, in place of the originally elected Anna Moffo).

Leonard Bernstein's concept of *Cavalleria* has been joyously assailed on all sides as too slow, too mannered, too effete (to borrow a word recently restored to prominence). These are arguable attitudes, and also subject to his own reconsideration. What has not been acknowledged with the emphasis it deserves is the high level of artistry at which Bernstein pitched his treatment of Mascagni's frequently abused score, the clarifying, cleansing consequences of his aural approach to orchestral execution. It was, at the first performance, over-intellectualized and theatrically understated, but the opportunities for reconsideration are both accessible and available. Cleva's *Pagliacci* was more conventionally conceived and, within the traditional procedures he pursued, satisfying.

In terms of individual performers, the outstanding impression related to Bumbry's Santuzza. This is not a typically plush kind of vocal experience, in which "Voi lo sapete, o mamma" is extolled as a separate experience. It is a character study of a distraught human being that Bumbry makes wholly believable. Some questions remain whether it is a good role for her vocally, for it demands a fuller high voice than she possesses. But it was artistically endearing. Corelli is potentially a commanding Turiddu, not yet at anything like his peak. But Guarrera is only a stopgap Alfio, good in action, weak in sound, awaiting the availability of a Colzani or MacNeil. Nedda Casei flounced through the role of Lola without much vocal distinction, but Carlotta Ordassy sang well and acted convincingly as Mamma Lucia. In *Pagliacci*, the Milnes "Prologo" was an accomplishment on the order of the great ones of the past (Warren and Tibbett, to exclude current performers) and visually engrossing, thanks to Zeffirelli. Tucker's first Canio, on the eve of his twenty-fifth anniversary as a Met singer, was a tribute to forbearance as well as serious effort. But however the cast may change in the years to come, the Zeffirelli "twins" will retain an individual, and distinguished, appearance.

This year's restoration of the Marc Chagall production of Mozart's "Magic Flute" has a measure more magic than previously, thanks to the participation as conductor of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, on leave from Minneapolis, in his Metropolitan debut. What Skrowaczewski did, from a breathlessly fast-paced Overture onward, was more vigilant than incandescent and more earnest than beguiling, but it had a steady sense of the symphonic nature of the score and a high average of musical workmanship to relate the happenings on the stage to those in the pit. Were he to temper knowledge with humor and intellectuality with sentiment, it could be a very good "Flute." Actually, this was, in its use of the Schikaneder text in German, properly *Die Zauberflöte*, with Hermann Prey as a winning Papageno, Nicolai Gedda as Tamino, Judith Raskin as Pamina, and

(*Continued on page* 76)

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Last Flight Out of Biafra

As this issue goes to press, the editors have received a harrowing report about the tragic and chaotic conditions in Biafra from Dr. Davida Taylor, field director of *Saturday Review*'s Aid to Biafran Children, which has been operating mobile medical services inside that country.

Dr. Taylor had only recently gone to Biafra for her second tour of duty as field director of ABC, in order to relieve Dr. Frank Catchpool, who had been flown back to the United States after being disabled by a serious case of hepatitis.

Despite reports of the deteriorating military situation, Dr. Taylor had insisted on proceeding, just before Christmas, to ABC's headquarters near Owerri, provisional capital of Biafra. Even before she arrived at the ABC clinic forty miles from Biafra's lifeline airport at Uli, Dr. Taylor was able to see the terrible toll inflicted by the Nigerian army. People by the hundreds of thousands were on the move, fleeing from the swirling violence. Even before the latest mass uprootings, almost half of Biafra's eleven million people had been refugees. They had fled from the terror of the mass killings in the early days of the war. Virtually every schoolhouse, community center, hotel, and inn had been converted into an emergency shelter. But still the refugees came, flooding into the already heavily overcrowded villages and cities of the tiny Biafran enclave. Nothing in history, not even the refugee crisis in India and Palestine in 1947-48, compared in intensity with the exodus of Biafrans from their Northern and Western provinces in 1966. They had fled from food-rich lands to an area where the soil was thin and sandy.

Meanwhile, the Federal forces had sealed off Biafra's land and sea communications with the outside world. It was this combination of poor land, the blockade, and a vast human tide that was responsible for the death through starvation of more than 1,500,000 people and for the debilitation through hunger and disease of many millions of others. The plight of children was especially severe. The protein and minerals needed by young bodies were scarce. The result was an epidemic of *kwashiorkor* or acute protein insufficiency. Tuberculosis, malaria, and hepatitis were also close to epidemic proportions.

At the height of the famine, eighteen months ago, *SR*'s editors developed a plan for mass evacuation of Biafran children. More than fifty American hospitals volunteered to participate in the plan. Then the military situation stabilized somewhat, and, with the encouragement of the Biafran government, *SR*'s editors decided to provide food and medical attention to children inside Biafra itself.

The first two American doctors to go to Biafra under the program were Dr. Omar Fareed, who had abundant experience with similar programs in various parts of the world, and Dr. Fergus Pope, formerly chief pediatrician at the Albert Schweitzer Hospital in Lambaréné, Gabon. Dr. Pope remained in Biafra in order to set up operations, and Dr. Fareed returned to Europe and the United States to procure drugs and food and to arrange for shipments.

After Dr. Pope completed his tour of duty, he was succeeded by Dr. Frank Catchpool, of London and Los Angeles, who had also previously served on the medical staff of the Schweitzer Hospital. Dr. Catchpool was able to work in tandem with Dr. Aaron Ifekwunigwe, Biafra's leading pediatrician.

Dr. Catchpool was joined early last summer by Dr. Taylor, who, despite her youth, had accumulated invaluable field-clinic experience in Africa and Latin America and who was winning an important reputation in pediatrics. Dr. Taylor was especially effective in developing a systematic plan for enlarging the reach of ABC's mobile unit. In combination with Dr. Ifekwunigwe's mobile unit, ABC went into dozens of villages, inoculating children against tuberculosis, fortifying them against malaria, and treating them for *kwashiorkor* and other diseases peculiar not just to equatorial Africa but to a hungry country at war.

An important addition to the medical staff in September 1968 was Dr. Dieter Eichenlaub, who had served at the Terre des Hommes center for Biafran children in Libreville.

When Dr. Catchpool learned that Dr. Eichenlaub was eager to work directly in Biafra, he offered him a post with ABC. Dr. Eichenlaub's arrival at Emekuku couldn't have been better timed. When Catchpool came down with hepatitis, Eichenlaub was able to carry on the work. He started four new ABC clinic centers in centrally located villages near the war front and kept them all going in addition to the main clinic at ABC headquarters.

ABC also set up a small medical library. Existing libraries either had been destroyed by the war or had to be abandoned. The blockade cut off access to new books. ABC flew in a carefully selected small library. The books were highly prized by Biafran doctors at field hospitals throughout the country.

Meanwhile, Dr. Fareed was shuttling in and out of Biafra, keeping the supply line going and helping to resolve problems as they came up in the operation of the project. He was able to procure many thousands of dollars' worth of drugs and medical supplies at a small fraction of the regular bulk cost. He and Dr. Catchpool were also able to make arrangements with the French Red Cross to fly ABC supplies directly into Biafra from Libreville. Many nights in recent months, the only flights that landed in Biafra were operated by the French Red Cross and Joint Church Aid. As a result, ABC was in a position to distribute much-needed drugs to emergency field hospitals, including

(*Continued on page* 45)

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Letters to the Editor

A Decade's Priorities

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER'S article "Priorities for the Seventies" [*SR*, Jan. 3] makes a stunning analysis of the need for the demilitarization of the national budget. However, I believe another major goal should be to improve the quality of human life. This is done not through constructing buildings, even if they replace slum buildings; not through treating criminals more humanely; not through research. All of these may be necessary, too, but the basic qualification of these priorities is the quality of the individuals populating these buildings that will determine the success of our ability to move "from survival to salvation."

We must recognize and accept the fact that established patterns of behavior are deep-seated and change-resistant. Remedial work, as in any patch-up job, is more expensive, takes longer, and is not as sure as a preventive approach. Why not just start with the children? Experts in the fields of child psychology, pediatrics, psychology, and related sciences concur in the opinion that the greatest impact can be made through a preventive approach during the first six years of life. We have always recognized the rapidity with which children grow physically during infant and toddler years. What has perhaps not been recognized—and what recent research is emphasizing—is that intellectually, emotionally, and socially this period of growth is equally as important and as rapid, though not as visible.

An essential ingredient in improving the quality of life—and therefore in determining priorities—should be an investment in our children *in time*, while they are in the process of developing the foundations of skills, abilities, attitudes, and aptitudes that will determine their intelligence and character, their options for the rest of their lives. And the options of many children, collectively, determine the options and the quality of life for us all.

MRS. RICHARD LANSBURGH,
President,
Day Care and Child Development
Council of America, Inc.,
Washington, D.C.

Fiction vs. Film

STEPHEN KOCH in "Fiction and Film: A Search for New Sources" [*SR*, Dec. 27] says that "good" movies are not "easy," and implies contempt for "rebarbative critics" who find them so, in comparison with printed fiction. But, unfortunately for Mr. Koch's argument, it is fairly obvious that a story on film, good or bad, tends to be "easier" than a story in print, good or bad, because of two inherent limitations in the film medium itself. A film viewer responds under two tyrannies from which the reader is free: 1) *His rate of consumption of the images is controlled by someone else.* The reader can stop, go back, mull over, muse upon, argue with, underline, and annotate whatever passage he so desires. 2) *The images he perceives are dictated to him with radical exactitude.* The reader is given certain words that describe, say, a room. He must use his memory and, more importantly, his imagination to get that room; he must, in short, work to get that room. The film viewer, on the other hand, is given the electronic-celluloid image of the room (exactly the same room as hundreds of thousands or millions of other viewers are given).

The first limitation helps lead to a general diminution of the powers of the mind, the second to a flabbiness and deadening of the human imagination.

R. P. DICKEY,
Assistant Professor of English,
Southern Colorado State College,
Pueblo, Colo.

Packed Parks

THE COVER story by Horace Sutton and David Butwin *Will It Be the Soaring Seventies?* [*SR*, Jan. 3] was a unique and stimulating review of what's in store in the world of travel. One point needs clarification. After telling of the overcrowding of national parks, forests, and recreation areas, the authors state, "The obvious solution is to buy more land." The report to the President and Congress by the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission in 1962 had another solution:

> Public areas designated for outdoor recreation include one-eighth of the land area of the country. . . . Consider the anomaly posed by our parks and forests. For all their vastness, overcrowding appears to be more and more prevalent. . . . The congestion is somewhat delusory, however. In its survey, the commission found that the trouble with the big open spaces is that large parts of them are being underused. The congestion is real enough, but it is concentrated in a relatively few spots and over short periods of time. Because it is so visible, however, the congestion has diverted the attention of the public—and of recreation managers—from the great bulk of open space that is unused.

To a large degree, then, there has been a failure to use well what is already available. The problem, essentially, is one of management. This is not to minimize the needs to acquire additional public recreation sites nor the advisability of getting them sooner rather than later. Opening up unused parts of present sites, however, is just as imperative; indeed, without this kind of development, the United States could spend billions on new parks and still not keep up with the demand.

H. R. GLASCOCK, JR.,
Executive Vice President,
Society of American Foresters,
Washington, D.C.

Hic!

THE ANONYMOUS scout from Champagne-Urbana who tipped off Cleveland Amory [TRADE WINDS, Dec. 27] to the amusing "Campus Scout" column in the *Daily Illini* must have been a bit tipsy. Thirty-six years ago when I worked on the *Daily Illini*, the town's name was spelled Champaign.

MILTON SHAPIRO,
Decatur, Ill.

"After two days of mediating, it turned out the telephone company executives were negotiating with the union from Westinghouse."

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Errant Knightmare

OF ALL THE PLAYS Tennessee Williams ever wrote, *Camino Real* is certainly the most universal and the largest in scope. Indeed, it is not so much a play as it is a montage of inspired images tied together because they were the personal nightmares of the author, but objectified because in the play they occur in the mind of a sleeping Don Quixote.

Don Quixote's possible dream is that he has come to the most dreaded place in the travels of a romantic. It is the place where life's royal highway ends and where eternity's real uncharted path into infinity begins. One glimpse of this awesome prospect is enough to frighten Sancho Panza into deserting his master. Only the greatest romantics will survive here.

Accordingly, Williams has peopled his play with several romantics out of history and literature. Two of these, Casanova and Marguerite Gautier, never met either in his memoirs or in Dumas's play, but are here imagined as lovers in exile. Casanova's fierce Italian pride must come to terms with two indignities. First of all, his income has dwindled to nothing, and he must allow himself to be supported by Marguerite. To make matters worse, Marguerite's love for him has become a kind of compassionate acceptance, and each night she leaves him to buy a destructive and impersonal assignation with some handsome young gigolo. Marguerite describes their dilemma as she tells him, "When you feel my exhausted weight against your shoulder —when I clasp your anxious old hawk's head to my breast, what is it we feel in whatever is left of our hearts? Something, yes, something—delicate, unreal, bloodless! The sort of violets that could grow on the moon. . . . But tenderness, the violets in the mountains—can't break the rocks!"

Marguerite seems irrefutably right. For certainly the purgatory in which Williams has placed them is coldly hostile to tenderness. It is a plaza in a Spanish-speaking police state. On one side is the deluxe tourist hotel, the Siete Mares, operated by a ruthless and sinister character named Gutman. On the other is a flophouse that calls itself the "Ritz Men Only." In the middle is a dried up fountain, around which huddle the hungry, thirsty, and poverty-stricken natives. The only ways out of this place are ignominious death, with one's remains carted away in a trash can by vulturous street cleaners, a nonscheduled airliner that crashes, or a steep flight of steps leading into all the probable dangers and agonies of the unknown.

Is there hope for the tender romantic here? Casanova, and presumably Williams himself, believes that the violets *can* break the rocks. To prove the point, Lord Byron enters to triumph over his own period of contamination. He is not sure that he can recapture his ability to write heart-purifying poetry, but he knows that the effort to do so justifies all risks, and he climbs the steps to exit confidently into his dangerous quest.

So much for the talented and refined romantic. But what about the common man? To represent him, Williams has introduced a young man, full of the old American spirit. He is called Kilroy, after the legendary World War II GI who prompted thousands of Americans to scrawl "Kilroy was here" on walls and monuments all over the world. This Kilroy is an ex-pugilist with a bad heart who has left his wife to spare her the anxiety that he may have a heart attack while making love to her. However, a surface bravado hides his capacity for tenderness. What we see are his flaunted "sincerity" and an ignorant courage.

It is a rich collection of images, and, although its embracing of the virtues of romanticism is arbitrary, *Camino Real* succeeds in saying something about modern America that goes beyond any of the dialogue in it.

The current revival by the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center reaffirms the play's quality, but falls short of realizing it consistently. Director Milton Katselas, who did such an outstanding job with the revival of *The Rose Tattoo* three seasons ago, has made some brave but unsuccessful choices in his casting of this production. Don Quixote is played by Irish-American actor Patrick McVey, Casanova by Frenchman Jean-Pierre Aumont, and Esmeralda by Midwest-American Susan Tyrrell. His choice of Al Pacino to portray Kilroy was in prospect an exciting one. However, there apparently was insufficient time for Mr. Pacino to rechannel his theatrical electricity into a convincing Kilroy. Instead, he uses pretty much the same savage anti-social callousness that worked superbly in *Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?*, and we feel too little sense of genuineness and vulnerability in this focal character.

On the more positive side, Jessica Tandy makes a splendidly refined, sad, and desperate Marguerite. In the scene where she frenziedly attempts to persuade the guards to let her board a departing airliner, for which she has no ticket, the ingenious, subtle use of amplified sobbing from a loud-speaker to reinforce her own onstage pleading lifts the proceedings to a larger-than-life size that is ideal for this thrust stage production. Indeed, one suspects that *Camino Real* should have used such effects throughout, rather than giving the actors the burden of too often having to overproject.

Sylvia Syms as the crass gypsy and Robert Symonds as a feeble old rich man both give amusing performances. Victor Buono furnishes a kind of Sydney Greenstreet sinister suspense as the hotel proprietor. And Clifford David as Lord Byron arrests our attention and commands our feelings more intensely than anything else in this production.

Peter Wexler's scenery is boldly abstract. Although this is helpful on a stage that requires minimization of scenic elements, there are times when we feel the need of more specific background images than are provided.

Because *Camino Real* is an organized nightmare, it confounds both those who perform it and those who experience it. However, much of our recent theatergoing has conditioned us all to cherishing rather than analyzing mystery, and it is still possible for us to enjoy the best parts of the Lincoln Center production, without becoming totally alienated by its failings. The vision, despair, and hope of a great playwright are made evident even when they are not being fully realized.

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An essay review of "In Transit," by Brigid Brophy (Putnam, 230 pp., $5.95)

He-She with Linguistic Leprosy

by A. ALVAREZ

I have to report that Brigid Brophy's latest novel is a disaster. No doubt the earth will not be shaken by that item of news, since Miss Brophy is not particularly well known in the States. Even in England her reputation has very little to do with her novels. Instead, she figures as a writer of attacking reviews, an inventor of TV games, a public defender of both forms of homosexuality, of Mozart, women's rights and dumb animals—in short, a kind of middle-aged *enfant terrible* of the media. She has been photographed for one of the Sunday newspaper color supplements, dumped like a sack of potatoes in the trunk of a Rolls-Royce—which is as near apotheosis as dear old Swinging London can bestow. That she has also written half a dozen novels is, more or less, by the way. Her major creation is a gadfly personality which is, quite deliberately, not nice. Yet even at her nastiest, no one would deny that she writes a lively, lucid, epigrammatic prose.

All this makes *In Transit* a doubly depressing performance. It is a work of radical incoherence: incoherent in style, in detail, in design. The plot is minimal; it unfolds in the crowded transit lounge of an international airport where the first-person narrator, like a dead soul in limbo, waits waftage. But when the flight is finally called she sits on, unable to make a choice, unable to move. Her problem, she announces in the opening sentence, is that her language is disintegrating; which is true enough, considering the 230 pages of excruciating puns that follow, but also odd since Miss Brophy is, at the same time, at pains to impress us with her command of French, Italian, Gaelic, Greek, Latin, and formal logic. Not that it matters, for "linguistic leprosy," as she calls it, is only a symptom of deeper dissolution; after seventy punning pages of thoughts about the Irish, airport architecture, the sexual ambiguity of Romance languages, and a parody of a Baroque Italian opera, the narrator discovers that he, or she, has mislaid his, or her, sex.

Another fifty pages of ponderous investigation lead nowhere: his/her shape, hair, face are ambiguous, so are the clothes (although the clinching presence or absence of a bra is not mentioned); in the public chaos of the transit lounge a more intimate examination is not possible. Finally, a chance meeting leads him/her to think that he/she is a man. He descends to the gentlemen's lavatory only to discover that, in the words of the P.A. system, "a member is missing": "You're, Patricia ironically thought as she squatted tighter on the ledge, telling me."

This occurs half way through the book, at which point the plot disintegrates into a series of disjointed episodes strung together in the picaresque manner made briefly fashionable in the early 1950s by John Wain, a novelist I am surprised to find Miss Brophy emulating. She descends into an underworld of Lesbian porters, re-emerges into the limelight as the star of a TV quiz show, *What's My Kink?*, submits to passes by homosexuals of both sexes, parodies *The Story of O* and Mickey Spillane, and ends up leading a Lesbian revolution aimed at taking over that old phallic symbol of male domination, the Control Tower. But a student revolt has beaten them to it; there fol-

A. ALVAREZ is a British critic. His most recent book is *Beyond All This Fiddle*, a collection of essays on literature.

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low a sit-in, a teach-in and, finally, a crash-in of two airliners. Out of the resultant carnage emerges the missing member—dismembered, of course, and held on high, as though for auction. At this the narrator experiences a flicker of horror—could it be despair?—and briefly fantasies suicide in parallel texts, his and hers. On the last page she is redeemed by love—of self, presumably, since no one else is mentioned—and the book ends with a picture of a fish inscribed, at the appropriate place, "FIN." Of the making of puns there is, literally, no end.

A disaster, then. Yet that in itself would scarcely matter, since every novelist is entitled to his share of failures. The problem with *In Transit* is how a writer as astute as Miss Brophy has managed to fail so spectacularly and so uncharacteristically. Homer may have nodded, but the signs are—in every line, every page, and almost every word—that Miss Brophy has not. On the contrary, she seems to have worked at the disaster with a weird devotion. Her book is a monument of will. But so, too, are some very good novels. I suspect, for example, that even the greatly gifted Philip Roth began *Portnoy's Complaint* with a special formula in mind; it reads to me as though he had deliberately set out to retell *Last Exit to Brooklyn* through the personality of *Herzog*; the result—and in hindsight the inevitability of it is almost beautiful—is that he sounds like Lenny Bruce. Which is no small achievement. What Roth has done for real masturbation Miss Brophy has done for the verbal equivalent, punning. With equal deliberation, she has tried to rewrite *Myra Breckinridge* in the style of *Finnegans Wake*. Alas, she ends up sounding like the heroine of my childhood comic books, Old Mother Reilly:

> We Irish had the right word on the tip of our tongue, but the imperialist got at that. What should trip off it we trip over. Our slips are enlarged into tumbles of petticoats and camiknicks. We pick ourselves up out of their foam, high-camikicking. What begins as endemic lapsus linguae we peddle as precious lapis, with which we illuminate our Book of Sells (an early Book of Ours). We are never knowingly underbold. We are in the grips of compunsion.
>
> Youlysses have fore-suffered all. Before the Jew wandered, jew did.
>
> Is that another of your dog-headed Irish slips?
>
> (Pardon me, ma'am, your mollibloomers is shewin'.)
>
> Cynoscephalae, ladies, sigh no tommoore.
>
> (We lost Thermopylae, the double pom-pom Bloom.)

"The grips of compunsion" are, indeed, terrible, in both senses of the word: frightening as well as simply bad. *In Transit* is like one of those nightmare parties at which someone insists on holding the floor with punning joke after joke after joke. You begin amused, become embarrassed, and end genuinely worried: could it be that you are witnessing a manic breakdown? Will the last, worst joke be sedatives and an ambulance?

It is just possible that Miss Brophy has designed this perilous element into the otherwise flimsy structure of her novel. As a critic she is much given to subjecting works of art to sometimes illuminating but always orthodox Freudian interpretations. So perhaps we are supposed to return the compliment by reading *In Transit* as an allegory of infantile penis-envy. Certainly, the clues point that way. The narrator tells us little of her childhood except that both her parents and her foster-parents died in airplane crashes; we are also told that the latter were on their way to, for a child, the sexual wonderland of a holiday abroad, their first without her in years. Now the narrator sits in a Transit Lounge about to embark on the great but potentially deadly adult adventure, flying (a nice Freudian touch). But despite the talismans of adulthood—ticket, boarding-card, and passport—she is not yet ready for it. Like every small child, she is confused as to which sex she belongs to. She hankers after a penis and fantasies herself into believing she possesses one. When she discovers that she does not the horrors start, culminating in a vision of the severed member displayed, like a fox's brush, to a pack of castrators baying for transplants. Whence the closing fantasies of grief, suicide and last-minute redemption.

—*Pix.*

Brigid Brophy—"worked at the disaster with a weird devotion."

So it might just be that the premonitions of breakdown are as deliberate as the bad jokes. But I doubt it. Miss Brophy's manic defenses seem too manic, they defend her too well; she goes on punning to the bitter end—or *fin*—remorselessly, ostentatiously, even jauntily. Everyone else may be in tears but she at least refuses to notice. So if the book exudes a sense of almost insufferable strain, the reasons are, I think, more mundane than Freudian: she has, quite simply, become the victim of her own public image.

For years now she has been churning out paradoxes, attacking pieties and defending the conventionally indefensible. In the cool and rational privacy of her prose the outrages have come easily and often convincingly; she has, after all, a genuine talent for them. But one thing leads to another: cut a figure often and determinedly enough in *The New Statesman* and you finish up on *The David Frost Show*, a situation altogether less forgiving and controllable. On television Miss Brophy is an ambiguous performer; no matter how frequently she appears she remains profoundly uneasy. She adopts a curious head-down, chin-in stance, like a boxer's, which makes her seem overcome with shyness. I, for one, always feel sorry for her. Yet she continues to produce, on cue and on camera, the expected edgy contentiousness in a kind of furious despair, as though she hated every moment of it.

Hitherto she has carefully kept this quarrelsome public personality wholly apart from her novels, which are elegant, slight, rather depressed. But not any more. The great gawping eye of the TV-Sunday supplement public has finally mesmerized her into trying to produce a novel as shocking and flamboyant as their image of her. Unfortunately, a permissive society which has already clasped Portnoy and Myra B. to its unruffled, polymorphous bosom is virtually unshockable. Hence that sense of intolerable strain, frantic effort and despair. How else to explain Miss Brophy's nagging so drearily on about homosexuality, or her utterly uncharacteristic use of schoolboy lavatory jokes?

> History is in the shit tense. You have left it behind you. Fiction is piss: a stream of past events but not behind you, because they never really happened.

Whatever happened to Brigid Brophy, defender of culture and scourge of the

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Philistines? It seems as if the *enfant terrible* has become, with the passing years, merely terrible.

The pursuit of shock and the cult of personality have involved her in the loss not just of standards and proportion, but also of her sense of style. Apparently she has decided that to be genuinely outrageous one must also be experimental and avant-garde. So she has abandoned her distinguishing and often distinguished clarity in favor of all that sub-Joycean mishmash. It was an unwise decision, since Joyce, like most geniuses, was inimitable; more important, the special nature of his genius was to take that particular style of punning as far as it could decently go. As a model and inspiration, the Joycean novel may not be as dead as the dodo but it is certainly as dead as James Joyce.

Even if it were not, Miss Brophy would hardly be the writer to take it into new realms. Where Joyce advised "silence, exile and cunning," she thrives on din, publicity and cleverness. Moreover, like a university poet, her attitude to experiment is academic, almost archeological: she digs up a form that scandalized her parents' generation and parades it as a new discovery.

But perhaps it could not have been otherwise, for under her swinging exterior Miss Brophy has always seemed a curiously old-fashioned figure. It is both her strength and her weakness. Like the unfortunate Colin Wilson, she has a passion for George Bernard Shaw, with whom she shares Irishness, vegetarianism, and a hatred of vivisection, and from whom she learned the discipline of clear, punchy prose. But this enthusiasm has led her, in her time, to promote Shaw, in all his boyish rationalism, insensitivity, and distrust of emotional complexity, "as a major philosopher." The other god in her pantheon is Freud, whose doctrines she has, after her fashion, labored to popularize. Yet even in this laudable project she appears oddly, inflexibly traditionalist: in a London which, with its preponderance of Kleinians and Middle-Groupers, is as revisionist in its psychoanalysis as Prague was once in its Marxism, she remains a hard-line dogmatist of the classical doctrine. It is as though she had settled on her answers a long time ago and thereafter refused to budge an inch.

Essentially, these answers are those that seemed "advanced" in the 1920s. In that perspective her work suddenly gains a new coherence: she has precisely that Firbankian sense of deliciously perverse sinfulness, a snobbish compound of homosexuality, of

(*Continued on page* 39)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Myth-creating Talent

THE FEAR THAT MODERN MAN has lost his myth-creating talents is amply disproved by J. H. Plumb's fanciful Perspective column of Dec. 27. If it is true that Constantine certainly nudged history into a Christian mold, it is not at all true that there was a self-assumed "task of obliteration" of pagan (*i.e.*, Greek) culture by the Church. In the East, at least, that theoretical question found its theological solution in the this-world affirming doctrine of the Incarnation and its theological expression in St. Basil's *Ad Adolescentes, De Legendis Libris Gentilium,* where the Athens-educated author argues against "obliteration" and censorship of pagan literature and for Christian selectivity and evaluation of various qualities of texts. Earlier, Justin Martyr developed a whole "Logos Philosophy-Theology" so as to be able to evaluate and comprehend pagan philosophy and religion.

STANLEY S. HARAKAS,
Brookline, Mass.

Male Arrogance

IT'S AWESOME that Glendy Culligan's review of *The Roman Years of Margaret Fuller* [*SR,* Dec. 20] is presented in the same issue with an article on human potential and articles on open admissions to colleges. Man's continuing schizoid view of women's "role" is fascinating when compared to his ability to think fairly consistently in other spheres. Mr. Culligan's fearful plea for mother not to "rock the boat" is just one more tedious reminder of man's quality of mind when writing about women's rights.

The arrogance of Mr. Culligan in attempting to lecture to all the "disciples" of Betty Friedan is downright embarrassing. His claim that feminists have learned that "somebody must rock the cradle." meaning themselves, is not to show any understanding of the movement. Feminists are saying, "Yes, the cradle has to be rocked but I don't have to do the rocking," and this is the source of Mr. Culligan's fears.

His complete lack of understanding and empathy for his subject make him a poor choice as the book's reviewer.

N. LADEWIG,
(Address withheld by request)

"Mr." Culligan Replies

HAVING BEEN A "MRS." rather than a "Mr." for more years than I care to concede publicly, I sympathize with Miss or Mrs. Ladewig's righteous indignation. Her wrath, however, is misdirected. Certainly the book review editor, herself an outstandingly successful woman in a field dominated by men, should be exonerated. She chose me for this assignment secure in the knowledge that I have been "rocking the boat" for more than thirty years as a journalist. The tone of my review was intended as an ironic commentary on precisely that "duality of mind" that enrages so many talented women.

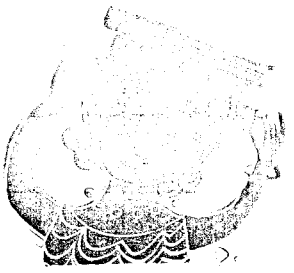
At the same time I feel that many professional feminists oversimplify the problem of sex relations. My own career has been abetted at every stage by generous male colleagues who recognized and took pains to develop what they were kind enough to consider merit, who never stinted praise and rarely stinted advancement. In my experience, perhaps the greatest obstacle to success has been my own strong, seemingly instinctive desire to rock the cradle as well as the newsroom, a peculiar sense of maternal mission that Margaret Fuller evidently learned to feel in Italy. Unlike many feminists, I find the domestic arts as challenging as professional skills, and, at some cost to my serenity, have tried to excel at both. Having written prize-winning recipes as well as controversial book reviews, I feel that I have earned a right to my opinion: a touch of schizophrenia is a small price to pay for enjoying the best of both worlds.

GLENDY CULLIGAN,
Washington, D.C.

"Paleface and Redskin"

MY REVIEW OF PHILIP RAHV'S *Literature and the Sixth Sense* [*SR,* Jan.3] was so rewritten in the editorial office as to make me say that his well-known essay "Paleface and Redskin" is here published in book form for the first time. But this is, of course, not the case; and what I actually said was the following: "Many of the essays which he has here assembled appeared in the two previous collections of his criticism (*Image and Idea* and *The Myth and the Powerhouse*), but more than a dozen of the pieces in the present volume are being collected for the first time. Here we have, for example, Mr. Rahv's famous account ('Paleface and Redskin') of the great duality in American literature between those of our writers who . . . have been devoted to energy and conduct and those who . . . have been devoted to sensibility and theories of conduct. And we have his equally famous account of 'The Cult of Experience in American Writing'. . . ."

NATHAN A. SCOTT, JR.,
Chicago, Ill.



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Religion and Philosophy

THE BASIC WRITINGS OF JOSIAH ROYCE

edited by John J. McDermott

University of Chicago Press, 2 vols., 1,235 pp., $15 each

THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIANITY

by Josiah Royce

University of Chicago Press, 412 pp., $10

ADDRESSING PHI BETA KAPPA at Harvard in 1911, some months after the death of William James, Josiah Royce said that if he were asked to name the "representative American philosophers," he would name only three: Jonathan Edwards, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and William James. Today, two generations later, Royce's selection would still stand, but another three—or possibly four—names would be added, those of Charles Sanders Peirce, Josiah Royce, and John Dewey.

While George Santayana could readily take his place in any company of distinguished philosophers, legitimate questions could be raised as to his "representative" character as an "American philosopher." Like the floating "essences" which figured so prominently in his metaphysics, Santayana would have preferred that we see him and his work detached "for contemplation from the flux of nature," for he and his work could be re-enacted as essences "at all times and places"—in Italy or Spain as readily as in the United States.

What makes for a "representative American philosopher"? He must first, said Royce, "be one who thinks for himself, fruitfully, with true independence, and with successful inventiveness, about problems of philosophy. And, secondly, he must be a man who gives utterance to philosophical ideas that are characteristic of some stage and of some aspect of the spiritual life of his own people." If the philosopher is representative of the American people, it is because his thought is "national in its significance," because it stands "for a stage in our national self-consciousness." Judged by these tests, Royce ranks among the giant American philosophers.

Until a few years ago, however, Josiah Royce's works would have been known by just a small coterie of scholars or readers. His books had been long out of print. My own collection of his major works was acquired only through the cooperation of dealers whose business it is to find out-of-print and scarce books, and the acquisition took years and money. But now many of his works are in paperback editions; in addition, the University of Chicago Press, to its great credit, has published the two handsome volumes of *The Basic Writings of Josiah Royce*, admirably edited by Professor John J. McDermott, and a one-volume edition of *The Problem of Christianity* (originally issued in two volumes in 1913, three years before Royce's death), with a worthy introduction by Professor John E. Smith. In the early spring, the University of Chicago Press will also publish *The Letters of Josiah Royce*, edited by John Clendenning—a volume of almost 700 pages. A full-length biography of Royce, by Frank M. Oppenheim, is in preparation. Mention should be made too of at least three excellent studies of Royce published in recent years, which have served to kindle an interest in Royce or at least to confirm admirers in their judgment: *Royce's Social Infinite*, by Professor Smith, *Royce on the Human Self*, by J. Harry Cotton, and *The Moral Philosophy of Josiah Royce*, by Peter Fuss. Finally, in this brief inventory note must be taken of the comprehensive annotated bibliography of the published works of Royce, prepared by Ignas K. Skrupskelis, which takes up more than fifty pages at the end of the second volume of *The Basic Writings*. At long last Josiah Royce has been rescued from obscurity and is being given the study, respect and devotion that he has always deserved.

Why did Royce fall by the wayside? During his life-span of sixty-one years (1855-1916), he had much working in his favor. Born in a mining town in California, Royce attended school in San Francisco and studied at the University of California (Berkeley) and at Leipzig and Göttingen, then completed his graduate studies at Johns Hopkins. He started out on his career as a teacher of English at the University of California, but at the age of twenty-seven was discovered by William James and brought to Harvard. In the following year James wrote to a friend: "Royce has unquestionably the inside track for any vacancy in the future. I think him a man of genius, sure to distinguish himself by original work." Ten years later Royce became professor of history of philosophy. For over thirty years he taught at Harvard, in the company of William James, Santayana, Hugo Münsterberg, and George Herbert Palmer; he delivered the Gifford Lectures at Aberdeen and the Lowell Institute Lectures at Boston, and wrote with a versatility that was matched only by Santayana.

In 1886 he wrote a book on California 1846-56, which he subtitled "A Study of American Character." Still interesting to read, it was the forerunner of books on the character of the American and his institutions by Santayana and Münsterberg. The following year Royce wrote *The Feud of Oakfield Creek*, subtitled "A Novel of California Life," which is certainly readable as a period piece. Both these books, which should long ago have been reprinted in the John Harvard Library, evoke a past difficult to identify with a state that today has the largest population, a state in which a Governor and a United States Senator are alumni of Hollywood, and which has sent a native of Yorba Linda to the White House. Royce's essay "The Problem of Job" has found a place in some anthologies. And, besides books and papers on metaphysics, religion, and public affairs, he also wrote voluminously on psychology, on questions of domestic and foreign public policy, on ethics, on logic

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

ALL AT SEA

After you have set each of these real or imaginary men aboard the ship on which he sailed, just pick the author of the book that tells his story. If you should capsize, Kathleen Stout of Carlsbad, N.M., offers you a lifebuoy on page 73.

1. John Jacob Astor, Jr. ( )	A. *Argo*	a. Joseph Conrad
2. Mr. Bixby ( )	B. *Bounty*	b. Edward Everett Hale
3. William Bligh ( )	C. *Grampus*	c. Walter Lord
4. Billy Budd ( )	D. *Hispaniola*	d. Herman Melville
5. Phileas Fogg ( )	E. *Indomitable*	e. Nordhoff & Hall
6. Jason ( )	F. *Levant*	f. Edgar Allan Poe
7. Jim ( )	G. *Mongolia*	g. Apollonius Rhodius
8. Philip Nolan ( )	H. *Patna*	h. R. L. Stevenson
9. Arthur Gordon Pym ( )	I. *Paul Jones*	i. Mark Twain
10. John Silver ( )	J. *Titanic*	j. Jules Verne

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and methodology, as well as on literary subjects—John Bunyan, Tennyson, Shelley.

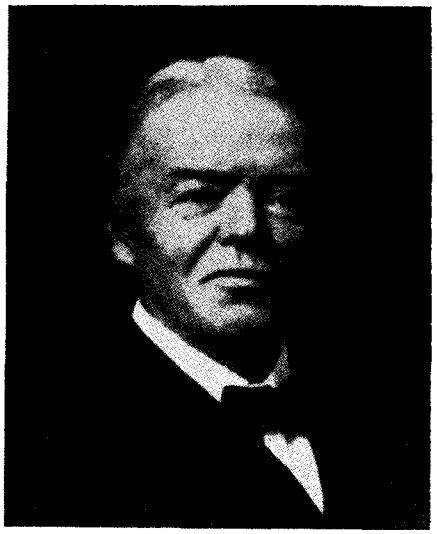
While never as popular as James, who was his senior by about thirteen years, Royce was respected and honored by colleagues in the profession of philosophy; he no doubt had an influence on some of them and on some of his students, but founded no school and left no disciples.

Well, then, why did Royce fall into obscurity? One reason may be the style of Royce's presentation. Most of his books were originally prepared as lectures, and he neglected to revise them for publication by removing devices that are justifiable in lectures but tend to annoy when they appear in books. Royce often first states what he is planning to say, then he outlines his topic, develops a point, summarizes what he has said, restates what he has said, and then tells what he is going to say next. One needs to have patience for such verbosity. Otherwise his style is not too irksome; on the contrary, Royce leads his readers on, and avoids using an artificial, professional language. His words often disclose a mind desperately seeking clarity, trying to control a bursting complexity of thought—a human being consciously endeavoring to penetrate an aspect of life or existence and to capture in words an intimation of its mystery. Nevertheless sometimes one has the feeling that Royce was working too hard to achieve communication rather than expression. He might better have left a larger part of the effort at understanding to the reader.

Yet some difficulty of style does not sufficiently provide an explanation for Royce's eclipse; various of the world's most famous philosophers—*e.g.*, Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Kant—exerted influence despite the fact that the style of their writing had nothing or little to recommend it.

The main difficulty, I believe, was that Royce identified himself as a metaphysical Idealist, and that he made the Absolute a central idea of his thought. This ran counter to the intellectual fashions of his time, even as it is opposed to the current modes. Since philosophers tended to equate Idealism with Hegelian philosophy, and since there was a strong reaction against Hegel and his influence, it was natural for philosophers to write off Royce and to by-pass him for lack of originality and for being a mere Hegelian.

However, two things were wrong with this judgment. First, Royce was influenced by major thinkers besides Hegel—by Fichte, Lotze and Kant, by Schopenhauer, by Charles Sanders Peirce and William James. Second, Royce was no mere copyist or borrower of other men's ideas. He had his own



—Johns Hopkins University.

Josiah Royce—"trying to control a bursting complexity of thought."

genius, his own way of thought; and while certain comparisons may profitably be made between his thought and that of philosophers of the Romantic School of German philosophy, in the end Royce stands alone and must be understood and evaluated in terms of himself as an individual, unique thinker. He fully meets the first test of the "representative American philosopher" —for he thought for himself, "fruitfully, with true independence, and with successful inventiveness, about problems of philosophy." But people who had heard or read that Royce was an Idealist, and that James had quarreled with him over his belief in the Absolute, became victims of the Idols of the Marketplace: they allowed words to obstruct their understanding. They did not turn to the original text to discover for themselves the meaning and significance of Royce.

Today there is likely to be a new attitude toward Royce and a greater receptivity for his thought, for he was the first important American philosopher who, while refusing to relinquish the primacy of the individual, saw the desperate need for correctives, which he found in social psychology and in the Beloved Community.

Long before other Americans began to worry about their denuded landscapes and their poisoned, ugly environment, and long before human ecology became a respectable subject for academic research, Royce complained of what the American ideology of rugged, uncontrolled individualism and individual enterprise was doing to our cities and their unfortunate inhabitants. "We Americans," he wrote, "spend far too much of our early strength and time in our newer communities upon injuring our landscapes. . . ." Our country towns and our manufacturing cities are, he said, "too often full of hideous ugliness." As long as the Charles Wilson in every man permits himself uncritically to believe that what is good for himself is good for society, no other results could be expected.

What is the alternative? Is man, then, only a part of a collectivity? Royce rejected both extremes as equally false to the true nature of man. "Ethical individualism," he wrote, "has been, in the past, one great foe of the great community. Ethical individualism . . . will never serve mankind. Equally useless, however, for the attainment of humanity's great end would be any form of mere ethical collectivism, that is, any view which regarded the good of mankind as something which masses . . . of men should win."

Royce's philosophy posited the reality and the worth of individuality, with all its variety and freedom and quality of uniqueness—an individuality that must not be truncated or lost in any collectivistic order. But man is not a "detached individual," belonging to no "community which he loves and to which he can devote himself." Royce would have accepted Kierkegaard's interpretation of the biblical Love Commandment as meaning principally, not that a man must recognize one's neighbor, but that a man must see *himself* as a neighbor, must prove *himself* to be a neighbor; or Leo Baeck's statement of the same truth, that "to be a man means to be a fellow man." Thus Royce did not reject the Edwards-Emerson-James belief in the transcendent significance of the individual; but in typical Roycean fashion he took it up and, with his amendment, made it a part of a "larger view," in which the individual knows himself to be and fulfills himself as a neighbor. Such selves, and only such selves, Royce believed, can project and build the great community.

There is, I think, evidence that this view is slowly but stridently moving into "our national self-consciousness." Until now Americans seemed ready to act as a community only when our concern was with foreign relations—only in our wars or our preparations for wars. The domestic scene was the happy hunting ground for predatory individuals imbued with the philosophy of the "detached individual." But now we seem to be turning toward the problem of the social environment; many young people, and blacks with a new black-consciousness, see themselves for the first time as neighbors, or "soul brothers." Unknowingly, they are in fact affirming Josiah Royce's social psychology, his ethical Idealism, his interpretation of "the problem of Christianity," and his version of American individualism. Americans reading Royce in the 1970s will find in him—as he found in Edwards, Emerson, and James—a "rep-

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resentative American philosopher," one who expresses philosophical ideas that are characteristic of a stage and an aspect of the spiritual life of the American people, a body of thought national in its significance as it stands for a newly emerging stage in American self-consciousness.

An inestimably great contribution toward a rediscovery of Royce and his significance for philosophy, religious thought, and social reform has been made by the University of Chicago Press in publishing these books. We should recognize especially Professor McDermott's imaginative selection from among Royce's voluminous writings, which affords a view of Royce's versatility and dilettantism, his philosophical depth, reach and stature.

Milton R. Konvitz

Milton R. Konvitz, Cornell University professor, has written on philosophy and religion as well as on Constitutional law. Among his many books are "On the Nature of Value: The Philosophy of Samuel Alexander" and "Religious Liberty and Conscience."

THE DEATH AND REBIRTH OF THE SENECA

by Anthony F. C. Wallace
Knopf, 384 pp., $8.95

AND GOD SAID MOREOVER unto Moses, "Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, the Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you." No one knows how many nameless prophets had struggled during centuries of darkness and oppression to produce that day. What is important is that the tribes of Israel did survive. In the same situation, trapped in an alien culture, the Seneca produced the religion of Handsome Lake and today are producing the ideas that are binding the diverse Indian tribes into one nation.

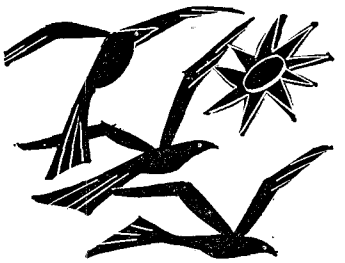
Contemporary observers of the American Indian spend their time in idle speculation anticipating the day when the Vanishing American leaves the arena of world history forever. There is feverish activity, therefore, to record all conceivable quirks of this quaint people before the curtain falls. Thus far only Frank Waters and Peter Powell have pierced the buckskin curtain to glimpse the religious nature of Indian nationalism. Anthony F. C. Wallace has come extremely close to understanding the Red Power movement with this work on the Seneca and the religion of Handsome Lake. But his field work ended in 1956 and so, deprived of contemporary data, he has stopped just at the point where it gets interesting. The Red Power boys are not talking about demonstrations, confrontations and revolutions. They are talking about walking on water. In the Hebrew tradition it's not a laughing matter.

The Death and Rebirth of the Seneca is an incisive and well-documented work concerning the rise of the Longhouse religion among the Iroquois, particularly the Seneca in the beginning decades of the last century. Part I of the book is devoted to a general description of Iroquois society in its pristine pre-white state. (Anthropologists have a tendency when describing Indian tribes to plow familiar ground before beginning to tell their story.) Parts II and III then cover the historical period of the decline of the Iroquois as a balance of power brokerage house in the French and English struggle over North America. With this decline comes the rise of the Longhouse religion as an effort to create stability within Iroquois society.

Indian tribes see life as an integrated whole and thus events are not categorized according to their religious, political, economic or sociological significance. Wallace understands the nature of the Indian world view, and skillfully works the major events of Seneca life into a consistent presentation of the life of Handsome Lake, the Seneca prophet, and the development of the Longhouse religion. The quarrel over land cessions, the recurring problem with alcohol, the jealousy between the influential men of the tribes, the problems with witchcraft, and the vulnerability of the Indian leaders to bribery are objectively presented so that the struggle of a people in cultural chaos comes clearly to the reader's attention.

The understanding role of the Quakers in Seneca life is particularly well portrayed. From the first contacts to the recent tragic and losing fight to save the Seneca lands from Kinzua Dam, the Friends have ever been friends to Indian people. Wallace credits this favorable relationship to the Quakers' conviction that every human being entertains an inner light that evinces itself as the voice of natural conscience. It is a lesson that most Christian churches are only now beginning to learn. In education the Quakers, as Wallace relates, emphasized the communication of concepts and avoided superficial and playful imitation. What they brought to the Indian people were technical skills that had substantial practical values—an achievement as yet unattained by federal and state educators. [See article on American Indian education, page 54.]

Most informative is the description of the role of Red Jacket, the famous



Seneca leader, in the formation of the Handsome Lake religion. His well-known speech to the Reverend Mr. Cram, asking that Christianity be first tried on whites, is classic and still characterizes much of the mood of Indian traditionalists toward the mewlings of the missionaries. At one point Handsome Lake and Red Jacket were rivals within the tribe since Handsome Lake strongly opposed the plan to sell the Seneca lands to Robert Morris. In a council at Buffalo Creek Handsome Lake denounced the land sale and told of a vision in which he saw Red Jacket in hell pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with dirt as his punishment for the land sale. Yet at the end of their lives Cornplanter, Red Jacket, and others stood firmly within the Longhouse tradition after a flirtation with Christianity.

In describing the four tenets of the Longhouse religion, Wallace fails to note that the problems Handsome Lake attempted to solve in 1801 are the dominant themes of contemporary Indian affairs. Concern over alcoholism was the first and most important social problem which the religion faced, and Handsome Lake strongly opposed drink because of its degrading influence on the tribe. Today the Jicarilla Apache and Standing Rock Sioux have outstanding programs against alcoholism and most tribes are vitally concerned over this problem.

The second tenet was peace and social unity of the tribe with the correlative doctrine that good feelings must be preserved between Indians and whites. In the Hopi Traditionalist movement of today, led by Thomas Banyaca, this attitude still remains. It is polluted by the treacherous policies promoted by people who desire Indians' lands for their own.

The third tenet was the preservation of the Indian land base, which is the burning issue of our time. Only by accepting the Seneca understanding of man—that peoples are equal but have a right to be different—can non-Indians understand that there is no conflict between the desire for peace and understanding and the struggle to maintain the land base.

The solution for Indian people as

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proposed by the fourth major theme of the Longhouse religion was education. Handsome Lake advised his followers that "so many white people are about you that you must study to know their ways." It is, as many readers will recognize, the same solution Indians have advocated today. In short, one can understand the contemporary Indian movement for self-determination by understanding the rise of Handsome Lake and the Longhouse religion. But this is possible only for the astute reader who is willing to throw off his preconceived ideas about Indians and relate the events of the book to the present struggle of Indian people to maintain their lands and communities.

In a society mildly unsettled by the Mylai massacre and forgetful of the massacres of Wounded Knee and Sand Creek, this history of the reconstitution of the Seneca Nation may not mean much. Certainly Wallace's continual characterization of the Longhouse People as "pagans" does not indicate that he views Handsome Lake as more than a historical figure, or that modern Senecas whom he describes in his first chapter are doing anything beyond thoughtlessly repeating the rituals of a dead religion. Frank Waters and Peter Powell know full well what Indian nationalism means and anxiously scan the horizon for the Indian Moses. Wallace, like the priests of Pharaoh, energetically describes the times of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but never asks himself what it all means.

Vine Deloria, Jr.

Vine Deloria, Jr., is the author of "Custer Died for Your Sins."

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1381

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1381 will be found in the next issue.

H OHWHZCI CU H PHW ZSHZ

NQAU FSHZ SA ZSCWDU ZSA

VQYN FQEVN NQ CO SA DWAF

ZSA OHIZU QO ZSA IHUA.

—OCWVAG XAZAY NEWWA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1380

Fanaticism consists in redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim.

—GEORGE SANTAYANA.

International Relations

ALTERNATIVE IN SOUTHEAST ASIA

by Eugene R. Black

Praeger, 180 pp., $5.95

ON THE FACE OF IT, Eugene R. Black's *Alternative in Southeast Asia* is a bland, oversimplified and—although short—over-lengthy exposition of a superficially persuasive thesis. U.S. policy in Southeast Asia after the Vietnam War, Mr. Black argues, should concentrate on encouraging regional cooperation among the countries concerned (Burma, Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia and the Philippines). The Mekong River multipurpose (electric power, irrigation, flood control) project constitutes, he believes, a ready-made, nearly ideal core project upon and around which to build such a program, in the support of which Japan's interest and assistance should be enlisted in major degree.

This, baldly stated, is Mr. Black's thesis. Taking it at face value, it would perhaps suffice for this review to point out that U.S. support for such cooperation would constitute something less than a comprehensive or adequate policy for the region; one might note, further, that Mr. Black's own sketchy country by country review of prospects for such cooperation raises real doubts as to whether the nations concerned are seriously interested in a meaningful program of regional cooperation. And let it go at that. But this would overlook a number of aspects concerning the author, the circumstances underlying his work, and the general framework of ideas, both explicit and implicit, within which Mr. Black's thesis is presented. Since he is a notable and presumably objective member of the Establishment that has involved us in societal agonies both abroad and at home, an examination of them may have some bearing on the prospects for constructive solutions under Establishment auspices, and hence on the courses of action we may need to take.

Some years ago Mr. Black, a former president of the World Bank, was given the mission by then President Johnson of encouraging the countries of Southeast Asia to work together "in a mighty venture to develop the potential resources of their region." As I remember it, this "mission" was announced with great fanfare. Of course, critics of the Vietnam War viewed it not only as a transparent attempt by a self-righteous President to display to the world the essential magnanimity and peacefulness of his intentions, but as an attempt to buy off Hanoi by offering to include North Vietnam as a beneficiary in the promised large-scale American aid program that would finance a massive postwar reconstruction and development plan for the region. Ho Chi Minh did not accept the Johnson proposal. Mr. Black, however, must have had some hopes for it, because he undertook the assignment. In the light of the then prevailing circumstances, this can only be construed as a measure of his lack of political sophistication—a judgment amply confirmed by his book.

Black's amazing naïveté—or is it disingenuousness?—becomes apparent immediately in the short preface to his book. "I never knew enough of what was going on as far as the war was concerned," he writes of a war regarding which a great public debate had already been in progress for some time, "to offer either a justification or condemnation of day-to-day policy." About President Johnson, he says, without any consciousness of being funny, "I gladly leave it to others to fix that very great man's role in history." In the avowed desire to communicate across the generation gap, he observes correctly youth's dissatisfaction with "the easy generalizations we have come to use" when discussing such questions as the brotherhood of man, racial and sex equality, international cooperation and peace, and law and order, and—citing Paul Tillich to the effect that there is no reality without an accompanying belief—concludes that "It is the beliefs—the philosophy if you will—of age that are under attack all over the world today." That youth's dissatisfaction with "age" reflects a rejection of what it considers to be our hypocrisy does not seem to occur to him. Youth repudiates not our professions but our practices. In this context, the appropriate conclusion is that without reality there can be no belief.

So much for the book's setting and the general tone and quality of its author's thinking. Turning more directly to his major thesis, *Alternative in Southeast Asia* should presumably shed some light, set forth some general principles, which would indicate how U.S. policy ought to approach, deal with, or react to General Ne Win's brutal, regressive, and paranoid régime in Burma, the blandly authoritarian and corrupt government in Thailand, racially explosive Malaysia, or the complex of problems that is Indonesia. The book should certainly provide criteria for appraising whether our Vietnam involvement was or was not correct, justified, wise or in the national interest, and indicate what minimal conditions, if any, should govern our withdrawal. Not only does Mr. Black's

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"alternative" policy fail to do any of these things, it does not really present an alternative to recent or present policy at all. If the United States has had a major policy for the area, it has been, as Mr. Black himself observes in passing, to prevent domination of the region by a single power (China). This continues as well to be the basic policy aim of Mr. Black's scenario, although it is presented, characteristically, as an unquestioned assumption rather than as a reasoned conclusion. His advocacy of regional cooperation (in which, strangely, questions of regional *trade* cooperation "lie somewhat outside my subject") may represent a tactical alternative or modification of current policy; it does not present or imply a strategic policy alternative.

This main dish does not exhaust the menu; a number of side dishes go with it. Among the most questionable are Mr. Black's judgments that: to lay stress on the South Vietnamese government's venality and corruption is somehow akin to racism, that moral ideas have dominated our diplomacy, that we will have to maintain a military presence in East Asia for many years to come (at least two divisions in or near Vietnam for at least fifteen years, as in Korea), that both programed (economic) development and counterinsurgency doctrines are "utopian" in concept (!); and the curious logic that, because turmoil seems to be in prospect for the region and because anarchy would invite Chinese domination, regional cooperation is therefore "inevitable."

Among the obvious errors are the notions that "Burmans are a minority race in their own country," which will surely come as a surprise to the Karens, Chins, Shans, and other minority groups in that unhappy country; and that Germany was plagued by a galloping inflation "just before Hitler came to power." More appealing are the propositions that Japan should be encouraged to play a more important and constructive role in the region, that American policy there should be set in a multilateral framework, that economic growth and development are not identical concepts, and that our foreign aid efforts should place heavier emphasis on quality than on quantity than heretofore. Also attractive, but lacking in demonstration, are the proposals that we should reduce the size of our aid establishments abroad, increase aid to 1 per cent of our national income, grant developing countries favored access to our markets, make special drawing rights on the International Fund more freely available to the poor countries, and take responsibility for the aid function out of the State Department and lodge it with a specially-created, well-financed bank or fund whose finances would be replenished as necessary. These and other important recommendations come one on the other in Mr. Black's final chapter. It is to be regretted that, instead of dealing more adequately with questions like these, which are closely related to his own experience and competence, Mr. Black chose to throw them away, so to speak, by presenting many as little more than *obiter dicta* within a much broader, ingenuous, and quite unacceptable foreign policy framework.

Louis J. Walinsky

Louis J. Walinsky, an economic development consultant to governments and international bodies, spent six years in Southeast Asia during the 1950s as chief economic adviser to the Government of Burma. His most recent professional missions have taken him to Papua and New Guinea, Israel, Brazil, and India.

PACIFIC DESTINY: An Informal History of the U.S. in the Far East

by Richard O'Connor

Little, Brown, 505 pp., $10

As Richard O'Connor shows in this swashbuckling history of America's long involvement with Asia, Vietnam is not really an aberration. It is a logical outgrowth of tradition, romance, commerce, adventure, religion, politics and power—all stretching back across the decades: After the Yankee Clippers that sailed in the 1780s from Salem to Canton came the acquisition of many Pacific islands; the dispatching in the 1890s of an expeditionary force of 70,000 to 80,000 American troops to the Philippines "to Christianize the heathen" (to use President McKinley's infelicitous phrase); the founding of the Anti-Imperialist League and the unleashing of its half-million members in widespread demonstrations against McKinley's policy of converting a "nation of shopkeepers" into a "nation of warriors"; even the establishment of a kind of Peace Corps at the turn of the century to bring the blessings of civilization to the Filipinos, who, engaged in an early version of an "insurgency," did not seem much interested. O'Connor mixes biography with sociology, history with culture in etching America's complicated dealings in Asia. His is a most ingratiating and interesting social history.

Through the book, like a red-white-and-blue thread, is a single theme—the United States has been meddling in Asian affairs ever since George Washington (with Asia not even on his mind) warned them to turn their backs on Europe. They did, and they faced the West. For some the West was the wilds of California; for others the West was the riches of "the East." There were continents to be crossed, oceans to be navigated, harbors to be explored, wealth to be harvested, trade to be trumpeted. The sea journeys were long, and the Yankee Clippers had to make stops along the way—sometimes for cargo, at other times for what we now call R-&-R. How much easier it would all be, some Americans figured, if these stops could be converted into American bases.

And so it happened. The Samoan Islands were acquired, the Hawaiian Islands too; "Seward's Folly"—Alaska and the Aleutian chain—made sense, after a while; Perry "opened" Japan; others moved on China. The many merchants and missionaries who brought their goods and religions to the little brown and yellow peoples of Asia carried the American flag with them—raising it so high, so conspicuously, that often their causes became the causes back home of Congressmen and generals, who could not resist the "manifest destiny" of their times. The Americans always seemed to mix their empire-building with missionary quests for God and natural lusts for wealth. (McKinley, for example, had forgotten that the "heathen" had been "Christianized" 300 years before he sent his troopers to the Philippines.)

Although it was often hard to distinguish Washington's imperialism from Berlin's, or London's, or Moscow's, Americans enjoyed drawing distinctions. Often they denied they sought empire, or raw materials, or conquest, but nevertheless the empire grew—if not in fact then in sentiment, which is equally dangerous. It reached a point in Asia where the United States involved itself in virtually every major conflict in the twentieth century, sometimes as peace-maker but much more often as warrior.

Not surprisingly, O'Connor, our guide through this enthralling history, has a bias. He seems to feel it was all wrong, this lengthy American involvement in Asia. He wants Americans to strip away their pomp and pomposity, their sanctimoniousness, their almost sacred allegiance to the myth that somehow they were so much better than the Europeans in their many moves through the Orient. "Perhaps we will realize," O'Connor concludes, "as we should

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have more than a century ago when we began succumbing to the manifestations of destiny, that the real treasure of America is not far across the Pacific but the prosaic wheat-covered plains and the black earth of its middle western farmland."

Like so many of us — those who march and those who do not—O'Connor has been burned by the experience of Vietnam, and burned he pulls back and wants out. I believe *Pacific Destiny* proves that would be easier said than done; that foolish and flighty though America's involvement in Asia might have been over the decades, it has also been fairly fundamental to the nation's history.

The United States has dug deep roots into Asia. These roots have produced traditions, emotions and commitments, which cannot easily or even properly be cut; on the contrary, they must be understood and appreciated and, if found wanting, changed—slowly, skillfully, sensibly. *Pacific Destiny* helps.

Marvin Kalb

Marvin Kalb, diplomatic correspondent for CBS News, is the author, among other books, of "Eastern Exposure."

OKINAWA:
A Tiger by the Tail

by M. D. Morris

Hawthorn, 238 pp., $6.95

IN LATE NOVEMBER 1969, Japanese Prime Minister Eisaku Sato visited Washington, and departed with an American commitment to return Okinawa to Japan's control in 1972. In exchange, Sato agreed in his talks with President Nixon to let the United States retain her bases on the strategically situated island, on condition that nuclear weapons be removed and that all major military movements be undertaken only after consultation with Japan.

Washington's decision to relinquish the sovereignty it has exercised over Okinawa since American troops captured it in some of the bloodiest fighting in World War II came as no great surprise. After the failures and frustrations of the Vietnam War, signs have have pointed to diminished American engagement in Asia, with the Asians being told to man their own defenses to the degree possible.

Still, the concession to Japan is especially significant, since Okinawa is America's most powerful Asian base and bristles with nuclear weapons aimed at key targets on the communist mainland. In view of the American pledge to remove these weapons and presumably keep them out unless Japan agrees to their return—a dubious prospect, considering the country's almost fanatical anti-nuclear sentiment —the agreement could signify the prospect of a gradual withdrawal from Asia, though Japan itself, as well as Okinawa, will remain a U.S. base.

In the light of the new accord *Okinawa: A Tiger by the Tail* is a particularly valuable book, offering the reader timely background on the problems involved. Its value, however, could have been far greater if the author had dealt less superficially with the overriding issue of whether the United States should return the island to Japan.

Reflecting the Pentagon attitude, M. D. Morris, a former engineer on Okinawa, asserts that America should not relinquish the island. In support of this view he asks what Japan's next claim might be—Taiwan, which she acquired from China in 1895? He also questions the ability or willingness of Japan to contribute substantially to an Okinawan economy that, under American guidance, has been steadily improving since the war. More importantly, he points out that Japan could hold up a retaliatory U.S. nuclear bombing mission while awaiting the sanction of the Japanese government.

Though some of Morris's arguments may be valid, many do not seem altogether relevant. The author fails to grapple with the main points raised by those who favor returning Okinawa to Japan. Is American control of that island, even to the limited extent agreed upon under the new accord, still strategically necessary? Could not nuclear weapons be launched with equal efficacy—and greater safety—from areas more distant from the Asian mainland? And if so, would not the political and psychological advantages of removing missiles from Asian territory render such action all the more desirable?

These questions are not meant to imply that retention of the island, in whatever degree, would necessarily be a mistake. But Morris's readers, however they may view the situation, are not likely to feel overwhelmed by the weight of airtight logic. Indeed, the author's surface treatment of the vital control issue gives anyone who anticipates more in a current book on Okinawa the feeling that he has been cheated.

Nevertheless, this book is not without considerable merit. Morris, though not a polished writer, presents a highly illuminating history of Okinawa that is must reading for anyone who wants to know more about the island on which the American defense system in Asia has hinged for so long. He devotes too much space to the rather dull details of life on a military base, but he arouses the reader's interest when he writes about Okinawan folklore, which

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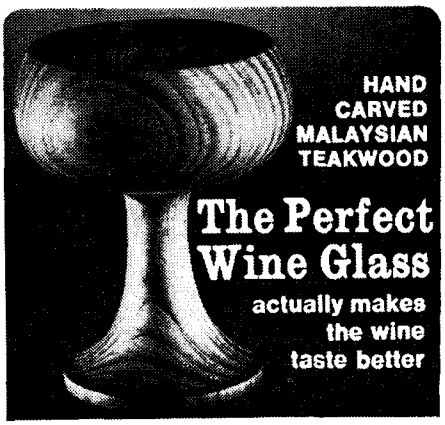

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reflects the dual cultural influences of China and Japan, the countries that have taken turns dominating and collecting tribute from the historically timid inhabitants. (This timidity, Morris points out, cost the Okinawans an independent status that might have made their island, once a maritime power, the central nation in East Asia.)

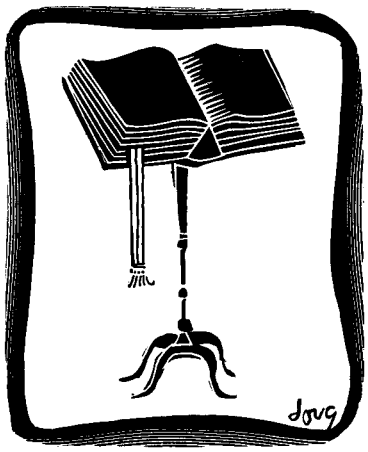
Nor have the people changed much over the centuries. They are still subservient, and there is almost no movement for political independence in the island. Many Okinawans would like to see the Americans stay—at least for a while. For, unlike most Asian peoples, they apparently feel that the material benefits offered by occupation outweigh the dignity of political freedom. On the other hand, since they know that sooner or later the Americans will leave, their primary loyalty is to Japan and they support reversion to that country, though, it seems, only on a "gradual" basis.

Actually, the degree of genuine control Japan will exercise over Okinawa under the new agreement is far from clear, which is one reason the accord is under fire from many Japanese. And, indeed, whatever the Japanese leaders may say for internal consumption, it isn't likely they would want to reduce greatly the American presence in Okinawa, aside from the nuclear establishment. For who then would protect Japan, which now spends next to nothing for her own defense?

This is why Japan's attitude is not the kernel of the problem. The important questions are whether the United States really needs Okinawa, and, if so, how this need can best be met with due regard to the interests of all concerned. Mr. Morris, while painting a good portrait of the island, makes little effort to offer a comprehensive answer.

Dan Kurzman

Dan Kurzman is the author of "Kishi and Japan," "Subversion of the Innocents," and the forthcoming "Genesis 1948: The First Arab-Israeli War."



Prejudice

BEYOND RACISM: Building an Open Society

by Whitney M. Young, Jr.
McGraw-Hill, 257 pp., $6.95

BLACK MANIFESTO: Religion, Racism and Reparation

edited by Robert S. Lecky and H. Elliot Wright
Sheed & Ward, 182 pp., $5

SEARCH FOR A NEW LAND

by Julius Lester
Dial, 195 pp., $4.95

BLACK ANTI-SEMITISM AND JEWISH RACISM

edited by Nat Hentoff
Baron, 237 pp., $5.95

A BROTHER-IN-LAW once urged me to read *Beyond Racism,* but he was then employed by the Urban League, which Whitney Young, the author of the book, directs. Like most black militants, I was then calling Whitney Young "Whitey Young," so for a time I left the book alone. However, before being assigned *Beyond Racism* for review I had already stopped calling Whitney "Whitey"—for reasons of taste and the importance of black in-group solidarity. Though we may disagree in some degree, the book revealed that Whitney Young is black in fact.

Beyond Racism is a compendium of information on a question that binds all four of the books under consideration: what does the black race want, or at least what are its needs, in its "search," as Julius Lester puts it, "for the new land," or, as Young himself calls it, "an open society"? That of course also involves how to bring this end about and, in turn, just who or what stands in its way; hence the other two books—*Black Manifesto,* by Robert S. Lecky and H. Elliot Wright, and Nat Hentoff's collection of various people's essays, *Black Anti-Semitism and Jewish Racism.* All seem to sense, as Whitney Young observes, that "America is poised at the brink of disaster," that "it is easy to ignore the warning signals," and that "America has relentlessly persecuted black people for 350 years." In this connection Young urges black militants to move beyond their tendency to exhibit "greater concern with symbols than with substance," but black militants and others could learn at least as much from *Black Anti-Semitism and Jewish Racism,* also a complex issue, partly because it reflects the general socio-racial sickness.

Black Anti-Semitism and Jewish Racism consists of essays by four blacks—James Baldwin, Julius Lester, Harold Cruse and William H. Booth— and six Jewish authors whose names mean nothing to me, a fact that may itself be relevant to the problem of communication about which Whitney Young complains.

Growing up in rural Oklahoma, I never saw a Jew (to my knowledge) until I was sixteen years old. Because of his accent and his ownership of one of the major clothing stores in a nearby town, the first Jew I met was admirable to me, despite the fact that we black kids were accustomed to skipping rope to the tune:

> Akka, Bakka soda cracker,
> Akka, Bakka boo
> If your daddy chews tobacco
> He's a dirty Jew.
> Out goes the rat
> Out goes the cat
> Out goes the lady
> With the seesaw hat.

You could say that we had a seesaw stereotype of Jews, and that that was undesirable, but we did not hate them. To complete our replica of the white liberal's reasoning, some of my best friends eventually came to be Jews; and, before I became a social analyst, I also had contradictorily assimilated some resentment of alleged Jewish exploitation of blacks.

In Earl Raab's essay he rightfully distinguishes "cultural anti-Semitism" from political anti-Semitism. There are Jews who oppose the Zionist policies of Israel, just as numerous people who are not unpatriotic to the United States resist its slaughter in Vietnam and even demand extreme change in America's socio-political structure.

Many of the Jewish authors in *Black Anti-Semitism and Jewish Racism* regard any criticism of Israel's policies, including imperialistic collaboration with the United States, as "anti-Semitism." I am impelled to agree with some of the black authors in calling this "over-reacting." At the same time, though I am no mediator and straddle few fences, some blacks must realize that they gain very little for black liberation by over-reacting to the Jewish corner grocer, or by making scapegoats of Jews.

One of the truest statements in all of the books is James Baldwin's observation that "It is not the Jew who controls the American drama. It is the Christian." The seventy-year-old father of the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., recently was quoted by an AP news story as saying that "they hate Jews worse than Negroes." That is slightly exaggerated; the Reverend King himself was a victim of the difference.

In *Black Manifesto* James Foreman

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seems to be of the opinion that white Christians have succeeded in nailing just about everybody to the cross. We understand that they did not do so because they were Christians but just the same they were Christians, which gets us back to the point implied by one of the contributors who states that more blacks than Jews exploit blacks in black slums. While these statistics appear contrary to my observation (prejudice?) it seems none the less apparent that we are dealing here with a socio-historical situation. Not only is it the same system which moves Jews to exploit blacks and blacks to exploit blacks—and which should be the object of our attack—an ecological situation is also involved.

Paraphrasing sociologist Kirson Weinberg, Rabbi Jay Kaufman tells in one essay how, for example, Irish immigrants dominated American boxing until the 1920s, when the Jews succeeded them. By the mid-1930s the Italians had taken over, and by the late 1940s black migrants to the lowest stratum of the city slums. We may predict that, unless there is a fundamental change in the structure and values of our social system (throughout the economy, politics, education, the total society), blacks eventually will almost totally replace Jews as slum small businessmen just as they have come to dominate as boxers and Jews have moved from the center of the ring to supplant white Christians as boxing managers and promoters.

Beyond Racism predicts that the population shift of whites to the suburbs and blacks to the central cities "places black people in potential political control of the very heart of our national power." But without a revolution this will never come to pass. There will either be a revolution that will result in containment of the economic and ecological forces discussed above or one in which blacks will achieve sovereignty over the major cities—and, if necessary, secede to form black city-states in the manner of the ancient Greeks, or even the District of Columbia. Or they will push nationalistic brands of social reform such as they are doing now and emerge as at least the most conspicuous if not the major exploiters of their own slum fellows.

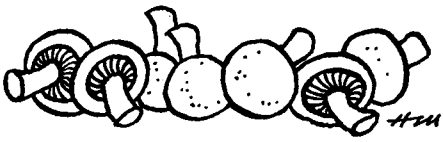
This is why, for the most part, a conflict exists between the black and white authors in *Black Manifesto* as well as *Black Anti-Semitism and Jewish Racism*. The white authors in both books too frequently and excessively play up integration as a panacea to black exploitation. It will be an irony of recorded history that segregation was used in the first half of this century to hold the black man down while integration (or its super-tokenistic ideal) was utilized in the last half. What blacks want and need is elevation and empowerment. They are not so much in search of "the new land" (in Lester's words) as a new world.

Lester, however, criticizes Stokely Carmichael in *Search for a New Land* for leaving the United States, unaware (I suppose) that this quest was one of the very reasons Stokely said that he left. In Algiers last July I asked Stokely why he had gone and if he would ever come back. He said that he would not come back until he had a land base, until he and his collaborators had succeeded in restoring Nkrumah to power in Ghana. By contrast, Lester's only reference to land is to a "promised land," which is not at all surprising inasmuch as even avowed black separatists are not really gripped by territorial imperatives. Their separatist goals are seldom focused on concrete bodies of land and generally constitute symbolic separatism, independence from white oppression. Lester apparently recognizes this.

In *Search for a New Land*, he employs a variety of literary and journalistic gimmicks, sprinkling poetry here and there amid his prose. The book also has marginal historical glosses in bold-face type alongside the body of the text. From such marginalia one learns that the United States bombed North Vietnam in the month preceding the Selma march, that Nkrumah was deposed a month before James Meredith was shot in Mississippi. Speck killed eight nurses in Chicago the month Carmichael articulated the concept of Black Power, which was followed two months later by Joseph Whitman's mounting the tower of the University of Texas to shoot forty-four people, killing fourteen. Three months before Muhammad Ali [Cassius Clay] refused to enter the army, *Ramparts* magazine revealed CIA funding of the National Students Association.

Both the book *The Black Manifesto* and the program so named recognize a collaboration of Christians and Jews in black American oppression. Rulers of this society one time promised us forty acres and a mule (which, when multiplied by 30 million blacks, far exceeds the amount demanded in the reparations movement). Yet some of the pro-religious contributors to the book cannot understand why James Forman and his aides "picked" the church, which did not have enough money for adequate reparations. Aside from the fact that political leaders typically seek sanctuary in the church, publicizing their infrequent visits, churches own millions of dollars' worth of tax-free property and are themselves intricately involved in the exploitation of the economy—they always have been. These authors missed the true message of the reparations request.

The message is clear enough, however, when one reads the history of the reparations appeal in *The Black Manifesto*. The blacks did not want money alone; they turned down $1.3 million—most of the amount offered them. They wanted the religious institutions, Christian and Jewish, to live up to their



professed roles as leaders of moral behavior, as extollers of peace and good will and brotherhood.

This is why I aided Richard Wright's daughter, Julia, and her associates in a reparations request to the World Council of Churches consultation on racism in London last May. Not only did we ask for more money (which of course was not expected) but we took pains to see that revolutionary uses of the money were spelled out in the request.

It was not surprising that the Reverend Dr. J. H. Jackson, president of the 6.5-million-member National Baptist Convention, USA, Inc., attacked the reparations demands. The black church, too, has exploited the black people and their need for a palliative to their plight. This is not to demean Dr. Jackson, who, in his own way, appears not without concern for the black race's condition and their "search for a new land." Blacks may have to begin to choose their Uncle Toms as they once had to play a greater role in choosing their leaders, distinguishing between pathological and functional Toms. New uses may arise for the talents of the functional Tom.

This is all the more important because blacks have begun to talk a good deal about "black survival." At times this collides, in their minds, with Jewish nationalism, especially in the Eastern states. Thus besides studying their own history intensively some are starting to take longer glances at the history of Jews, Christians and other peoples, as well as their current circumstances and behavior.

By analyzing from a historical perspective the wide range of models of oppression, blacks not only may more efficiently achieve their own freedom, but also arrive at a "new land" (or world) where others need not duplicate their struggle.

Nathan Hare

Nathan Hare is the publisher of The Black Scholar.

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Voices from the Past

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

Last fall in New Hampshire Ann Greenaway of Houghton Mifflin's juvenile department, while cleaning out a trunk of her aunt's, came across an old magazine that she found fascinating and sent to me: the November 16, 1929, issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* devoted to children's books and impressive in its array of distinguished commentators. It is particularly interesting because it seems to bridge the gap between long years of sparse production of books for the young and the new era of prolific and specialized publication.

There are dozens of reviews, an original story by Robert Nathan, nostalgic advertisements, poems by William Rose Benét, David McCord, and Walter de la Mare, articles by Rose Fyleman, Laura Richards, and May Lamberton Becker. The most significant feature of the issue is a symposium on juvenile reading in which a panel responded to a list of questions.

"For the very young," John Dewey says with brisk assurance, "it seems to me the best reading is the story of animal and child life, written preferably in a whimsical or at least semi-humorous style, where the wording is quite literal even though the subject-matter is highly imaginative. I do not mean myths and fairy tales, as much as an imaginative presentation of objects which are familiar; things the child sees, handles, eats, plays with, that attract his attention, presented in some unusual picture, but treated as far as style is concerned in a familiar and even prosaic way."

Alfred Adler has a definite, one might say Adlerian, viewpoint. "Up to the seventh year I believe it is advisable to interpret books or stories of all kinds to the children. Such oral discussion could be replaced by printing questions and answers in the back of the book for educational purposes." It seems highly improbable that many people would agree with this today.

Angelo Patri deplores "The old sentimentality, the false ethic that marred the story book of the older day . . .," and he mentions as some of his current favorites "dauntless *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* charming *Anne of Avonlea,* bold, adventurous *Tonty of the Iron,* sweet *Shen of the Sea,* entrancing *Kari the Elephant*" . . . And I always thought *Rebecca* was sentimental!

Arnold Gesell answers the question "What is a balanced ration in children's reading?" in stern, literal fashion: "If the idea of balanced ration is taken too gravely it will lead to artificial apportionments with the inevitable omission of important vitamins. The value of a given . . . book often hangs upon all sorts of associated factors." To the same question Anne Carroll Moore replied, "Who shall say without knowing a great many books and something of the natural taste and inclination of the individual child in question? What is meat and drink to one may lead to mental starvation, stagnation, or complete boredom with books to another." A wise woman.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher erupts. "I have before me a series of questions about children's reading, sent me by *The Saturday Review,* — 'Do children read too much? Should older children read adult books? Are good detective stories bad for children? Should children read about sex—' and I find my vocal chords spasmodically tensing for a questioning bellow, 'WHICH children?' Or rather, 'Which child?' " The questions are still being asked today (by some) and evoking the same *cri de coeur* (from some). Mrs. Fisher goes on to point out that some do and some don't read too much, that detective stories may be just what is needed by a boy who is a reluctant reader, and that a growing girl may need a book on sex.

On the question of whether or not older children should read the same kind of books or even the same books adults are reading, Anne Lyon Haight casts an affirmative vote for classics, informational books on current topics, and "the type of literature that is enjoyed by all ages at all times." Kipling, Stevenson, Barrie, etc. are cited. But, "Quite obviously there are also types of adult books that are not suitable for children . . ." because "their minds and experience of life are not such that they can form judgments of what we call 'new ideas.' " That's the conservative speaking. A more liberal viewpoint is expressed by Eleanor Roosevelt: "[It] depends largely on what the adults are reading." Good point. "I am, however, all in favor of children from the age of thirteen on being given a free run of a good library . . ."

John Bennett agrees with her. "My own children have ever been at liberty to read anything in the house; and they have done so." He goes further: "It takes younger men than myself to entertain positive opinions. I have come to be of an extremely catholic and open mind. I believe that it is better a child should read anything not foul than that he should read nothing whatever. Except it be deliberately pornographic I am convinced that to read *anything* is better than to read nothing." Oh, echoes of a thousand debates on comic books!

Last, Louise Bechtel (then Louise Seaman), Macmillan's children's book editor. She begins tartly: "I had not realized that myth, romance, and sentiment were 'characteristics of the best children's books' as the editors of *The Saturday Review* imply." "To 'enter the life of realism' is not at odds with entering the worlds of the ancients. Children are sensibly realistic . . . It is no hindrance for them to meet and grasp other worlds firmly as they feel their way along in 1929." Forty years later, does it not all have a familiar ring?

Still Another Alphabet Book. *By Seymour Chwast and Martin Stephen Moskof. McGraw-Hill.* 57 *pp.* $4.50. *Just another* alphabet book this is not. It has variety, humor, charm, and a high sense of design. Each letter is tucked away somewhere in a double-page spread illustrated with lavish ingenuity; each spread includes the whole alphabet marching across the foot of the pages in different type faces. There are no words, so that the user may have the fun of guessing what the object is, but for those who are baffled there's a picture-index at the back of the book. Ages 3-6.

The Judge: An Untrue Tale. *By Harve Zemach. Illustrated by Margot Zemach. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 48 *pp.* $4.50. Dour and irascible, the judge sits enthroned while a parade of prisoners appears, each protesting that he didn't know he'd done anything against the law, each anxious to tell the judge about the horrible creature he'd seen. "Its eyes are scary/ Its tail is hairy/ Its paws have claws. . ." With each bit of testimony the judge becomes more incensed. "Liar! Ninnyhammer! Dimwit! Dunce! To jail at once!" And then, in stalks the beast. End of judge. On the last page, a covey of smug prisoners. Delightful nonsense, charmingly illustrated. Ages 5-8.

The Surprise Party. *Written and illustrated by Pat Hutchins. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $4.50. One of the games children delight in is the passing on of a whispered statement that is altered with each communication. Here it nearly disrupts a surprise party. Rabbit tells Owl, "I'm having a party tomorrow." Owl whispers to Squirrel, "Rabbit is hoeing the parsley tomorrow." This is conveyed by Squirrel to Duck as, "Rabbit is going to sea tomorrow." When Rabbit approaches each intended guest he

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gets a curt rejection. Finally he shouts, "I don't know what *YOU* think I'm doing, but *I'M HAVING A PARTY*." "How nice!" "Why didn't you say so?" "A party!" So it really is a surprise. The illustrations contrast plenty of restful white space with stylized design ornamenting the animals. Ages 5-8.

A Bear Named George. *By Miriam Young. Illustrated by Harold Berson. Crown.* 42 *pp.* $3.50. Pity the plight of a teddy bear who knows perfectly well that he is a boy but belongs to a girl who calls him Elizabeth and puts frilly scratchy dresses on him! George suffers in silence, as toys must, and is rather relieved to be put away in the attic until Baby is older; after all, bears do hibernate. Baby proves to be another girl, alas, and poor George goes through the same routine. But when the third child, a boy, comes along he follows his father's example and calls the bear George. And that's how a pudgy, scruffy, lovable bear comes into his own. A modest story, told with beguiling directness and gentle humor Ages 5-9.

Sumi & the Goat & the Tokyo Express. *By Yoshiko Uchida. Illustrated by Kazue Mizumura. Scribners.* 50 *pp.* $3.95. One of Sumi's dearest friends was the very old man next door, Mr. Oda, and she was delighted when he bought a goat. For one thing, it would give her something to report in class; usually it was Ayako who had the news, since her father was owner of the village gathering place. the rice shop. Alas, Sumi's news paled beside Ayako's: the Tokyo Express was to go through their village! But it was Sumi who took the spotlight when the tracks were built and the train went through: The goat placidly sat on the track, stopped the train, and could be led away only by her friend Sumi. The illustrations, like the story, have both sturdiness and a delicate charm. Sumi is an appealing child, the setting is interesting, and the situation universal. Ages 7-9.

Here I Am! *An Anthology of Poems Written by Young People in Some of America's Minority Groups. Edited by Virginia Olsen Baron. Illustrated by Emily McCully. Dutton.* 159 *pp.* $4.95. From poems submitted by children in schools in many parts of the country, more than 100 have been selected and grouped roughly by subject: seasons and nature, life and people, places, self-images. The bulk of the writers are black, Puerto Rican, Eskimo, or Indian, and their poems vary in mood and depth. There is little humor, some bitterness, and some acidity, but most of the poems are introspective, wistful, poignant, or defiant. A better plea for one world of equality can't be imagined. Ages 8-11.

The Black Sheep. *By Jean Merrill. Illustrated by Ronni Solbert. Pantheon.* 74 *pp.* $3.95. On a faraway island in a northern sea there lived a society of truly superior white sheep who spent all their time assiduously knitting sweaters and wearing them. So when a black sheep came along who refused (horrors) to be sheared or (shameful) to wear sweaters, and devoted himself (incredible) to making gardens, it was only a question of time until he was cast out by the society and isolated in a rock enclosure. This tale of social pressure, dissolution of the status quo, and acceptance of new values ends with a youthful generation converted to the charitable and common-sense philosophy of the iconoclastic black sheep. The writing is sophisticated and amusing, the concept astringent but not bitter. Ages 9-11.

Charlotte Sometimes. *By Penelope Farmer. Illustrated by Chris Connor. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 192 *pp.* $4.95. Charlotte had been at boarding school only two days when she wakened to hear herself addressed as "Clare" by a smaller girl, Emily, who claimed to be her sister. Bewildered, Charlotte realized that she seemed not only to have become another person but to have slipped back to an earlier time. Returning again to the present, she knew that in some mysterious way she and Clare were changing roles and that this was because of the school milieu. Charlotte finally found herself trapped in Clare's life when she was suddenly sent away from school on a day when she was Clare. The characterization is excellent, the writing skillful, and suspense mounts as Charlotte struggles to find a way back to the present. Ages 10-12.

The Ibo of Biafra. *By Sonia Bleeker. Illustrated by Edith G. Singer. Morrow* 160 *pp.* $3.50. Primarily an anthropological study of the traditional Ibo patterns of living, this book has a final chapter that discusses the contemporary urban Ibo, the emergence of Nigeria as a republic, the establishment of Biafran independence, and the tragedy of the blockade. The culture of the past is examined with precision in detail, permeated with admiring affection for the intricate sociological calibrations of Ibo society. Ages 10-12.

Of Dikes and Windmills. *Written and illustrated by Peter Spier. Doubleday.* 192 *pp.*

(*Continued on page* 75)

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Edited by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

Children's Books

The Golden Legacy

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

The world forever reconsigned
By those who held it here
Through apprehension of the mind
Most beautiful, most dear,
To those who ever freshly find
Its colors bright and clear.

What storms are scrawled across the page,
What flowery hours run
From line to line; what youth and age,
What tempest and what sun!
Bequeathed in living heritage
To each and every one.

In shelf on shelf of tome on tome
Where voices laugh or plain,
And saints and heroes are at home
With ruffians in the rain,
And long dead ages trooping come
To dree their weirds again.

Born of quaint print and curious sooth
Here people live and die
And fight their fate who are in truth
More real than you or I
And evermore insure to youth
Its golden legacy.

Vol. VI • • New York, N. Y., Saturday, November 16, 1929 • • No. XVII

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Fiction

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT

by Graham Greene

Viking, 244 pp., $5.95

MOST WRITERS BUILD their reputations along straight paths—novelists seldom go further afield than the short story; playwrights tend to stick close to the stage. Graham Greene is one of the rare exceptions. Though he has not, to my knowledge, published a collection of verse, he has attempted almost everything else: essays, plays, travel writings, short stories. His fame, however, rests with his fiction, which he divides into two groupings—novels and entertainments. The distinction is his way of separating his thrillers from what he deems his more serious fiction, though Greene's admirers and critics often point out that his novels (*Brighton Rock*, for example) often are as entertaining and thrilling as his entertainments.

Travels with My Aunt is a soufflé of a novel—and entertaining. It is highly civilized fun, an *Auntie Mame* for somewhat higher brows.

The aunt of the title is Augusta Betram, a spinster in her mid-seventies, possessor of brilliant red hair and "two big front teeth which gave her a vital Neanderthal air." The narrator, and her traveling companion, is her bachelor nephew, Henry Pulling. Henry, in his mid-fifties, has retired from the branch bank he served as manager to a quiet life of dahlia cultivation in the English countryside.

After years apart nephew and aunt meet at the funeral of Henry's mother. Their encounter is a proof of blood being thicker than water—or of the attraction of opposites. Henry has led a most sheltered life in his small pocket of England. His aunt is more than worldly-wise and highly traveled. Henry is virginal, his aunt far from it.

Adventure comes almost immediately into Henry's life when he meets Wordsworth, from Sierra Leone, who is obviously much more than a valet to Aunt Augusta. While Henry takes cocktails with his aunt, Wordsworth empties Henry's mother out of her urn and replaces her with marijuana, giving Henry his first introduction to the police.

From then on Henry is off on travels and adventures with his aunt. They are voyages of discovery for Henry. First there is his own blossoming, if not into a rake at least into a human being with a horizon larger than a dahlia bed. Secondly, though of greater importance, there is the unfolding of his aunt's past. It begins on the couple's initial journey, which is only to Brighton, where she reveals that she once helped a lover run a church devoted to dogs.

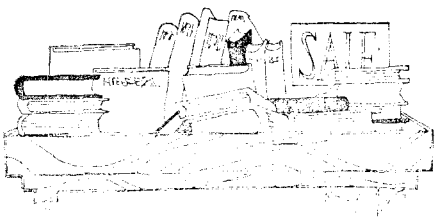
They proceed to Istanbul via the Orient Express, a trip involving smuggling and more revelations of dallying. The final travel ends in Paraguay, where Aunt Augusta, who has truly loved only one man despite the many she has known, finally settles down with her slightly disreputable *grand amour*. Henry also has a happy ending but to disclose it would be unfair.

Travels with My Aunt exhibits again, and possibly more than in any of his other novels, Mr. Greene's great gift for evoking a sense of place. One literally feels the sting of salt air in his Brighton, the fog and damp in Boulogne. At every stop, Mr. Greene infuses his backgrounds with a wealth of color and detail, the scenes in Paraguay being the best. In a way, *Travels with My Aunt* is almost a sentimental journey through scenes of past Graham Greene triumphs—the Brighton of *Brighton Rock*, the Orient Express of *Orient Express*. And as he has demonstrated in such writings as *Our Man in Havana* — substitute Paraguay — Mr. Greene knows there is humor in the cool English in a warm clime.

Ultimately, despite its virtues, one must face the fact that *Travels with My Aunt* is episodic to the point where it wearies in midstream—though it picks up strongly when the author swings into his Paraguayan wind-up. But, once he has established Henry Pulling, tossed him into the clutches of his marvelously characterized aunt and brought them back from their first trip, there is nothing that compels you to set off on further journeys with them. No plot thread pulls you on. A sameness sets in as the odd couple roam about. Travel time will be passed by Aunt Augusta reminiscing about yet another love story from her heyday. These flashbacks do not advance the story since, at heart, there is no story. And an outrageous character can stay outrageous in the mind for just so long before she subsides to eccentricity. The account of travels between the first and last—which are successful only because Mr. Greene has something to accomplish as a writer during them—are in effect stage waits before the cast moves into the finale.

Haskel Frankel

Haskel Frankel, a fiction critic, writes SR's On the Fringe column.



HEAT LIGHTNING

by Hildegarde Dolson

Lippincott, 246 pp., $4.95

HILDEGARDE DOLSON WRITES GOOD-NATURED, humorous stories that teeter on the brink of cuteness. Her newest goes over the edge but is still as amiable as her dozen other books. A primitive, if nonetheless cheering, idea is at its heart: complicated city folks are no match for simple country folks.

Chester Humboldt decides it's not enough to be a millionaire; he wants to be a reform millionaire and get elected to public office, preferably high. He leaves Manhattan for a quiet Connecticut town as his new community because his aides advised him it was perfect as background and springboard: "old, Republican in a democratic way, and very photogenic." There he meets a cross-section of Yankee types, ranging from shrewd through sturdy. Chief among them are Prue Washburn, "a little bean-pot" of a lady from a good old family, and Cassie Murdoch, the young fresh-faced, guileless daughter of the local newspaper editor.

With Prue's support, Cassie persuades the city fathers to put on a musical pageant to be composed and directed by her sometime boy friend, the local music teacher, Oliver Yates. The pageant will celebrate what Cassie, in the flush of youthful ardor, calls the old Revolutionary virtues.

Well, everybody just gets goose pimples thinking about the old virtues, including Chester. He foots the bill, Cassie and Prue organize and research (what they find out is one of the funniest episodes), Oliver settles down to his piano, and the whole darn (nobody says anything harsher) picturesque town comes to life.

Now enter Alicia Thorne, a local girl who has made a dazzling success in Manhattan as playwright and actress, to offer her theatrical services to her old friend Prue. Oliver promptly falls at Alicia's elegant feet and, though Alicia encourages and teases him, she is clearly intrigued by Chester.

You have probably guessed how the story will end. Miss Dolson is not, after all, a novelist but a writer of humorous books; half of those credited to her fall into the same category as this one, a nice combination of sentiment and mockery light-heartedly skimming over a well-constructed plot with thoroughgoing optimism. Here her breezy style has gone a bit skittish and self-conscious, which is a shame since at her best she is vigorously astringent.

Adele Z. Silver

Adele Z. Silver is a columnist for the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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He-She

Continued from page 27

lapsed Catholicism allied to a Bloomsbury faith in high culture, camp, and a thinly reasonable explanation of the universe. In her earlier novels her style was proportionately elegant, faintly pedantic, quotably epigrammatic, all mood and good talk. Although she has now misguidedly adopted Joyce's solution to the fiction problem, her real master is neither Joyce, nor Shaw, nor even Firbank; it is Aldous Huxley. Like him, she uses the novel as a vehicle for the essay; the best things in *In Transit* are her thoughts on airport architecture. Like him, she is, at her best, clear, persuasive and weightily, even excessively cultured. Like him, she gives the impression of a heavy scholar struggling to get out of the smart, cocktail-party exterior, and of an even smarter cocktail-party figure struggling to get back in again. She shares Huxley's feeling for Mozart and the Baroque; on the last page of *In Transit* she even repeats his remarks on Bernini's "St. Teresa." And like Huxley, despite all the cleverness and wit, she seems somehow insidiously too simple; as they say in Hollywood, "deep down, she's shallow."

How is it, then, that in London her reputation is so disproportionate to the fragility of her work? I don't think it could happen in New York. Susan Sontag, for instance, has based her swinging reputation on an altogether more solid and subtle intelligence that is, whatever its faults, genuinely committed to what Auden once called "new styles of architecture, a change of heart." In London, however, the cause of modernism has always been rather suspect; it is thought to be slightly pretentious, not quite British, a bit *déclassé*. So originality is judged in terms of paradoxes, not exploration. In these circumstances it is better, more comfortable and more comforting, to *appear* avant-garde than really to be so. Hence the creaking experimental machinery of Miss Brophy's new novel; hence, too, its frantic, joke-in-every line insistence on its own cleverness, its puns and postures and noisily flaunted camp.

Once upon a time Miss Brophy kept all that for her reviews and polemics, and preserved in her novels a certain fragile purity. But now, alas, the art of the novel seems to matter to her less than the need to provide a subject for bright chat at the next publisher's party or late-night TV show. And if the underlying content of it all is despair —manic, giggling despair—who cares, provided the public image is intact and the publicity right?

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Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

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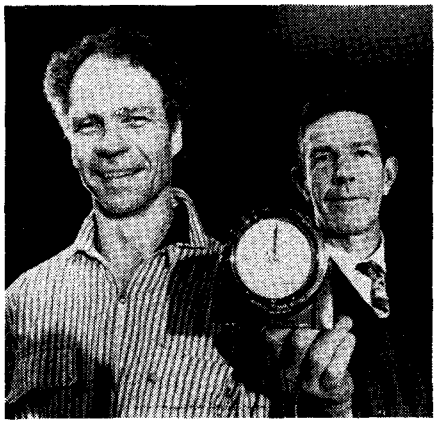
World of Dance

Walter Terry

Merce in Antic Mood



Merce Cunningham and "his most constant colleague," John Cage.

IN A delightfully fey mood, Merce Cunningham opened his engagement earlier this month at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the last of five different companies to play two-week stands each during a ten-week Festival of Dance (the second) at the Academy. Sometimes Cunningham and his most constant colleague, John Cage, avant-garde composer, can drive the ordinary onlooker right up the wall (which is very possibly their intent) with ear-shattering noises, eye-shattering lights, and kinetic non sequiturs, very often sullenly shared with the audience.

We who attend dance frequently have seen Cunningham and his superbly trained company of dancers booed, hissed, and walked-out-on, very often justifiably. But the program selected for the opening of the Cunningham dancers' two-week repertory season invited no such reception. There was self-indulgence and arrogance present — there always is in Cunningham programs—but there was sweetness this time, plus those antic airs at which Cunningham excels.

The premiere for opening night was *Tread* (a second new work came along later in the season) with music of Christian Wolff and décor by Bruce Nauman. The décor, incidentally, included ten floor-stand fans, some of them of the rotating type. These were placed along the footlights and directed at the audience. This would have been positively dreamy in summer at a non-air-conditioned theater, but in winter it didn't help those with the sniffles who sat in range of the blasts. No matter. The fans served a sort of architectural purpose, and behind them ten dancers moved in a fascinating array of architectural and sculptural patterns.

One of the special charms of *Tread* is the manner in which these designs are reached, altered, broken, transformed by the dancers themselves as they manipulate one another's limbs, exchanging one linkage of male and female arms and legs with another arrangement. In this particular dance, there is nothing deadpan, nothing sullen about faces. Cunningham dances most of it with a mischievous grin and with the pranciness of a young goat, and the others share in the amusement provided by this nameless game. The cool, patrician, and beautiful Carolyn Brown, equipped with one of the finest dance techniques to be encountered anywhere, is Cunningham's leading female dancer—in a way-out company, what would you call her, *première danseuse cosmique*?—and she was stunning in *Tread*. Excellent also were the other young women and men in this ten-member troupe.

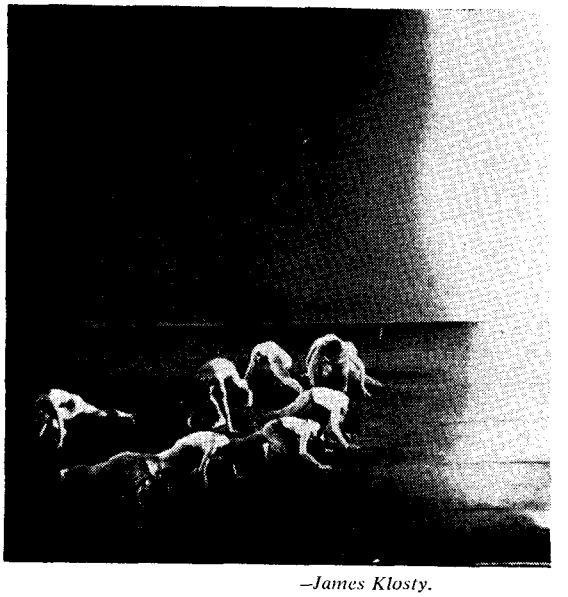
A repeat from last season was *Canfield*, to a score (of sorts) by Pauline Oliveros. The title, of course, refers to the famous old game of solitaire, but one would be hard put to distinguish it, at least literally, through what the dancers do. There are body juxtapositions and even overlappings, pauses and moves, figures turning up and disappearing, but this is no *Jeu de Cartes* with dancers enacting specific cards in the deck. *Canfield* is simply the starting point for very loosely related designs. It is of the expressionless genre; so there is no gaiety about it, just cold images.

There is no gaiety about the score either. It begins with John Cage and someone, I think, called Gene, who wanders back and forth at the back of the house, near the lobby, and is asked to change locations in order to achieve different effects. The dialogue, over loud-speakers, is not very interesting, sounding more like a preliminary "tech" rehearsal than anything. Later we are treated to some more extensive sound patterns, but these reach the bombast point and fall uncomfortably upon the ear. Everyone, however, moved expertly through Cunningham's skeletal patterns.

The closing piece also had dialogue in it, involving Mr. Cage and David Vaughan, but here the dialogue sparkled with the wit of a Sitwell, the wisecracks of a Cerf, and the zaniness of a Gertrude Stein. It is called *How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run*, and Cage, aside from performing, arranged the whole sound pattern, including the marvelous timing and mad intertwinings of the dialogue. This is also antic Cunningham, and his swift-as-mercury movements and his sly smile will remind long-time dance fans of his early days with Martha Graham when he vaulted onto the stage at the command, "Dear March, come in!" in Miss Graham's *Letter to the World*, or bore a frustrated housewife into a sphere of dreams as Pegasus in *Punch and the Judy*.

So if Cunningham & Co. can irritate, outrage, infuriate you from time to time — and they definitely can — they can also comfort, cajole, delight, and captivate you with the capers of the innocent and the wit of the sophisticate — a lovely combination! This is what happened opening night 1970.

And speaking of 1970, Harvey Lichtenstein, the Academy's director, who planned and produced the ten-week 1969-70 Dance Festival, reports that the engagements of the American Ballet Theatre, Eliot Feld's American Ballet Company (an idiot name if there ever was one, considering the well-established other troupes and schools with similar names), the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, the Harkness Ballet, and Cunningham were so successful that a spring season, March-April, is in preparation. Both Ailey and Feld will be back with their dancers for two weeks each in the Academy's wonderful old opera house. Getting to Brooklyn may be a drag, but once there, at Lichtenstein's festival, it's a gas!



—James Klosty.

"Canfield"—"a starting point for loosely related designs."

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McDermed returns to the prison occasionally to keep the class informed of new programming techniques.

He offered these Arizona State Prison inmates a chance to escape from the past.

Could there be a future in computer programming for prisoners? IBM's Glen McDermed was sure of it. His story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.

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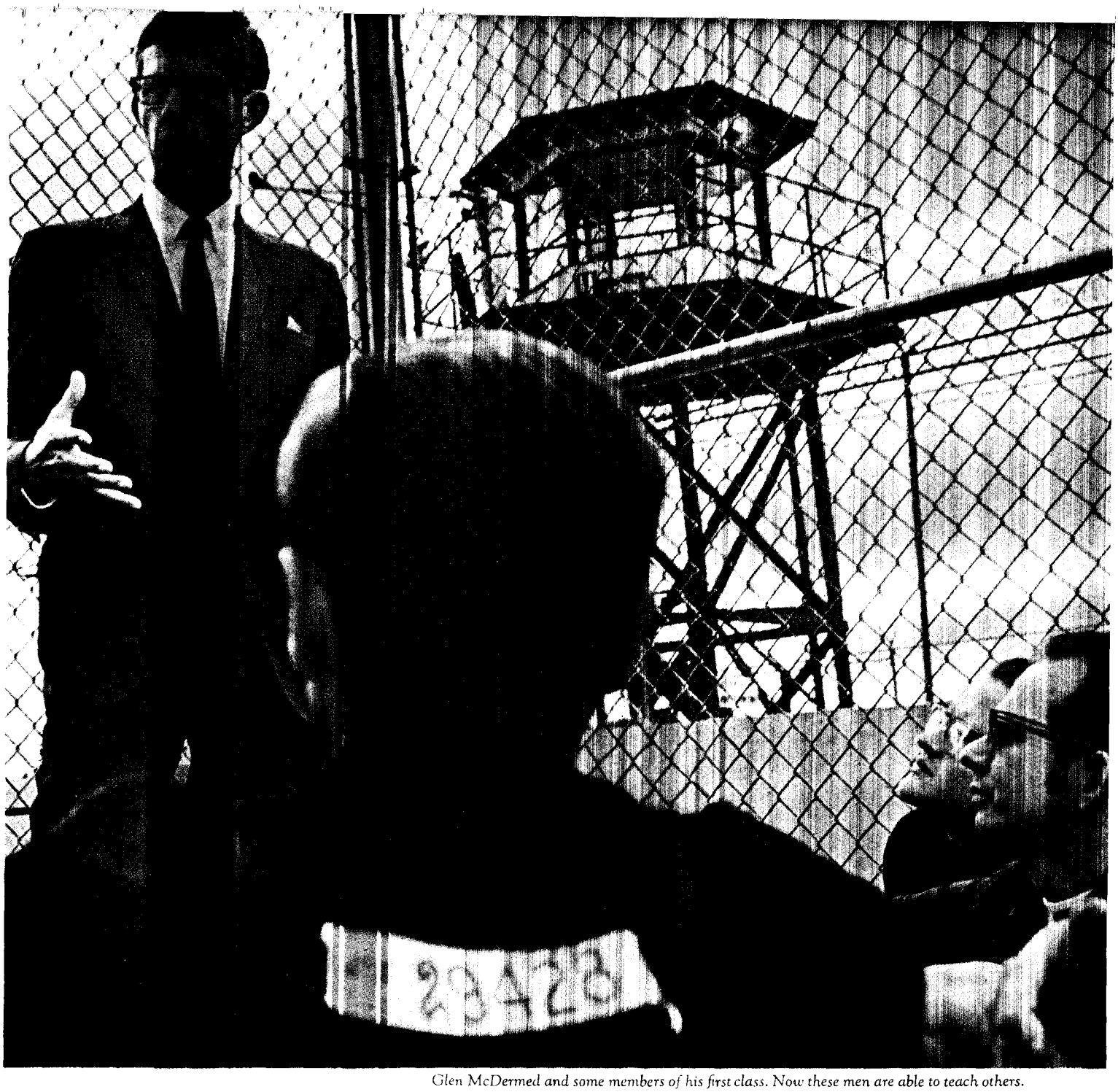

Glen McDermed and some members of his first class. Now these men are able to teach others.

"The State of Arizona, like any state, has a lot of computer programs to write. Sometimes, more work than their people can handle," relates Glen McDermed, IBM Marketing Representative of Phoenix, Arizona.

"In 1967, I had an idea. Why not teach prison inmates how to write them? It would provide a programming pool for the State, and the men would learn something useful for the future.

"I explained the idea to my people in Phoenix and to the Arizona State Prison authorities. They all told me to give it a try.

"To our surprise, forty inmates turned out for the project—even some who were serving life sentences! Eleven prisoners made up the first class.

"IBM supplied all the training manuals. My management also suggested that some of us take time off from our jobs to teach classes. We taught the first class in October, a month after the idea was proposed.

"The men worked hard. They gave up going to the movies to study the manuals. They took homework to their cells. And they caught on fast.

"In June of '68, they got their first real program to write. It came from the Arizona Department of Public Safety. Then a request came from the State Finance Department. Another from the Arizona Highway Department. A couple of colleges asked for programs.

"Today the men are writing 56 computer programs, from seven separate sources. Two of the men who have left the prison now have jobs as programmers.

"The project has given these inmates a sense of accomplishment, and encouragement for their own futures. And the State of Arizona is getting some welcome help from an unexpected source."

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Editorial

Continued from page 22

the one so heroically run by the French Red Cross at Santana, several miles from ABC's headquarters.

Dr. Taylor left Biafra last November in order to fulfill a short-term commitment at the Mellon Hospital in Haiti. At the time of her departure, the country's general food crisis had eased somewhat, owing in large part to the crops of corn and yams that had been planted by the newly organized "land army." The country was far from self-sufficient, but the number of daily deaths from starvation had been substantially reduced.

Then, suddenly, with the ending of the seasonal monsoons, military action was multiplied. Long-range, high-explosive shells were pumped daily into Owerri and Emekuku. The walls of ABC's headquarters became pock-marked by flying fragments of metal. The increasing intensity of the attacks made it apparent that the Federal forces were starting a big push to end the war.

By the time Dr. Taylor arrived the day after Christmas, the Federal forces had captured one-third of Owerri province only a few miles from ABC headquarters. The airport at Uli was still open but was under heavy attack. Almost all arriving planes were bullet-ridded. Emekuku was subjected to daily bombing. The roads were swollen with refugees coming from opposite directions; Emekuku was a swirl of hungry and homeless humanity.

ABC's staff—Dr. Taylor, Dr. Eichenlaub, Dr. Ifekwunigwe—gave priority to sick children among the refugees, and they did what they could for others who were wounded or severely ill. The big question in their minds was how to evacuate desperately sick children before the military disintegration produced the kind of disorganization that would make systematic medical services difficult or impossible.

By Saturday, January 10, the fact of Biafra's imminent collapse was apparent. Dr. Taylor and Dr. Eichenlaub brought together two hundred small children who were in urgent need of intensive hospital care and prepared them both for the journey to the airport and what they hoped would be a flight to Libreville. The airport at Uli was more than forty miles away. The roads cut directly through the active battle zones. All main roads were swarming with refugees.

How Dr. Taylor and Dr. Eichenlaub managed to convey their company of two hundred sick children through this maelstrom, finding enough transport and petrol at a time of indescribable confusion and danger, is the stuff of which epic war stories are made. The story is made all the more poignant and dramatic by the fact that Davida Taylor is a lovely young American girl of towering courage and compassion.

When the group finally made their way through to the airport Saturday night, the place was in bedlam. No one seemed to know who was in charge. There were no lights except for flashlights and sudden bursts of gunfire. One plane was on the ground, and there were reports that two had just left. Thousands of people, many of them soldiers or officers, were milling about.

Dr. Taylor and Dr. Eichenlaub were able to get the children through to the Joint Church Aid plane, a DC-6, which they heard was about to take off. Bullets were flying. Some Army officers were attempting to commandeer the plane. The ladder to the plane was still in place. Dr. Taylor ordered the children to climb the ladder, even though someone shouted down from the plane that it was all full and they could take no more. One of the children climbing the ladder was killed by gunfire. Several others were wounded.

The plane's engines were roaring and a man inside reached down to pull up the ladder. Dr. Eichenlaub ordered Dr. Taylor to climb the ladder. He told her she had no choice because there would be no one to take care of the children. Dr. Taylor climbed the ladder, the door slammed shut, and the plane, under increasing gunfire, moved toward the runway. Dr. Taylor looked out the window at Dr. Eichenlaub with the children clustered around him.

It was the last flight out of Uli.

A minute or two later the plane was thundering down the bomb-scared runway and into the black sky. Dr. Taylor took inventory. Twenty children had been able to get into the plane.

The next morning, Sunday, Dr. Taylor telephoned me from Libreville to give her report. The children were being cared for by CARITAS pending a decision about where they would be sent for sustained treatment. Dr. Taylor will remain in Libreville in the hope that she can return to Biafra for the massive medical and relief work that will be required.

ABC will not be discontinued. Far from it. The work we have been doing will have to be multiplied many times. A message has been received from the White House expressing the hope we can organize a national relief effort. This of course will be done.

The work of ABC has been made possible through contributions of *Saturday Review* readers. We thank them once again. We know we have their continued support. —N.C.

Phoenix Nest

Continued from page 4

yet come across "Oscar Wilde writes quotes" scrawled on a wall, but I'm ready.

All this may be prissiness on my part, however, as the dictionaries indicate that the situation has been developing for a long time. *Webster's Second* contains an entry for "quote" as a noun meaning quotation but labels it *colloq*. *Webster's Third* has the same entry but has dropped the *colloq*. In the thirty years between editions a lot of *colloq*. disappeared, of course, and you know what *Webster's Third* is. It's about as *colloq*. as you can get. The recent *American Heritage Dictionary* is heartening, though. "Quote" as a noun is marked *informal*, and the dictionary states that 85 per cent of its Usage Panel found it unacceptable in writing.

Looking back over my first paragraph I see that in the heat of passion I have committed to paper a locution as threatening and horrendous as the one I'm railing against. "I have this thing about 'quote' used as a noun" is the quote I refer to, and I'm sorry. "This" employed as an article is as ubiquitous these days as the spreading "you know" that hounded James Thurber in the Fifties. "So we took this cab," a girl will say, "to this restaurant and there was this waitress. . . ." You know? The people who, a few years ago, dropped in "like" whenever they paused to inhale are the worst offenders with "this." "I have this wig that's, like, wild!"

O Thurber, thou shouldst be, like, living at this hour, if I may, you know, mangle a great old quote.

—PATRICK BUTLER.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Finding Alternatives

IF ALL businessmen were religious, and if there were more use in our society of institutions comparable to the Bet Din (Jewish ecclesiastical court)—with moral authority over men's consciences—many pressing social ills could be ameliorated. That, implicitly, was the message of an extraordinarily fine episode presented recently on *Mod Squad,* the ABC network television series that regularly deals with the adventures of three young, undercover agents working for the police.

Unfortunately, the Bet Din, which flourished in Jewish communities when they were confined to European ghettos, is a rare phenomenon in contemporary America, despite the fact that it has been successfully convened in a number of cases to arbitrate conflicts beyond the reach of secular solutions. Consequently, and also by implication, the *Mod Squad* episode was notable for its criticism of secular institutions that maintain law and order, but that are unable to provide justice—particularly in the area of low-rent housing, where real estate owners often exploit tenants who must live in conditions hazardous to health and safety.

When *Mod Squad* first came to ABC in 1968, this column accused the series of turning the attractive young trio, who constitute its collective hero, into "Establishment finks." Success has emboldened the producers to try an occasional episode in which the trio is not restricted to protecting society from bad people who do evil. This time they were involved with a more interesting species: good people who do evil, sanctioned by prevailing business norms that are tightly compartmentalized from their devoutly verbalized religious values. An act of vandalism against a friend, a television repairman, triggers the trio's official involvement; they persist when the case opens up as a conflict between a landlord and a group of aggrieved tenants—the latter on the verge of serious violence, so great is their sense of outrage.

The landlord is the TV repairman's cousin; they are both Jews. When personal appeals fail, and after the housing authority has declared its legal impotence to correct the injustice, a local rabbi agrees to convene the Bet Din. The TV repairman dramatically charges his rich cousin with conduct unbecoming their religion; the judges (one of whom is the landlord's banker) order the landlord to make amends. It all turned out agreeably in the end. The landlord won back the respect of his young son, who had been shocked to discover that his father, a devout Jew, had been guilty of violating the moral code. He was shown to be a good man at heart; he attested to his goodness by dropping criminal charges against a Puerto Rican tenant, who had shot him in wild anger over injury to his wife caused by her having been bitten by a rat. Such violence, the Mod Squad pointed out to the penitent tenant, was unnecessary: in the Bet Din, everybody had won.

"I fired them all—2,437 of them. I'll go it alone."

A viewer rejoiced that the law was not the last resort, and that there were channels through which a man's better self could be reached. But there was irony in the character of the landlord, who really couldn't see why he was being singled out for practices that were normal in the real estate world. The Fair Housing Director (a black man) was careful to note that Jews are not the only slum lords, and that blacks and whites of all ethnic groups can be found among the violators who cannot be touched by law, because, if you condemned their buildings, where would the evicted tenants find new homes?

In a dehumanized, objectified society, we surely need multidimensional alternatives that we can employ to solve complex problems in an environment of interpersonal relations and good will. But the Mod Squad was constructively anti-Establishment in suggesting that our institutions ought to be capable of dealing with contemporary housing injustices without recourse to a medieval instrument that traces its lineage as far back as Moses and his Council of Elders.

Harve Bennett, the producer, and Rita Lakin, his story editor (they wrote the episode), are to be congratulated for carrying off a risky exercise in useful entertainment with good taste and fairness. They balanced dramaturgy and moral responsibility in sensitively handling a social problem without feeding the fires of ethnic stereotyping and unwarranted generalization. Their story, based on some fact, demonstrated that there are forces for justice in the Jewish community (as in all) as well as forces for exploitation.

With so much attention given these days to modifying white images of black people, it is also a service to present entertainment programs that help modify black images of white ethnic groups. Below the surface of the *Mod Squad* episode are not only stereotypes of merchants, but generalizations deeply imbedded in the Christian tradition. More power to *Mod Squad,* when it operates at this fundamental level.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

Marriage Without a Script

THE PROMISE of *cinéma vérité* is that it holds the mirror up to nature without any refraction imposed by script or interpreters. Its problem is that the very presence of a camera and, later, the act of editing what the camera has observed inevitably lead to some degree of distortion. Both the promise and the problem are fascinatingly apparent in Allan King's new film, *A Married Couple.*

King is the Canadian film-maker who gathered wide praise a few years ago for *Warrendale,* a documentary account of some emotionally disturbed children at an experimental treatment center in Ontario, which won several prizes on both sides of the Atlantic and is now considered a classic of *cinéma vérité.* In his new production, King attempts something quite different and far more difficult. Instead of roaming the rooms and corridors of an institution, he has intruded himself and his camera into the small frame house of the Edwards family in Toronto. His aim: to capture at first hand the reality of their married life in all its intimacies, complexities, and bafflements.

The "cast" consists of Billy Edwards, a forty-two-year-old Canadian advertising man; Antoinette, his American wife; Bogart, their three-year-old son; and Merton, a perpetually sleepy mutt. For ten weeks, King and his three-man crew haunted the Edwardses' house, often from early morning until late at night, filming and recording the couple's daily life. In all, they took seventy hours of 16 mm footage, which was subsequently boiled down by King and his editor, Arla Saare, into a film of ninety-seven minutes. It's amazing how well we get to know Billy and Antoinette in that brief time. We are privy to their fights and their fantasies; we watch them at the dinner table and in bed; we accompany them to a weekend cabin and to a party; we catch fleeting glimpses of Antoinette trading confidences with a girl friend and of Billy working at his profession. By the end of the film they seem like old friends, and one loses sight of them with a pang of regret.

But is it all really real? The question recurs naggingly from one scene to the next. An alarm clock begins to ring, a hand gropes to turn it off, and the camera reveals a bleary Antoinette struggling out of bed. Is it to be believed that she was in fact asleep—with a film crew hovering at the foot of her bed, lights illuminating the room, and a camera whirring away? Or consider another bedroom scene where Antoinette keeps putting Billy off. We learn from her lunchtime conversation with a girl friend that Antoinette has had a long-standing sexual problem with Billy. Surely the presence of a camera above the connubial bed must have thrown up an additional inhibiting obstacle.

The musical accompaniment poses further questions. Following the party sequence there is a long shot of Billy holding a weeping Antoinette in his arms while the soundtrack plays "In diesen heil'gen Hallen." The episode packs a considerable emotional punch, but one can't help wondering how much of it is due to Mozart's sublime music. And throughout the film one also can't help wondering about the footage that was discarded. The scenes on the screen bristle with purposeful and predominantly grammatical talk, but it's hard to believe that the Edwardses could have sustained this level of articulate discourse during the whole of their ten weeks before the camera.

No, it can't all be really real. But if we accept *A Married Couple* as occupying a midway point between *vérité* and invention, the film seems far less problematical. Obviously, it could not have been made about any married couple. In Billy and Antoinette Edwards, King found two remarkably verbal and outgoing protagonists. They seem to have no difficulty whatsoever in surfacing their feelings and in articulating them with a good deal of precision and wit. It's significant that each of them once had a brief fling on the stage. Though they are not acting here in the conventional sense, they are most decidedly acting out—reiterating and replaying—the burdens and frustrations of their fractious relationship. Sometimes they skirt the real issues (there is a long argument about who gets to use the car that is really about who is to dominate whom), and often their encounters seem to lead nowhere. But at the end Billy and Antoinette are still talking and still touching—and one knows that it's for their benefit as well as for ours.

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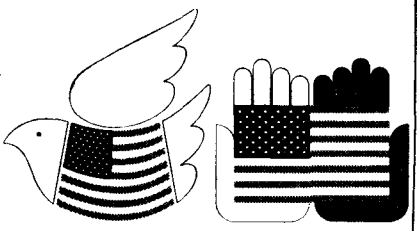

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

► The Shoeless Life

THE COLORS of dusk once again are the neon orange of the *Newsweek* tower and the lead gray of Manhattan's sky, but I am easily transported to a seawall down the shore from Waikiki where each day I watched the sun blaze out across the water and saw the sky fill with an incredible stillness and glow. At that witching hour, one tended to forget the platitudes, and the truths, about commercialism and its effects on the paradise that was Hawaii.

For me, a trip to one of Hawaii's Neighbor Islands is a dangerous flirtation with ecstasy, so dangerous that during a ten-day visit at the dawn of the new decade I was scarcely tempted to leave Oahu, even for a look at the bubbling caldron of Kilauea, which saluted the new year with a volcanic eruption.

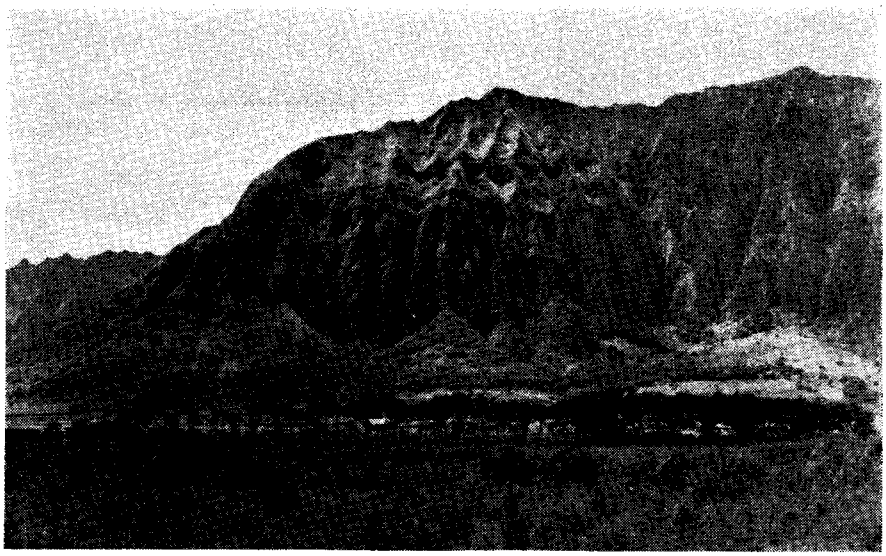
My fellow visitors—tourist is a dirty word to the Hawaii Visitors Bureau—meanwhile continue to cut wider paths to the islands of Hawaii, Maui, Kauai, and Molokai, some flying directly into Hilo without ever setting foot on Oahu. Two of every five visitors venture to the Neighbor Islands, and hotel building is proceeding at such a jackhammer clip that Oahu, which today has close to 80 per cent of Hawaii's hotel rooms, will have only half by the mid-Seventies.

Certainly the Neighbor Islands abound with more natural beauty and variety than does Oahu, but a man who prefers to be nearer the—well, call it action—would commit a tactical blunder to flee the traffic, the hovering cranes, and, in small doses so far, the smog of Honolulu. Waikiki, for all its flavorless high-rises and discount stores, has a certain magnetism, a tawdry allure, that attracts both visitors and residents, the latter often protesting greatly on their way to and from the strip. "I never go to Waikiki anymore," an old newspaper colleague sighed to me, and that night we met unintentionally at Ferdinand's on Kuhio Avenue, one of Waikiki's new scene-making spots, a hamburger villa dedicated to the memory of that first exponent of flower power, Ferdinand the bull, and peopled by a hip L.A.-looking clientele. "There is something exciting about Waikiki, more now than ever," my friend conceded. Even more L.A. is a discothèque called J.B.'s in the Colony Surf, where ruffles, sashes, and tinted glasses are more in evidence than Tahitian print sport coats. These splashy frocks get more outlandish in design every year, but continue to be in favor with many local daredevils, while Californians import the mod styles. There was nothing very stylish about the Pier Six brawl that erupted in J.B.'s on New Year's Eve, what with bottles breaking over customers' heads and women scrapping like alley cats. It was a scene one might have expected to confront in a barefoot local pub. But in the new bastion of Honolulu café society?

More and more, Hawaii is taking on the dash and flavor of southern California. To be sure, the West Coast long has influenced the ways and means of the islands. A high percentage of tourists come from the Far Western states, and most residents, when they try to cut loose from Hawaii and make a go on the mainland, usually head for San Francisco or Los Angeles. Hawaii folk are as blithely ignorant of the Midwest as are New Yorkers; anything beyond the Sierras is darkness. I should qualify that. Anyone with a TV set has learned the whereabouts of Bloomington, Minnesota, in the land of the Viking. After the locally favored 49ers and later the Rams faded from the tube, Honolulu, an NFL town, took the Vikings to its heart.

Even as Hawaii grows up—if that's the term—and the strobe lights of Hollywood and Manhattan replace the luau torches of bygone Waikiki, the islands somehow continue to resist the sin of taking themselves too seriously. Hardly a restaurant or night club, for example, requires its patrons to wear anything more formal than sandals, aloha shirts, and muumuus. After five days in Hawaii, I had so completely slipped into a shoeless existence that, when an invitation came my way to the Maile Room of the Kahala Hilton, one of several restaurants in Honolulu that require a coat and tie, a constricting sensation gripped my throat and feet, and I begged off. Instead, I passed a starlit evening with friends on my front lanai. I thought myself appropriately dressed for the occasion—no shoes, no belt, no tie—until a finely tanned blonde, in snug white hip-huggers and brown pullover, eyed me up and down, from the spread collar of my blue body shirt to the flares of my checked bellbottoms, and declared: "You could only be from New York. Western guys are never that formal." I looked across the table at my two male companions, and both were in T-shirts and cutoffs. Hastily I undid a button or two on my shirt.

Since my last dispatch from the Sandwich Islands, the Hawaii Supreme Court has granted a reprieve to the Queen's Surf, so that the straw-roofed beachfront club that had been condemned by Mayor Frank Fasi will operate on a month-to-month existence. Hawaii hasn't many places left where one can eat and drink within whiffing distance of the outdoors, other than Trader Vic's and the Tahitian Lanai. A Mainlander goes to Hawaii, or at least I do, to leave the indoors behind, but there seems a new trend to build eating and drinking places like padded cells. One of the plushest is the Dynasty, a Chinese restaurant in Chinn Ho's Ilikai. This massive hotel and condominium is known affectionately to some local people as the Ho House. I prefer to eat Chinese food on a Formica table with an aluminum paper-



Oahu's Koolau Mountains are a fetching sight, but a forbidding climb.

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The bargain-hunter's guide to Paris.

le Bon voyage

Here's what you get for the low, low price of one Air France ticket to Paris. First of all, you get us. Which means a delicious meal of classic French cuisine. Superb vintage wines. Flawless service. And a choice of six major U.S. gateways to leave from. (New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago or Los Angeles.) All this, dear friends, plus Paris. With a lot of inside information on how to hunt up the best bargains in the city. We do whatever we can to help you stay within your means, and keep within your budget. It's all part of le bon voyage.

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Hôtel Claude Bernard 43, rue des Écoles. Get a room at the top. You pay less and get tall French windows, and a great view of the Latin Quarter.

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Hôtel d'Isly 29, rue Jacob. Located right in the heart of the best antique shopping in Paris, the rooms are comfortable and the spiffy lobby is nothing to be ashamed of.

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Chez Coquin 15, rue Grégoire-de-Tours. Even the biggest bargain hunter will find seafood practically a steal here.

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The Latin-Cluny Self-Service 98, blvd. St. Germain.

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How can you live it up in Paris without dealing a fatal blow to your budget? Easy.

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New Francs (NF)	U.S. Dollars
1	$.18
5	.90
10	1.80
50	9.00
100	18.00

When counting that roll of bills, remember that the values are in figures which may still represent old francs. In other words, 1000 francs on a note means that it is worth 10 new francs or $1.80. You can identify the notes by the people who appear on them rather than the numbers. For instance, a Molière is 500 new francs or 90 dollars. A Bonaparte is 100 new francs or 18 dollars. It's a good system to use, especially if you can remember faces. (Avoid collecting and trading faces. For example, should someone offer to trade you two Bonapartes for one Molière, don't take him up on it.)

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napkin holder, but there is no denying the Dynasty's efforts to achieve the contrary. The lavish dining room has a huge, white, beehive-shaped oven backed by an embroidered Oriental screen; the food runs to such exotica as Drunkard Chicken—fowl marinated in wine for twenty-four hours—and the hired hands are Chinese, Thai, and Korean. Yet, perhaps the most esoteric fixture is the *tâte-vin*, a native Michigander named Gene Richards, a pale, balding man, who, as he approaches the table in leather apron with a beaker and key hanging from his neck, looks as though he's just come up from an extended stay in the cellar. Richards delights in circulating through the dining room holding aloft an outsize bottle of champagne. "When business gets down," he said, "I do a little shillin'."

Oahu, whether visitors appreciate the fact or not, doesn't end at the walls of Waikiki. The island's best beaches are well out of Honolulu, and I was cheered to find on separate swings to opposite ends of the island that such surfing havens (both body and board) as Sandy Beach, Makapuu, and Waimea have recently been spruced up with adjoining picnic grounds, bathhouses, and shade trees. An advantage of the winter sun is that it bronzes but doesn't parboil *malehinis*' hides—that is, if it chooses to shine. Hawaii doesn't suffer through a rainy season as such, but winter months sometimes bring a few days of gray, muggy Kona weather, when the trade winds change directions and waft in limply from the Kona Coast of the Big Island. Kona folk resent the reference, but perhaps they are compensated for by the good press given Kona coffee.

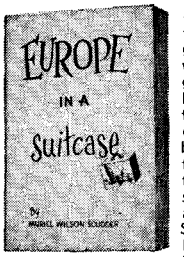
On a New Year's Day foray to leeward Oahu, every beach I passed was as packed as Waikiki, until the sands of Bellows beckoned warmly and nigh vacantly. Bellows is military land, but open to all. That tip of Oahu is not shielded by a coral reef, so the waves wash up in gentle green rollers, providing the ideal training ground for cautious body and board surfers. Bellows somehow resembles a slice of the Virginia or Carolina coast with its long, white, hard-packed beach. It's one of the few stretches of Oahu shoreline where a person can enjoy a lengthy stroll without stumbling into a craggy impasse. There is nary a palm in sight, the shore fringed with needly ironwoods, whose prickly burs are a plague to anyone without luau feet. Above one end of the beach loom the snaggletooth Koolau Mountains cloaked in soft green, but a forbidding climb to anyone not built like a goat. I remember doing a story in my Honolulu newspaper days about a woman who fled barefoot one morning from the Kaneohe State Hospital, a mental institution at the foot of the Koolaus, and scrambled to the top with hardly a glance over her shouler. It took the Fire Department Rescue Squad—some of the more skilled woodsmen and mariners on this earth—the entire day to reach her, and then she obediently came down as fast as she'd gone up, her rescuers inching and puffing far to the rear.

Visitors with vertigo and other afflictions brought on by modern Waikiki can hide away at two resort hotels on Oahu—the Kahala Hilton, a fifteen-minute drive around Diamond Head, and Ho's new Makaha Inn, cut out of the valley above the storied Makaha Beach, scene of the annual international surf-

ing championships. The inn is twenty minutes and $25 by helicopter from the Ilikai, but if a passenger can't find three others to share the total $100 load he has to pay it all himself. The drive takes a little less than an hour over Oahu's ever-stretching freeways and, near the end, by a two-lane roadway that passes some of the island's best beaches and least commercialized towns.

The ten-story Kahala, its latticed lanais draped with flaming Bougainvillaea, is that rare resort hotel that seems neither too high nor too rambling. At $33 a day for a single room, though, it may seem a bit too dear. Its man-made beach, which cost the neighboring island of Molokai 18,000 cubic feet of real estate, slopes down to a waterline that is too stagnant for my taste. But the Kahala's guests, more the Beverly Hills poolside lollers, seldom venture near the shore. You ask why they leave their back yards in California, and I can tell you. As a local boy would put it: Hawaii da bes'.

GOING ABROAD?



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Chess Corner No. 146

Perhaps the most paradoxical situation in chess is *Zugzwang* ("compulsion to move"). It is a form of enforced suicide, in which the player whose turn it is to move is so restricted that any move he chooses will impair his defense fatally.

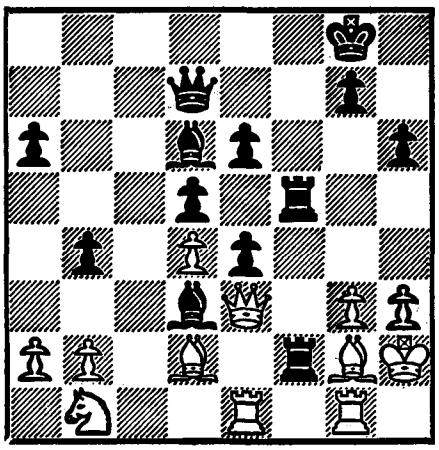
Aron Nimzovich, one of the most eccentrically ingenious players in chess history, won the following game against Fritz Saemisch in a tournament at Copenhagen in 1923. Nimzovich sacrifices a piece in the early middle game—19 . . . B-Q3!—and achieves an overwhelming position. But there is more to it than that. Imagine Saemisch's growing horror as he realizes that he cannot move without losing material or getting mated!

Nimzovich's 25 . . . P-R3!! has two points to it: first, it deprives White's queen of the square KN5, and, second, it says to White, in effect: "Go ahead, *do* something."

And so, White examines: 26 B-QB1, BxN, and Black regains his sacrificed piece, remaining two pawns ahead. 26 B-KB1 or 26 K-R2, R(4)-B6, traps the White queen (the first point of 25 . . . P-R3!!).

White has some irrelevant pawn moves at his disposal, but Black can just move his king until they are exhausted. An amazing *Zugzwang*. White resigns.

Saemisch White	Nimzovich Black	Saemisch White	Nimzovich Black
1 P-Q4	N-KB3	13 NxN	BxN
2 P-QB4	P-K3	14 P-KR3	Q-Q2
3 N-KB3	P-QN3	15 K-R2	N-R4
4 P-KN3	B-N2	16 B-Q2	P-B4
5 B-N2	B-K2	17 Q-Q1	P-N5
6 N-B3	O-O	18 N-N1	B-QN4
7 O-O	P-Q4	19 R-N1	B-Q3
8 N-K5	P-B3	20 P-K4	BPxP
9 PxP	BPxP	21 QxN	RxP
10 B-B4	P-QR3	22 Q-N5	QR-KB1
11 R-B1	P-QN4	23 K-R1	R(1)-B4
12 Q-N3	N-B3	24 Q-K3	B-Q6
		25 QR-K1	P-R3



—Al Horowitz.

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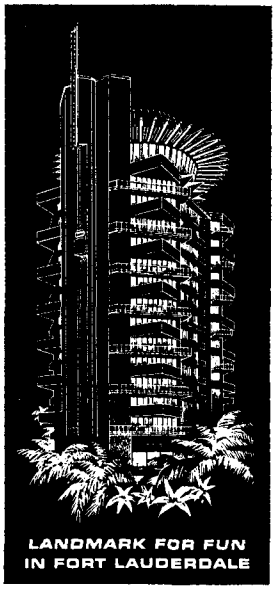

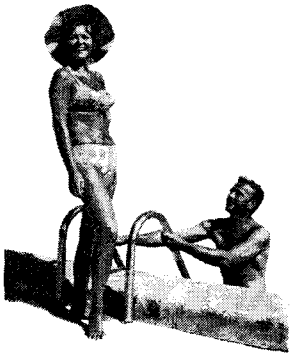

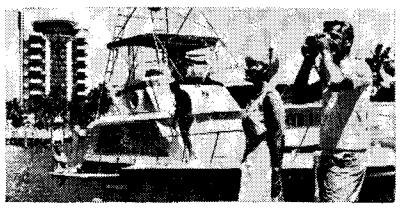

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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An Issue for the Seventies

Community involvement in the schools is an old objective that has taken on new meaning in recent years. For a generation or more before World War II, the education literature regularly paid its respects to the need for citizen participation in school affairs, and the PTA provided limited liaison between school and parent. It wasn't until the 1950s, however, that the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools set out to alert the business and professional communities to the central position that education must occupy in the postwar world. The effort was successful and, combined with other forces at work during the decade—James Bryant Conant's study of *The American High School Today*, the activities of a number of foundations, and the advent of Sputnik, for instance—served to focus public attention on both the needs and the problems of the schools. But the message of the NCCPS, and the state and local committees it fostered, was directed primarily to the middle class.

During the 1960s, community participation took a new and dramatic turn as inner-city leaders and parents increasingly demanded a role in determining policy for the schools that were failing to educate their children. Appearing originally as part of the black civil rights movement, the demand was taken up by other urban minority groups—notably the Puerto Ricans and Mexican Americans.

Members of still another minority—the American Indians—have been less vocal in their demands for a controlling voice in the management of the schools that educate their children, because they have been less united and because they are primarily rural rather than urban peoples. But indications are that their demands will be no less persistent than those of other minorities, and their claims have a special appeal in the light of the shameful history of Indian-white relations.

Professor Estelle Fuchs reviews this history in these pages (see page 54) as background for discussion of the issues that face us today in planning for the future of Indian education. We may hope that attempts to use the schools as instruments for the forced assimilation of Indians into the white man's world, and the efforts to destroy the Indian cultures are things of the past. But too often the schools still see their mission as that of "civilizing the natives," and sensitivity to cross-cultural conflicts is all too rare.

A few experimental attempts to involve the Indian community in the management of its own schools offer some promise for more effective educational programs in the future. The employment of more Indians in the schools, bilingual instruction, teaching English as a second language for the high percentage of students who come to school speaking only their native tongues, and efforts to incorporate studies of tribal cultures in the curriculum can, seemingly, be successful, though many problems of understanding and commitment remain.

The federal government has traditionally been reluctant to become involved in local educational issues, perhaps with good reason, yet, in this instance, where its responsibility is unequivocal, its record has been singularly undistinguished. But the basic problem is that white, middle-class America has long paid lip service to cultural diversity—the richness that alien cultures have added to American life—while rejecting the culturally different in practice. It may be that the time has come for us to learn from our own rhetoric, to accept in practice as well as in theory the values of diversity, and to provide an environment in which minority cultures can flourish. In the process we are almost certain to find that the result will be not only more effective education, but better Americans as well. —J. C.

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—Jesse Alexander (Nancy Palmer).

AMERICAN INDIAN EDUCATION

Time to Redeem an Old Promise

by ESTELLE FUCHS

The complexity of the issues raised by Indian education and the passion that pervades discussion of them can be understood only as part of the long and tortured history of Indian-white relations in this country. The Indian cannot easily forget the white man's attempts to exterminate his people, their forcible removal from ancestral lands, the efforts to convert them from their ancient religions, and the guarantees of rights to traditional homelands that were so often broken in practice. The record is varied; no one tribe's story is an exact duplicate of another's. But all share a history of subjugation and deliberate attempts to destroy their diverse cultures—sometimes by force, at other times by missionary zeal. And always their very identity and diversity (as Navahos, Pimas, Cherokees, Pawnees, etc.) were obscured by the common misnomer "Indian."

Concern for the education of American Indians appeared early in the history of the English colonies in the New World. Dartmouth was founded for the education of "youth of Indian tribes . . . and also of English youth and others." Harvard was established for the schooling of English and Indian youth, and the campus of William and Mary still treasures an early building erected for Indians. But the issues raised by the white man's efforts to extend the benefits of his educational tradition to the natives of the New World were clearly defined at an early date—and still endure. Benjamin Franklin told of the response by Indian leaders to an offer of education for Indian youth:

> You who are wise must know that different nations have different con-

ESTELLE FUCHS is associate professor of education at Hunter College, City University of New York, and author of *Teacher's Talk*. She is currently on leave at the University of Chicago with the National Study of American Indian Education.

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ceptions of things and will therefore not take it amiss if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same as yours. We have had some experience with it. Several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces; but when they came back to us, they were bad runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods . . . totally good for nothing. We are, however . . . obliged by your kind offer . . . and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send up a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their educations; instruct them in all we know and make men of them.

Today, nearly a quarter of a million Indian children are in American schools. About half of them are the educational responsibility of the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA), which is an agency in the Department of the Interior. But the problems of education and cultural differences remain. After two years of exhaustive hearings on Indian education, a recent Senate subcommittee report was entitled "Indian Education: A National Tragedy—A National Challenge."

The dimensions of the problem are indicated by the record of absenteeism, retardation, and dropout rates in Indian schools. Yet, despite the dreary statistics, more Indian children are coming to school, and they are remaining in school longer. Thus, the issues in Indian education today cut to the core of the problems facing all American education—the quality of the educational environment, its responsiveness to the rich diversity of American life, the roles of federal and state governments in supporting the educational enterprise, and, perhaps most important of all, the degree to which the local community shall share in educational decision making.

The position of the Indian differs from that of other minorities, because Congress, as it extended its rule across the continent, recognized the Indian tribes as sovereign nations, and concluded some 400 separate treaties with them. Many of these agreements promised education as one of the federal services that would be provided in exchange for Indian lands.

From the beginning the federal government was uneasy about running schools itself and sought to turn over responsibility to other agencies. During the late nineteenth century, funds were distributed to various religious denominations to maintain mission schools. But public protest against federal aid to sectarian schools led the government to discontinue the practice. As a result, a system of federally operated schools was developed. (The government chose to close down two successful nineteenth century Indian school systems organized by the Cherokee and the Choctaw.)

Paying little attention to the multitude of linguistic and other cultural differences among the tribes, and the varied traditions of child rearing in preparation for adulthood in the tribal communities, the government entered the school business with a vigor that caused consternation among the Indians. The package deal that accompanied literacy included continuing efforts to "civilize the natives." Old abandoned Army forts were converted into boarding schools, children were removed — sometimes forcibly — long distances from their homes, the use of Indian languages by children was forbidden under threat of corporal punishment, students were boarded out to white families during vacation times, and native religions were suppressed. These practices were rationalized by the notion that the removal from the influence of home and tribe was the most effective means of preparing the Indian child to become an American.

The Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania, perhaps best known for its famous alumnus, the athlete Jim Thorpe, helped to usher in this ignominious period in the history of education for Indians. The policy might even have succeeded in obliterating Indian cultures and destroying Indian children, if it had not been for two factors. First, the facilities available were totally inadequate, leaving enormous numbers of children untouched by the policy's influence, and second, children resisted the system by running away, and lower echelon BIA personnel sometimes conspired with Indian families to keep the children at home.

Attempts to force Indians into the white man's mold extended to economic policy as well. The Dawes Act of 1887, ignoring the fact that the Indian had no tradition of private ownership of land, and that some tribes did no farming, distributed tracts of reservation lands, called allotments, in parcels of forty to 160 acres. The result was disastrous for the Indians, because the land left over after the allotments were made was declared surplus by the government, and some unsuccessful Indians lost even their allotments. But the result was extremely profitable for those who, by 1934, had managed to grab ninety million acres of former Indian lands.

Both the educational and the economic policies of this period led to the impoverishment of the Indians and to the shattering of their morale. The bitterness of that era remains in the living memory of many older Indians today.

The general pattern of corruption and intolerance of cultural differences that was characteristic of American society in the 1920s pervaded the Indian Service as well, and led to a Senate investigation that produced the best critical survey of federal Indian programs conducted to that date. The Meriam Report of 1928 called for a reversal of former policy in order to strengthen the Indian family and social structure rather than destroy it, to expand day schools and to humanize the boarding schools, to stimulate community participation, and to relate schooling more closely to the postschool needs of Indian youth.

The ensuing years ushered in a more humane and creative period in Indian affairs. It was the era of the New Deal and generally progressive legislation. John Collier, commissioner of Indian Affairs, was empathetic to Indian problems and a strong proponent of the value of cultural diversity and the rights of Indian peoples. The Indian Reorganization Act, passed in 1934, put a stop to land allotments. Tribal governments were formed, funds were pooled for the purchase of lost lands, and community schools were built. Although problems of poverty and economic development remained to be solved fully, it was a generally exciting and hopeful period.

World War II brought a cutback in federal spending for the New Deal Indian programs, and before they could be vigorously renewed another radical reversal in policy took place that today leaves its mark in anger, suspicion, and fear that will not be easily erased.

The new policy, known as "termination," was instituted in the 1950s and aimed to sever reservations from the services of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Although different in form, it smacked of the allotment era and other previous attempts by the government to escape its obligations to Indians by forcing them into the general population. Even when they received large sums of money for their lands, the Indians enjoyed little lasting benefit, and many former reservation residents became city dwellers—too often lower-class, with their income from tribal re-

"It is usual for the schools to ignore the cultural heritage of the children as if it didn't exist — or worse, as if it required eradication."

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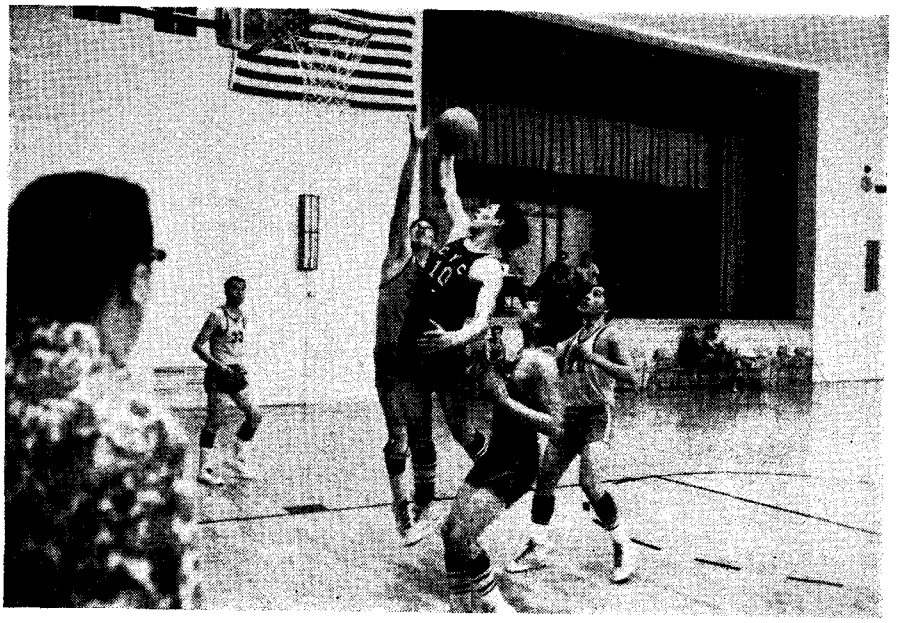
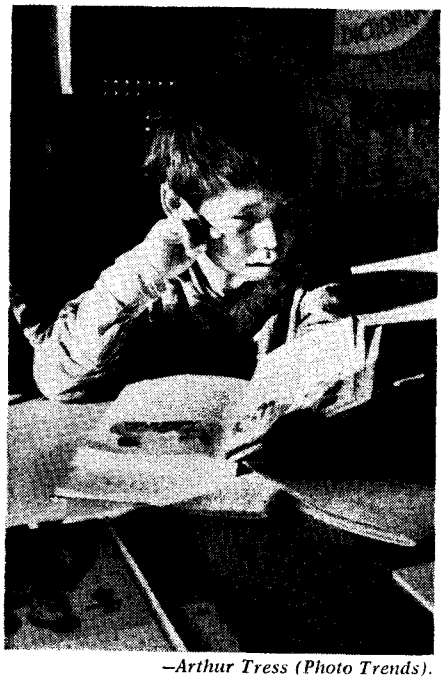
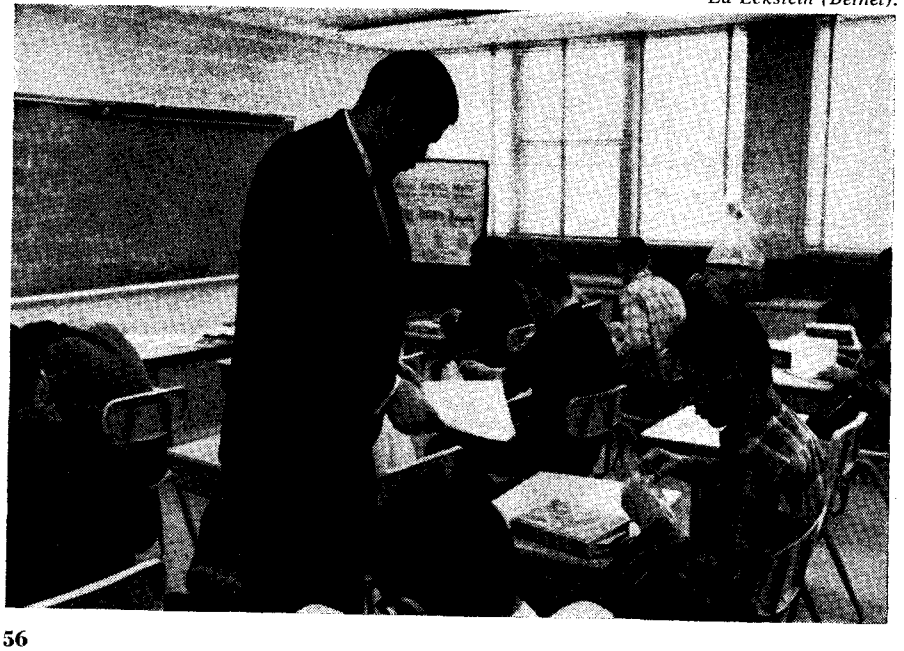


—Ed Eckstein (Bethel).



—Arthur Tress (Photo Trends).

"Two-thirds of all Indian children entering BIA schools have little or no skill in English, but of $7.5-million appropriated for the National Bilingual Education Act, only $300,000 is spent on Indian programs benefiting 773 children."



—Ed Eckstein (Bethel).

sources gone. The experience of the Klamath of Oregon, who lost their timberland income, has served as a warning to all reservation Indians. They are wary of any program leading in the direction of hated termination.

Although the termination policy has been currently halted, all contemporary issues in Indian affairs—including Indian education—are interpreted in the light of possible relationship to the ending of federal services to Indians.

Within this shifting pattern of government policy, the federal school system for Indians has grown tremendously in size and complexity from its small beginnings at the turn of the century. At present, the BIA operates 226 schools located in Alaska, Arizona, New Mexico, North Dakota, and South Dakota — states where the greatest concentrations of Indians are to be found. There are schools also in California, Florida, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, and Utah.

Most of the schools located off reservations are secondary schools with boarding facilities. The majority of elementary schools, both day and boarding, are located on reservations. Attending this far-flung school system are almost 35,000 Indian children in boarding schools, more than 15,000 in day schools, and nearly 4,000 who are housed in dormitories close to reservations, while attending local public schools. The BIA also administers federal funds under the Johnson-O'Malley Act for some 63,000 Indian youngsters attending public schools on or near reservations, runs programs for some 30,000 adults, and offers a modest scholarship program for 4,000 college undergraduates.

Like other growing school systems, enrollment in the BIA schools doubled from 1959 to 1967. The present rate of growth of the Indian population on reservations is 3.3 per cent per year, three times the rate of increase for the national population at large. More than 200,000 Indians out of a total estimated population of fewer than a million are of school age, and the bureau is responsible for educating nearly half of them.

This natural population increase is compounded by the rather recent acceptance of universal schooling on the part of the Indians generally, and the growing expectation that it extend through secondary school and into college. At present, grades eight and ten have the highest dropout rates, but the numbers remaining in school longer appear to be growing yearly. A generation ago, for example, only one child out of four school-age Navahos was in school. Today, more than 90 per cent of the children are, and dropout rates

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are no greater than the national levels. The Hopi too are making extraordinary progress. But in some tribes the picture is far less bright.

To keep pace with growing enrollment, the BIA has sought to provide classroom space by a crash program of building schools both on and off the reservations. And because the federal government has not instituted the kind of road building program that would have made school attendance more feasible in remote areas, an extensive pattern of boarding schools has been maintained, and transfers to public schools have been encouraged.

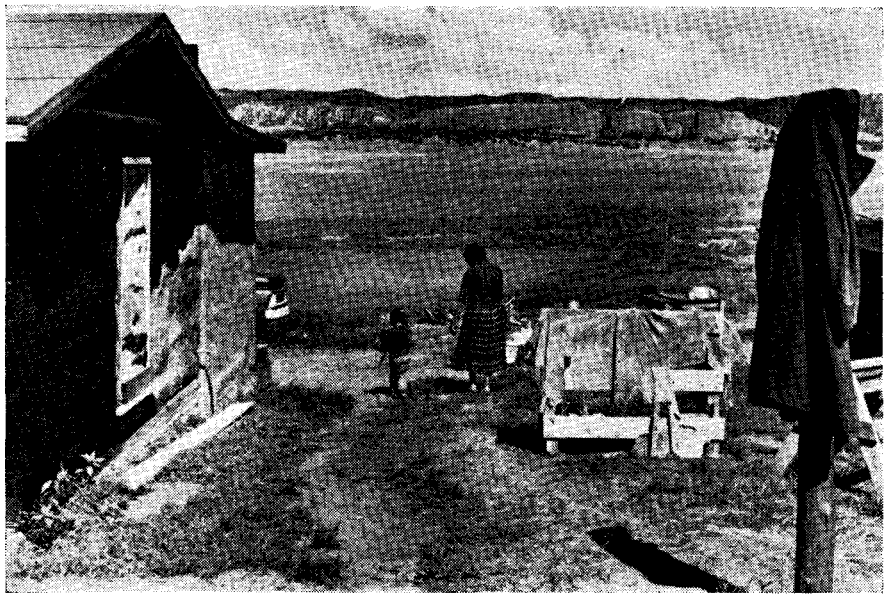
Like schools all over the country, those for Indians are a mixed lot. While older buildings with unattractive barracks-like dormitories remain, the newer BIA schools are modern structures that could sit comfortably in any of the more affluent suburbs of the nation. Complete with inviting cafeterias, spacious dormitories with semiprivate sleeping quarters, large social halls, and auditorium-gymnasiums, they include modern classrooms with the latest textbooks and equipment. If these new school plants are to be subjected to any criticism, it is that they are too conventional, too much like schools that might be anywhere. They have not been imaginatively styled for the communities they serve. While conditions vary depending upon the administration, often the interiors of these suburban-type school buildings offer no indication that the children within them are Indian. There are, of course, notable exceptions, among them the Indian Arts and Crafts School at Santa Fe, which, although in an older building, clearly honors the Indian heritage of its students.

It is characteristic, too, that the usual federal school sits apart from the Indian community it serves. Located on or off reservation, in a compound surrounded by a fence, it is an enclave of federal property. On reservation, the life of the staff tends to be quite separate from that of the local people. The schools are characterized by what has come to be called "compound culture," in which staff members generally socialize with one another rather than with the Indians. There is little visiting back and forth in the community.

The BIA system has its share of concerned professionals as well as those who find safety within the protective confines of a tenured civil service system. And staff turnover is high; the isolation and the compound culture do not appeal to many.

With rare exceptions, employment in the schools of the BIA is subject to the rules and regulations of the federal civil service system. Consequently, teachers in Indian schools meet national standards. The civil service requires at least a B.A. degree from an accredited university and training in education or relatively high scores on national teaching tests. Salaries have also risen to national levels, ranging at present from $7,649 to $12,119. These standards represent a vast improvement over the past, and there are generally few differences between BIA teachers and public school teachers in regard to educational background, sex, experience, and age.

However, the establishment of rigid requirements for certification within the system seems to be operating to keep Indians from easily entering the teaching ranks. Efforts to improve this situation by the employment of paraprofessionals are being made, but these do not solve the problem of moving increasing numbers of Indian professionals into decision-making positions within the schools themselves.



—*Ray Shaw.*

"The 1960s was a period of intense search and evaluation, but little has happened to change the Indians' basic position of powerlessness."

At present, 16 per cent of the teachers in BIA schools are Indians. But fewer Indians are entering teaching now, compared with twenty years ago, and most Indian teachers are not assigned to teach in their home communities.

Controversy over goals for Indian education becomes evident in the area of curriculum. Inhumane, forced assimilationist practices are largely a thing of the past. Today, some would like to see the schools emphasize traditional Indian life. Others see the schools serving the function of teaching "Anglo" culture. Growing among Indians and educators alike is the desire to develop curricula that are pluralistic in emphases—retaining respect for the various Indian traditions and for Indian identity while teaching skills needed for life in urban, industrial America as well as on the reservations, where new economic and political developments are taking place.

The complexity of the curriculum problem is indicated by the fact that even today two-thirds of all Indian children entering BIA schools have little or no skill in English. There are nearly 300 Indian languages in use today; more than one-half of the Indian youth between the ages of six and eighteen use their native tongue. All Indians express a concern that the schools teach English, and experience indicates that programs in Teaching English as a Second Language (TESL) provide a more valid and humane way to teach English than to depend upon exposure. TESL programs have been developed and instituted, but funding language programs in both BIA and public schools is a perennial problem. Of the $7.5-million appropriated for the National Bilingual Education Act, only $300,000 is being spent on Indian programs benefiting 773 children.

Aside from the TESL program, curriculum and methodology for Indian children are little different from those employed in schools throughout America. Minimum or no attention is given to the Indian heritage, or to contemporary issues in Indian life. On the whole, attention to the pedagogical complexities of cross-cultural education has been neglected by educators despite their clear relationship to school success or failure, and very few social scientists have concerned themselves with Indian children and the preparation of teachers to work espe-

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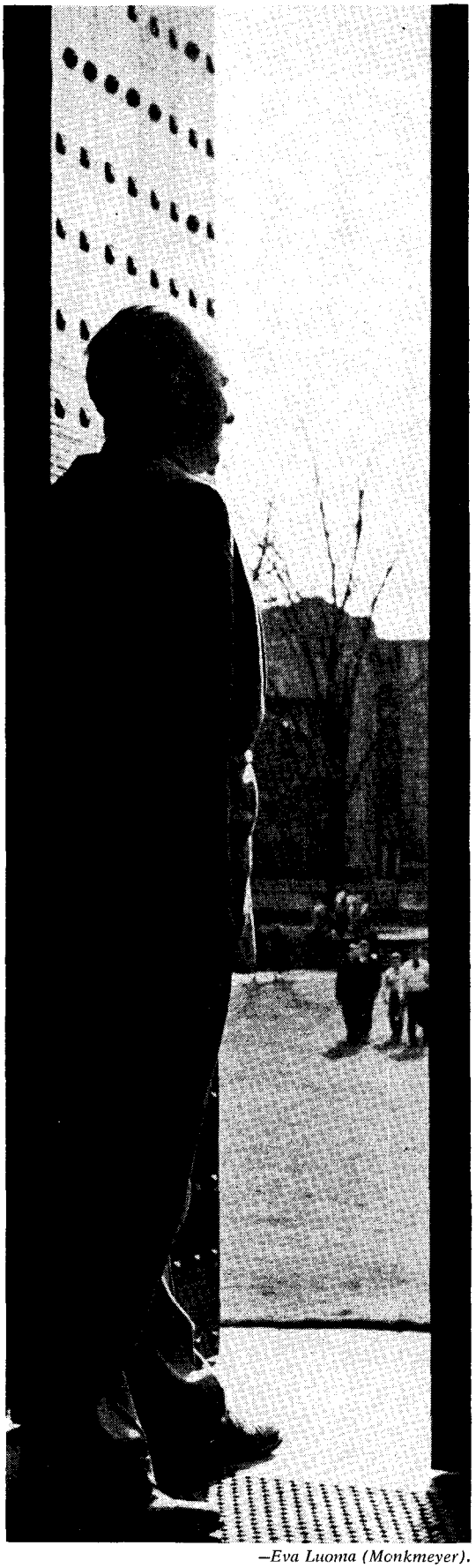

—*Eva Luoma (Monkmeyer).*

"A world he never made is closing in on the high school principal."

On the Razor's Edge

by BERNARD BARD

A world he never made is closing in on the high school principal. His schoolhouse has become a place of physical danger, with occasional firebombs and rocks hurled into classrooms and laboratories, and of psychosocial combat as middle-class rebels say their consciences do not permit joining in the morning ritual of the Pledge of Allegiance. Hairstyles have gone long among male students, and clothing styles for the females have become so short and tight as to prompt directives against showing so much anatomical detail as to disrupt classroom decorum. To top it all, some of the newer teachers are bearded.

The militants want the principals' jobs; boards of education seem to favor the militants as they study ways to install more blacks and Puerto Ricans in leadership positions; the media and sociologists demand their *mea culpa* for educational "genocide" in the ghetto; the union has stripped them of their prerogatives over teacher-transfers and assignment. The mayor sends cops into their buildings to keep the peace, and the students say there will never be peace until the cops go.

As he patrols his battle zone, the principal thinks back longingly to the good old days when a man in his job ruled with neat authority and unchallenged prestige—in the neighborhood, with the school board, among the teachers. That world is gone. This the principal knows from experience on the front lines. And in case he needs reminders (which he usually doesn't), he gets articles in his professional journals—"The Ailing Principalship"—that notify him he is in the midst of a period of great transition and controversy in public education and he is in "troubled waters." He needs a life preserver and instead is told he is drowning.

The largest concentration of high school principals, as of almost everything, is in New York City, with its ninety high schools (sixty-two academic, twenty-eight vocational). Their milieu has been penetrated in a year-long study for the U.S. Office of Education. The study involved depth interviews with twenty-three of the principals and auditing of seminars attended by twelve others. A composite portrait of principals on the defensive, concerned primarily with holding on to the power they have, reacting angrily to "enemies of the public schools," was drawn by Dr. Arthur J. Vidich, professor of sociology and anthropology of the Graduate Faculty of Social Sciences at the New School in New York, and Charles W. McReynolds, a doctoral candidate.

If the principal's clientele is poor, his outlook tends toward that of the colonial administrator defending his outpost, that of regarding education as the middle class interprets its aims and methods. There is heavy reliance on the image and credentials of the practical schoolman, laden with years of experience and survival in the competitive examination system.

"There was an angry defense of the virtues of the school system, of the difficulties of dealing with ghetto children, and the absurdity of letting 'unqualified,' politically motivated insurgents take over the schools from those who have had a lifetime of service, experience, and commitment in public education," said the USOE report. The principals "were prepared to close ranks and strike back to defend a system they consider to be basically good but misguidedly maligned and in danger of being disrupted and perhaps dismantled."

In New York, the principals are involved with many publics—the education critics (whom they appear to despise); those involved in the civil rights and ghetto-uplift struggle; the teachers and their very powerful United Federation of Teachers (largest local union in the country); a Board of Education at the mercies of city politics and the state legislature and, therefore, a body with a mood of transiency about it; and the students.

To understand the feelings of these embattled principals, one must examine what these publics have done to him, or, equally important, what he *thinks* they have done. First, many principals are literally in fear of their jobs. They know all about their tenure rights, protected by perhaps the most detailed set of board by-laws and contract provisions of any school system in the country. Nonetheless, they view the current drive for more blacks and

BERNARD BARD is education reporter for the New York *Post*.

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Puerto Ricans in positions of educational authority as a threat to their domains. Community militancy has in recent years pushed some forty supervisors (including principals) out of jobs in schools and district offices and into desk slots at board headquarters in Brooklyn. Most of these casualties of sit-ins, take-overs, and other turmoil have been relegated to doing bureaucratic busy work. They are "on ice," their former positions now held in most instances by upwardly mobile blacks and Puerto Ricans.

To talk to the principals is to hear repeatedly that young and bright whites had better abandon all hope for careers in educational administration in big cities, if they haven't already done so. On an intellectual level, perhaps the principals can appreciate that having only a few dozen black or Puerto Rican principals in 900 schools (in a school system whose enrollment is 52 per cent black and Puerto Rican) is a blow to the image and the aspirations of the minority-group child, but on a personal level the principals see hazard for themselves and their (largely white) colleagues. Board actions to lower licensing requirements to increase the number of black principals are called "a mistake and a dangerous thing" by the head of the Council of Supervisory Associations.

An assistant principal in Queens, having passed the test for principal, received the following letter from Max G. Rubinstein, superintendent of District 29, an area embracing the largely integrated neighborhood of Springfield Gardens.

Dear Mr. . . .:

A vacancy for principal exists at PS 37, Queens.

PS 37 is an exciting school. The Local School Board and I are committed to working with parents and community in fostering a creative educational program for all of our children. It is the judgment of the community that the person selected for PS 37 should be one who truly cares about black children and who is interested in them and committed to doing everything possible to equip them adequately for our times. There is a person on the present Elementary School Principals list below you who fits their specifications.

It is for the above reasons that you are being asked to waive your place on the list.

Of course, if you wish, you may be considered for this vacancy. Please let me hear by return mail should you want to be considered.

If we do not hear from you in ten days, it will be assumed that you are not interested. Your declination will in no way jeopardize your place on the list.

The letter was mimeographed. Obviously it had gone out to every successful test-taker ahead of the community's choice on the list. There was a coupon at the bottom, to be returned to Rubinstein. It offered a choice of boxes to be checked off: "I do not wish to be considered. . . . You may consider this refusal to be a waiver." Or, "I wish to be considered. . . ."

Such maneuvers, not restricted to the New York school system, lead principals to complain they are in danger of being pushed out to make room for blacks and Puerto Ricans. In one sense, they see this as the result of all indictments of educational failure in the ghettos. They do not dispute the indictment, but absolve themselves of professional or personal liability.

On the high school level, the principal's defensiveness is extended not only to the school system but to his own career. While he tries to fend off assaults from those aspiring to his position, the principal is confronted by assaults on his authority from within the schoolhouse. His freedom of action has been abridged especially by the teachers union. What were once his prerogatives of office must now be negotiated with a chapter chairman.

His position as chief executive of the school, free to work out problems through "professional cooperation," is now covered by, of all things, a grievance procedure. He can't just let an incompetent teacher go but must defend his low rating at a hearing and provide documentation if challenged.

If the union has emasculated the principal as boss, the bureaucracy has emasculated him as administrator. It gives the orders on teacher assignments, controls the flow of substitutes, shapes the curriculum, dispenses the budget, promulgates "circulars" by the hundreds, and demands reports in equal volume.

Of his many publics, the principal can exercise control over only the stu-

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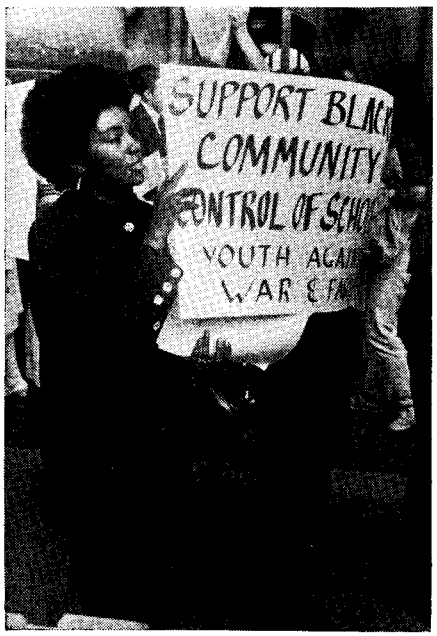
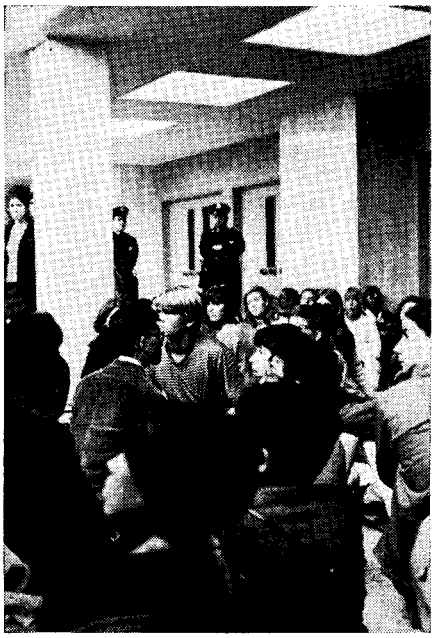


—Charles Gatewood.



—David Fenton.

—Hap Stewart (Bethel).

"Badgered by the teachers union and the school board, buffeted by the black community, and baffled by student militancy, the principals' 'occupational psychology' is to defend the status quo and their own expertise."

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Social Class, College, and a Dream Deferred

by THOMAS J. COTTLE

Most of the students in Bristol Township, Pennsylvania, will undoubtedly conclude their secondary education at Woodrow Wilson High School. Here, where almost 2,000 students attend classes, only about 35 per cent of the graduating seniors will choose to go on to an additional educational institution. For some it will be a four-year college, for others a two-year college or perhaps a vocational school. Yet, while the stated objective of the WWHS principal is to get graduates into college, it is going to be a while before the working-class parents of Bristol Township do much better than send on thirty-five per cent.

In the literature of social psychology, one finds a rather intense insistence that persons from middle- and lower-class backgrounds may be differentiated by their orientations to time. Presumably, the middle class plans, makes preparations, and generally lives for the future, whereas the lower class prefers to "live out its impulses," worries about food and work for today, and lets tomorrow come whenever. Supposedly, necessities overshadow aspirations and dreams.

I thought hard on these notions one evening, as I stood with those gathered in the high school's auditorium pledging allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, for it was College and Career Night. The turnout was impressive. Parents and children had come to speak with representatives of almost thirty state colleges, as well as with some from local industries. Most of the schools were racially integrated four-year colleges, originally founded as teachers colleges, but recently having dropped the modifier from their names. Liberal arts programs have assumed a new status at most of these schools, although teacher training still holds a prominent position. Yet, if college is a possibility, or if these schools are popular with black students, one could not tell that evening, as nowhere near the 10 per cent black population of Woodrow Wilson High School was present. After a moment of prayer, College and Career Night commenced.

Principal Frank Daly welcomed the parents, commented on the turnout, and then spoke of the need for students to plan and prepare their lives right now: "Our sons and daughters must learn their strengths and weaknesses earlier than we had to," he said. "They must make final decisions as tenth- and eleventh-graders, not just as seniors. Specialization means starting earlier, and we all must have special skills."

With these words, Mr. Daly turned the meeting over to one of the school's chief guidance counselors, whose introduction contained a reminder to the parents of a bleak school statistic: there are more than 1,900 students in Woodrow Wilson High School and only five guidance counselors.

"Parents," the counselor went on, "you must encourage responsibility in your children. You must think about colleges with them. Be interested and concerned with your children and their plans. Show your child you want the best for him. And if it's possible, take some time to visit some colleges before applying to them. You should look them over. After all, you don't buy a house without looking at it."

Suddenly everyone was pouring out of the auditorium, checking the lists that announced the colleges and the classrooms where representatives would be stationed.

The wide corridors of Woodrow Wilson High School seemed endless, labyrinthine. It was literally a trek to get to the Cheney State College representative. Fred Kanter, a high school science teacher assigned to Cheney State for the evening as a guide, and I must have peered into twenty rooms as they slowly filled up. Surprisingly little noise could be heard in the school, but a noticeable anxiety hung in the rooms and halls. These young people and their parents who would now have to put even more money away for a not fully understood educational proposition were confronting the actuality of college for the first time. In these representatives they hoped to find some shaft of light, some thread of an inexplicable but ultimate destiny.

The chairs in the classroom we entered were arranged in a large rectangle. Two students, and presumably the mother of one or both of them, sat side by side, their backs to the door. I met one of Fred's colleagues, a recent graduate of Cheney State. Then he nodded to Mr. Burton, the college's representative, who was busily stacking piles of papers outlining facts about Cheney State. On Mr. Burton's open brief case were baggage labels and stickers of all sorts and colors. He had traveled a lot in search of good students to attend the college he serves.

Alone, the six of us waited in silence. When he had finished arranging the sheets in their appropriate stacks, Mr. Burton closed his brief case, moved slightly around to the left of the rectangle, and began. He had given similar talks before, to others, to many others. Throughout the talk, in the pauses and at the end of poetic measures, the woman to my right nodded politely. Often, too, she would smile—just barely though, and I could hear her "hmm" ever so quietly.

"One simply must have a good education," Mr. Burton was saying. "You know, years ago, a high school education was sufficient. But no more. No more. Now you must have at least a college degree and, pretty soon, if you really want to stay ahead of the game, a master's and a Ph.D. degree as well. You know that people with college degrees live so much better—they travel so much. The other day I spoke to a man who had just come back from Rome. Think of that; he had been to Rome for only one week! Today, you can fly just anywhere. One day in Philadelphia and the next day you're back from Rome."

The woman smiled gently. "Hmm."

"Cheney State has changed a great deal since you were there." Mr. Burton spoke almost entirely to Fred's colleague. "It is no longer merely a teachers college. There are liberal arts programs and science curricula, but you must decide your major early. In fact, it is good to know what you want to study before coming in September. There have been many changes at the college." He moved behind us to the blackboard and drew a small map of the campus. "Now you remember the library? They've added this large addition to the old section, and they're thinking about rebuilding the old section to make it as large as the new one."

Again I heard the woman: "Hmm."

"Now—and this is going to surprise you—you remember that large farm area across from the entrance?" I found myself nodding. We were all nodding. "Well, we bought that farm and have moved the road, which used

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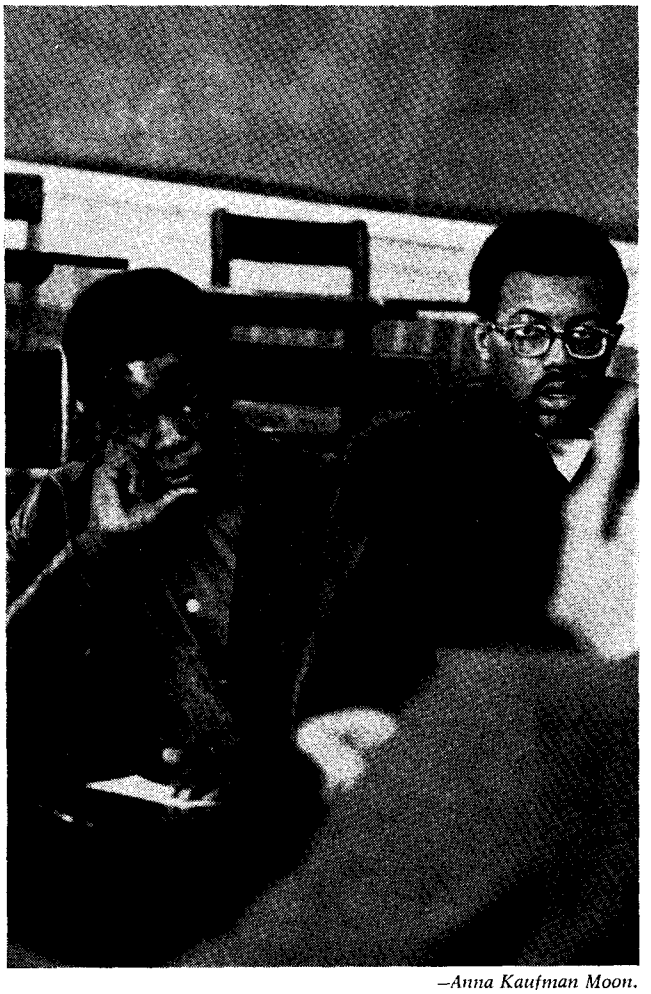
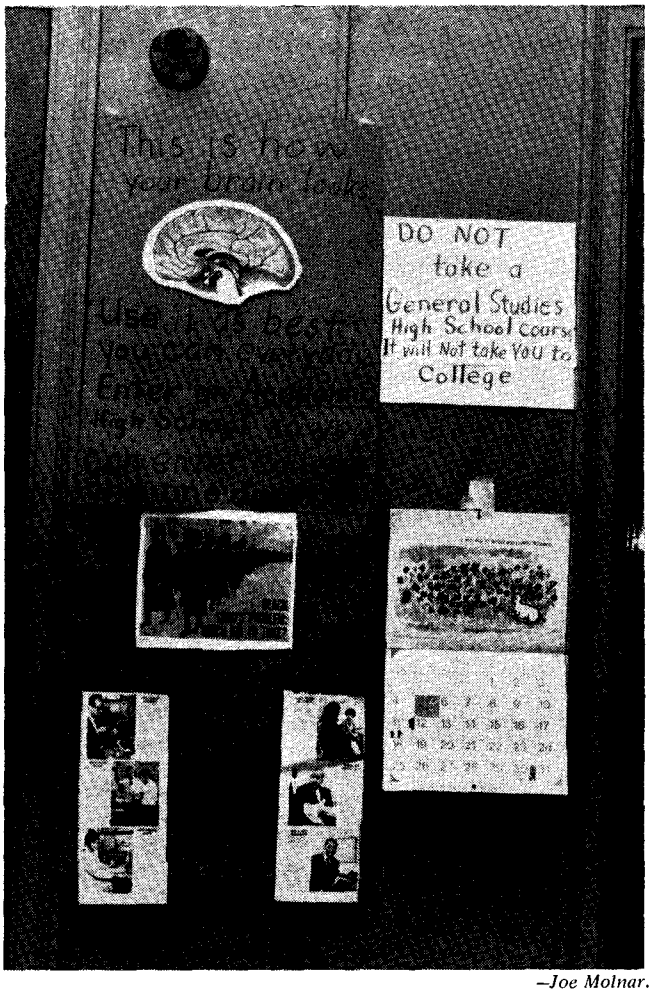


—Anna Kaufman Moon.



—Joe Molnar.

College and Career Night—"So, on this one night these young people have been reminded, as they have been their entire lives, of just what stands in the way and just what can go wrong. . . . In order to make it to some pinpoint of destiny, they are going to have to hit a keyhole perfectly."

to separate the farm from the front of the campus, to behind the farm way down over here." Mr. Burton smiled, his eyes alive, as he described the changes in the placement of the road.

Fred's colleague wondered about a stop light that had been near the old road. "It's still there." The question reminded Mr. Burton of the fact that the campus is lighted automatically each night. "No one has to turn the lights on or off. It's all done automatically." He looked at the six of us, one by one.

As he continued to speak, we passed around sheets from his carefully stacked piles of information. The papers indicated that everything at Cheney State was on the rise.

"Now let's get to the details you obviously are eager to hear about. First, admissions. In order to consider you for acceptance, we look first at your rank in class. We feel that if you're not in the upper three-fifths of your class, we cannot be too encouraging." The woman nodded. It all seemed reasonable enough. "Let's say there are five hundred in your class. If you are 299th, you're still going to be considered because you are in the upper three-fifths." As he spoke, he wrote the numbers 500 and 299 on the board.

"Now for grades." The few people present moved slightly in their chairs. There was something in the room reminiscent of a jury about to announce a portentous decision. "We're looking for Bs. If you have As, fine." He smiled. "We don't want Ds. Cs are O.K., but we're looking for Bs. On the College Boards, we want a sum of 800, mathematical and verbal combined. If you got 500 on verbal and 300 on mathematical, that's fine, because we want 800 combined."

Mr. Burton then gave figures about room and board and miscellaneous expenses, indicating a total of about a thousand dollars. Once again the woman nodded. A moment later, Mr. Burton had finished speaking. Having returned to his original position around the corner of the rectangle, he asked for questions. Silence. The men deferred to the women, but they seemed contented. Then someone asked about the availability of scholarship money.

Mr. Burton smiled. "This is going to surprise you. About 21 per cent of the state's funds for students went unexpended last year. What you have to do is find out about how to get the money, and then be sure you get your application in on time. This is one of the major reasons students don't get this money. They find out about it too late, or don't meet application deadlines. There are, of course, some special problems with the banks, because they must deal with you individually in setting up loans. You must do this by yourself with a bank, but there is all that money."

The three women were eager to get on with it, but Mr. Burton's words had hit Fred and me identically. We were the only white people in that brick and linoleum classroom, but all at once we both caught the exclusiveness and the truly sullen areas of misunderstanding and utter betrayal. There had been no mention of pure scholarship monies. It had just been assumed that these people would qualify only for loans. But then loans might be stopped at the banks, if individual students could not show proper credentials and prove they were not credit risks. Up against the bars or plastic windows of cashiers' booths, the dream would come to an end. In their entire lives and his-

(*Continued on page* 70)

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The Editor's Bookshelf

Paul Woodring

The Road to Greatness

WHEN HE WAS ASKED what it takes to make a university great, President Lowell of Harvard answered, "Three hundred years." A vice chancellor of Oxford or Cambridge might well have said, "Eight hundred years," thereby putting Harvard in its proper place. But most American universities, if they were to accept such a dictum, could not hope to achieve greatness before the year 2600. Since they cannot be expected to accept mediocrity for so long a time, most academic institutions search for faster ways of achieving, if not greatness, at least a high degree of excellence.

While a few succeed, many fail because by emulating the older and more prestigious institutions they become imitators rather than creators. Obscure private colleges strive to become instant Harvards, while newer state universities try to become as much as possible like the Universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, or California. The usual result is that they take on some of the defects of the older institutions without achieving comparable excellence.

Alden Dunham, who has made a careful study of the newer state colleges and regional universities under the auspices of the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, is convinced that the best opportunity for these rapidly growing institutions to achieve greatness lies not in emulating older universities, but rather in striking out in new directions. In his report *Colleges of the Forgotten Americans* (McGraw-Hill, 206 pp., $5.95), he suggests what some of these directions might be. But first he offers an excellent description and analysis of a group of colleges and universities that have not, in the past, been given much nationwide publicity.

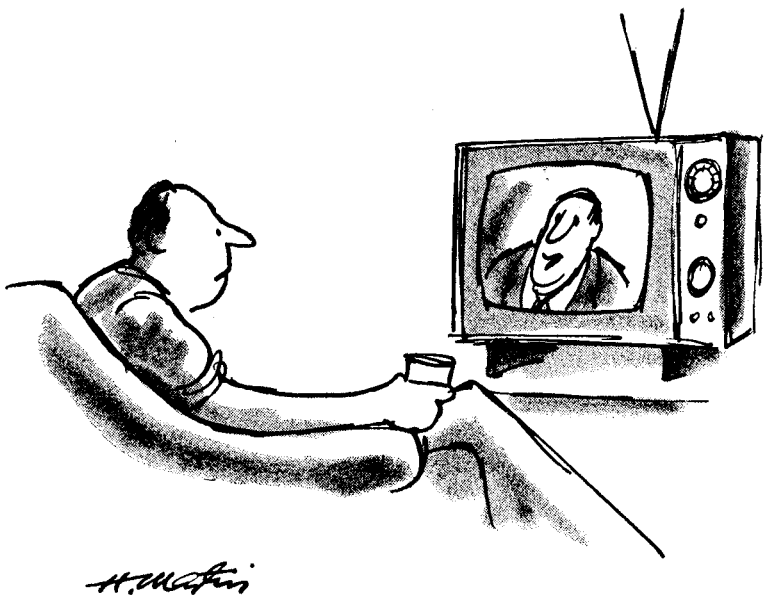
Dunham devotes his attention to the 279 institutions of higher learning that are members of, or eligible for membership in, the American Association of State Colleges and Universities. For purposes of his study, he excludes those that are members of the Association of Land Grant Colleges and State Universities, an older and better known group of institutions that includes the Big Ten universities.

Although the 279 colleges and universities covered by Dunham's study have had a variety of origins—some began life as city colleges, technical schools, academies, or junior colleges—the majority, including most of the older ones, got their start as nineteenth-century normal schools. They became degree-granting teachers colleges during the first half of the twentieth century, and have only recently become general colleges or universities. A few are located in large cities, but most are in smaller cities across the nation. They range in size from San Diego State with its 30,000 students to some in New England that have only a few hundred students. The median enrollment figure is about 5,000; this is expected to double by 1975, because these colleges are among the fastest growing in the nation. Since they are already too large to operate effectively as single undergraduate units, Dunham urges the establishment of new colleges and also looks favorably on the cluster-college approach.

Traditionally, because the cost of instruction is paid by taxpayers rather than by the students, these state colleges have attracted the offspring of families of modest means, which presumably is why Dunham chose his title for the book. But some of the statistics listed in the appendix belie the view that only poor boys and girls now go to such colleges. Few of the students come from wealthy families, but 43 per cent report family incomes of more than $10,000 and 16 per cent of incomes over $15,000. The statistics also indicate that these colleges get many academically talented students. Twenty-three per cent graduated in the top 10 per cent of their high school classes (compared with 28 per cent of those entering all colleges, public and private). But these colleges also accept many students who would not be admitted to the more highly selective of the private colleges.

The students come from all segments of the nation. Only 8.6 per cent list the occupation of their fathers as "farmer" (the figure for all colleges is 6.4 per cent), and the percentage who grew up in large cities is almost identical with the percentage in all public and private colleges. The majority come from moderate sized cities or towns, or from the suburbs.

A generation ago, a predominant number of the students in these colleges were of the first generation in their families to attend college, but this is less true today. Thirty-four per cent report that their fathers had some college education as compared with 43 per cent in all colleges. Today, it seems clear that the students who attend state colleges, and those who choose private or church-related ones, are much alike: they come from similar high schools and have survived the same teen-age culture. They read the same magazines, see the same movies and television shows, and dance to the same music. Although Dunham gives a considerable amount of attention to the differences between state college students and the students in other colleges, it seems likely that most readers who examine his statistics will be surprised to discover that the differences are ones of only a few percentage points. One of the larger differences is in vocational plans—42.2 per cent of state college



"I repeat the bulletin just received. 'The White House has just learned that 3,000,000 square miles of the sun have broken off and are drifting toward the earth.' Now, back to LAUGH-IN."

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students plan to become elementary or secondary teachers, while the figure for all colleges is 32 per cent. And the percentage engaging in student activism is somewhat lower in the state colleges, with a few conspicuous exceptions such as San Francisco State.

The difference is likely to be reduced still further in the coming years, because many prestigious private colleges, including those within the Ivy League, are now making vigorous efforts to widen their geographical base and to attract students from disadvantaged social groups. Since this means accepting some students with lower test scores and poorer high school records than some of those denied admission, the result will be that the student bodies in colleges once considered "highly selective" now will differ less than those of other colleges.

It seems certain that these colleges—because of their low cost to students and their heightened prestige — will continue to grow, and that they will enroll an ever larger percentage of all the students in American colleges. But what kind of institutions will they be? Their greatest problem, says Dunham, "is the question of model—of institutional purpose." The older universities do not provide an appropriate model, because "very few of the 279 institutions about which I am writing will ever become first-rate research universities. . . . At present, there are anywhere from twenty to fifty major research universities, depending on one's standards. . . . To fight one's way into this group of institutions will be impossible for most. They are doomed to failure, if they persist down the current road. And in the process, they may bypass the issues which present a critical opportunity for greatness."

What are these issues? The major one is that of providing better education for undergraduates—an issue of only minor interest to the research-oriented faculties of the major universities but one that historically has been of primary interest to the state colleges. Unfortunately, even in the state colleges, there has recently been a loss of interest in undergraduate education among younger faculty members. Dunham says, "So long as the only source of respectable faculty is the leading graduate schools within major universities, state colleges will be automatically led toward these institutions as models. It is perfectly clear that the research-oriented Ph.D.s from these graduate schools will do all they can to transform their employing institutions into what they have just left as students."

What is needed, says Dunham, is a new kind of graduate program leading to a new degree for college teachers—the Doctor of Arts. Recipients of the degree would be employed as teachers by both public and private undergraduate colleges, and by the rapidly expanding community colleges. The program should include in-depth study of a discipline combined with the interdisciplinary and problem-centered approaches to general liberal education. A part of the program—perhaps 25 per cent—might consist of courses in learning theory, cognition, history of education, and an internship "because future faculty members should know something about teaching the students they will teach, and the history and problems of education." But the program should be under the control of the liberal arts faculty rather than the faculty of education, and hence would differ from the Ed.D. programs for college teachers now available in a few universities.

Because of their historic concern for good teaching and the education of teachers, the emerging state universities are, in Dunham's opinion, the ones best qualified to offer the new doctoral degree, provided that they have developed the necessary resources, including scholarly faculties, literary facilities, and laboratories. For them, the new degree offers greater opportunity than the research Ph.D., which is best left to established universities.

The older universities are not well qualified to offer the new degree because "no institution should mount a program unless it is fully committed to it. Aside from the provision of sufficient resources, the specific test of commitment is the willingness of the institution not only to hire graduates of its own program but to promote them and give them tenure as well." Since it is unlikely that a Stanford or a Harvard would be willing to employ men or women holding the new degree, they should not offer it.

These are eminently sensible proposals. The need for more attention to undergraduate teaching is clear enough, and there is general agreement, even among those possessing the degree, that the Ph.D. falls far short of being the best possible preparation for teaching at the undergraduate level, particularly when the students are trying to get a liberal education rather than to become scholars in a discipline. There is little need for Ph.D. programs in additional universities, because the number of men and women receiving the degree annually already far exceeds the number of job openings for individuals who will be engaged in significant research. Although the need for continued research is obvious, it is neither necessary nor possible for all the 500,000 men and women now teaching in colleges and universities to engage in it. If published research is made an absolute requirement for promotion in

all colleges, the journals will be cluttered with reports of trivial research that no one will read—if, indeed, this is not already the case. A new teaching doctorate, if combined with new procedures for promotion in the undergraduate colleges, could again make teaching a respected profession.

There will be strong opposition to Dunham's proposals, particularly from many of the younger faculty members in state colleges who were indoctrinated in graduate school with the view that research is far more important and more prestigious than teaching, and who want the colleges in which they teach to become as much as possible like the graduate schools from which they received their own degrees. Because of this opposition, most state colleges will be reluctant to accept Dunham's proposals. But a few may accept the challenge and, with foundation assistance, build graduate schools of a new kind, while at the same time greatly improving their own undergraduate teaching. If just one of the more vigorous state colleges or emerging regional universities—a San Diego State, a Bowling Green, a Ball State, a Central Michigan, or a Western Washington — will take the step, it will achieve uniqueness and distinction for itself, and may provide a model for other institutions with a similar history.

WIT TWISTER #148

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

This _ _ _ _ _ marks the
passing of each hour,
Unmindful of man's _ _ _ _
_, need, or power.
No holder of the _ _ _ _ _,
crown, or mace
Can make one hour _ _ _ _
_ its steady pace.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 71)

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Schools Make News

—*Wide World.*

A handful of white students at the Columbia, Mississippi, high school boycotted classes the day school opened under a Supreme Court desegregation order.

Paradoxes and Promises

THE SUPREME COURT'S decision last October eliminating delays based on "all deliberate speed" excuses in Southern school desegregation has precipitated a confusing flurry of controversies, paradoxes, and promises, promises. The month of December saw:

- Segregationists Senator John C. Stennis and Governor John Bell Williams, both of Mississippi, advocating integration—in Northern schools—and both receiving some implicit support from Leon E. Panetta, head of the civil rights division of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, who advocated changes in the law that would bring de facto segregated Northern school districts under the jurisdiction of desegregation laws.
- The last-minute defeat of the now annual attempt by Congress to pass the Whitten amendment, which would eliminate the strongest weapon held by HEW to force desegregation: withholding federal aid from noncomplying districts.
- The preparation for another confrontation between the Nixon administration and the Supreme Court over the question of how quickly Southern schools should be required to desegregate.

The last day of the year saw the Justice Department again asking the Supreme Court to delay desegregation—until September 1—in six Southern states (except in the thirty Mississippi districts that were officially desegregated at the beginning of January). At the same time, Justice promised that in the intervening period its attorneys and HEW officials would assist every district and that in September it would blanket the South if necessary with suits to force desegregation.

The Justice Department request and promise grew out of a decision by the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals earlier in the month that called for a two-step integration plan for sixteen districts in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas. The first step, to be carried out by February 1, calls for desegregation of faculties, athletics, and transportation facilities, but pupil desegregation was delayed by the court to September 1.

The NAACP and the plaintiffs immediately filed an appeal asking for pupil desegregation by February 1, and Justice Hugo L. Black, who has jurisdiction over such appeals from the Fifth Circuit, issued a ruling staying the two-step plan pending a decision on the appeal that was scheduled to be heard January 12. In the meantime, Black, the most outspoken bench critic of delays in desegregation, told the affected districts to begin to prepare for pupil desegregation on February 1.

The Growing Crunch

AMERICAN EDUCATION has never had, nor is it likely ever to get, enough money. At the moment, however, the situation is taking on dimensions that indicate that the limits of the ability of local communities and states to finance education may soon be reached.

In Ohio, for instance, shortages of operating funds—either potential or actual—led ten small, rural school districts with a total enrollment of about 16,600 students to close for extra-long vacations during November and December. The districts reopened their schools at the beginning of the month (the longest closing was three extra weeks) because they were able to borrow money against the collection of 1970 taxes.

Officials of the Ohio Education Association have warned that several medium-size cities, such as Dayton and Canton, are also faced with the threat of forced closing, and the state legislature is expected to attempt to deal with the problem in its current session.

The tactic of closing schools where there is not enough money to continue operations at what school officials consider acceptable levels has been used before in Ohio (Youngstown schools were closed for several weeks last year). Now, however, the tactic is spreading almost in pace with the even more rapid spread of voters' defeats of school bond issues and tax increases.

The threat of closing or of cutbacks also hangs over some large cities, including Milwaukee, which faces the possible shutdown of state-financed projects such as remedial reading and teacher aides, and Philadelphia, which is facing its second threat of a complete shutdown next May. A similar crisis was averted in the past when state and city officials came up with enough extra money to finish the school year, but whether the process can be repeated is problematic.

Mark Shedd, Philadelphia's superintendent, testified before the U. S. Senate Appropriations Committee early last month and said flatly: "Congress is faced either with adequately financing education today or of financing a police state tomorrow." He was speaking in favor of retaining the $1.1-billion added to the federal government appropriation for education above President Nixon's request, and said that city and state resources were already taxed to their limits and that additional aid must be supplied by the federal government just to keep the schools open.

The question is not just one of the failure of federal aid to keep pace with increased local spending but of an actual decline in federal outlays. Figures released in early January by the

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National Educational Association show that federal spending for public schools has dropped for the second straight year. Federal expenditures for 1969-70 were $26-million less than for 1968-69. Federal aid to education in 1967-68 represented 8 per cent of all school spending, and in the following year it dropped to 7.4 per cent, the first such drop in more than twenty-five years. The figure for 1969-70 is estimated at 6.5 per cent.

The Schools, the Courts, and God

MEANWHILE, state aid to private and parochial schools is spreading, and a major test case of its legality is scheduled to go before the Supreme Court. More than a third of the fifty states either have passed laws giving financial aid to nonpublic schools or are studying the possibility of such legislation.

Bills providing direct aid were rejected in seventeen legislatures last year and enacted in three, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Ohio. In addition, the Massachusetts legislature approved two constitutional amendments authorizing state aid measures, but they must pass another session of the legislature and be approved by the voters at a general election before becoming effective.

Last year Pennsylvania became the first state to provide direct aid to private and parochial schools, with an appropriation of $4.8-million, under a law that was upheld recently by a three-judge panel of the U. S. Court of Appeals, which declared the law constitutional and in the public interest. The court said that the First Amendment does not require "an absolute separation between necessarily overlapping interests in the secular education of school-age children." The law provides aid for the teaching of physical science, physical education, mathematics, and modern languages.

The opponents of the measure—who include a variety of civil rights, religious, and educational organizations—have said they will appeal the case directly to the Supreme Court.

You Pays Your Money . . .

ONE POSSIBLE way out of the financial bind for both nonpublic schools and urban school systems is going to be tested in a pilot project funded by the Office of Economic Opportunity that will give poor parents the same freedom of choice as wealthy parents who can send their children to private school.

OEO announced last month that it was making a $196,313 grant to the Center for the Study of Public Policy in Cambridge, Massachusetts, to study the feasibility of giving vouchers to poor parents for the education of their children. The vouchers can be used to purchase the type of education desired by the parents, either in an experimental school in the neighborhood or by purchasing additional services from the public schools.

The voucher plan has been advocated for some time by a variety of education critics, including conservative economist Milton Friedman, liberal psychologist Kenneth Clark, and radical critic and author Paul Goodman. The nine-month study by the Cambridge group will be directed by David Cohen, executive director of the Harvard Center for Educational Policy Research, and Christopher Jencks, an education critic, who has also been an advocate of the voucher system.

The argument most often put forth in defense of the system is that urban public schools, especially those in the ghettos, are ineffective and unresponsive because they have no competition, and poor parents have no alternative but to send their children to the nearest public school. If such parents had the money in the form of vouchers to make a choice, public schools would then have to bid for support by improving services. Even if the public schools do not respond, as some fear, the supporters of the voucher system argue that the situation in urban public schools is serious enough to justify using the money to establish experimental schools on an extensive basis.

OEO hopes that the planning grant will lead to a five-year, $6-million pilot project in a major city covering about 2,000 children, who would each receive a $600 grant. The Cambridge study will attempt to deal with such questions as whether tuition grants can be made to parochial schools, to private schools set up to evade desegregation, and to schools with a radical political perspective.

Training Education Specialists

THE NEED for nonteaching specialists in education is producing some important program changes at several major universities. Yale University is phasing out its graduate program leading to a Master of Arts in teaching. The program, created eighteen years ago to train future high school teachers, is considered no longer pertinent to today's society. To replace it, the university will strengthen its undergraduate program in which students can now earn a temporary high school teaching certificate. Interest in such teaching has been increasing and is expected to grow even more with the admission of girls to the college. Yale is also studying plans for a five-year course leading to both a bachelor's and a master's degree for undergraduates choosing secondary school careers. The final part of the new setup is the creation, by the university's Institute of Social Science, of a special training program for school administrators in cities.

Harvard is instituting a new doctoral program called Education and Social Policy. The three-year program, which will focus heavily on politics and sociology, is aimed at producing planners, analysts, and researchers for educational careers in all areas from the Office of Education to the insurgent local school district. Harvard hopes to recruit students who have already had work experience in education or related areas.

In an effort to improve college teaching, about 325 first-year graduate teaching assistants at the University of Utah are taking a required course on teaching methods and techniques. Utah is the only university that has taken this much trouble with its younger faculty members, who teach 15 per cent of the undergraduate curriculum and hold 15 per cent of the labs and discussions. Michigan had a program last year, but it dealt only with five departments within the university.

The two-week program discusses such topics as what constitutes learning, alternative purposes of education, how to construct tests, and the role of the teaching assistant in the university. The program also makes use of microteaching techniques—videotaping of a teacher in action for later analysis—that have been used in the training of elementary and high school teachers.

—Courtesy, Doubleday Publishers.

Christopher Jencks, who will direct an education voucher plan for the poor.

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HOW OLD WILL YOU BE IN 1984? Expressions of Student Outrage from the High School Free Press

Edited by Diane Divoky

Avon, 350 pp., paperback, $1.25

IT CONTINUES to be a fact of life that the community sends its children to school and then proceeds to forget about them until they start rattling their chains. More perplexing is the fact that the same community refuses to recognize that it is, in fact, chains that the kids are rattling and that they think of themselves as prisoners in institutions totally unresponsive to their needs. This refusal to empathize with our own children's situation, however, is based on the premise that once we accept or even understand their point of view we will have to grapple with our general inhumanity and the fantastic gap between rhetoric and practice. So, the kids must stay in prison. They, however, seem to be saying that they don't want to wait until the rest of the community straightens itself out before they're granted their freedom. And their notion of what freedom is all about is one that runs counter to society's hallowed concepts of institutional order.

Diane Divoky has edited a book of readings from the high school underground press, many papers of which are no longer in existence, but all of which have produced examples of the kind of rebellion that really tears deeply into the way society has chosen to structure things. It's the kind of book people should pick up if they want to know what the kids really think of the system and why so many of them no longer want to adjust peacefully, or even reluctantly, into contemporary America, but rather want to burn it down.

The fact that there seems to be a lull in the movement this winter is not an indication that any of this hostility has abated or that any of the causes for it have disappeared; rather there is a common assumption now among the high school students I know that the kinds of statements made in this book are now taken as matters of course. There is hardly any further need to proselytize. The apparent lull in activity—if there is one, and the press has been ignoring much of it this year—may be the result of the fact that rebellion is now a part of our daily life and we are used to it. And the fact that we are used to it means that we are back on the treadmill of non-responsiveness that may lead to more violent activity among students than we have witnessed to this point. But all this is speculation. What is a fact is that there are now large numbers of articulate students in

high school who have pinned the system's categories to the wall, and have done so far better than many theorists of education.

The book is studded with examples of writing that reveals a life tedious and threatening and basically totalitarian. Where you're not permitted to walk freely, to take care of bodily functions without a pass, to smoke a cigarette, or to cross the street. Where you're treated as a potential rapist by teachers scared to death of their own sexuality, where education is synonymous with confinement, when the major things you learn are the rules. . . . The litany is common in this age of Friedenberg, and there is no need to go over it again. Only there *is*, and that need will persist until we stop our schools from destroying the minds of students. And this will never be until we take a radical look at what socializing means and why the kids' idea of education has nothing to do with being socialized. It consists, rather, primarily in unlearning most of what the schools have taught them. For example:

> Structure sucks. A world of order necessarily implies the reign of chaos, constantly subdued, but nonetheless there. The weak, allied with the opportunistic, create "systems"—i.e., socialism, races, education, war, etc.—that is to say, rational process, ambiguous reductions of life into tight, parareligious packages. Some power-mad "prophets" periodically see the proverbial light—the Pope, the government, Al Shanker—and continually obliterate the human spirit attempting to make it fit their vision of it. Living under structures . . . one's whole existence takes place on a battlefield in a war between technocracy and emotion, collective wastelands of anonymity and individuality, and finally life against an all-pervasive walking death.

For young writers such as this one, politics has nothing to do with program or position, and this is a central theme of the book. For most of them would not consider themselves to be anywhere on the usual political spectrum—which in its way is probably responsible for the feeling of threat experienced by the larger community. Like rock music—the quote above is from a rock review of Paul Butterfield in the New York *High School Free Press*—their politics has had to create its own spectrum and its own categories, and has sought to create an alternate life-style in which concepts of freedom can be exercised instead of merely talked about and analyzed. Indeed, what seems to be the chief distinction between the old radicals and the new, or more broadly yet the outside community and the new New Left, is precisely that the new insists on merging theory and practice in a society that values "stability" through the unreality of the vicarious.

The theme of being trapped—physically and intellectually through irrelevant courses and requirements, sexually through outmoded social mores, and emotionally in a system that will not tolerate individual self-expression—runs through the entire volume. But what predominates is the feeling that what schools are teaching—respect for authority, regimentation, fitting in, questioning but only within the confines of the predominant ideology—is irrelevant and pernicious for the kind of society the kids think we ought to be building.

> In the rooms of this dim place
> We waste the last sunny days
> A bird's shadow flashes
> Across the window shade
> And now we sit
> In restless rows
> Writing themes about death
> Someone has carved a flower
> In the corner of my desk.

There is danger for these people in the fact that they will reach out and the rest of us will tell them that for their own good they should learn how to compromise with the "real world." We will sympathize with their emotions—after all, we have felt these things, too—but will, either from jealousy or genuine concern, tell them about the small concessions we all must make. I hope they won't listen.

Jonathan Eisen

JONATHAN EISEN is the editor of *The Age of Rock: Sounds of the American Cultural Revolution* (Random House).

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ACADEMIC FREEDOM AND ACADEMIC ANARCHY

by Sidney Hook

Cowles Book Co., Inc., $5.95

THIS BOOK could be as important as it will be influential. As reactive literature about student protest it is more comprehensively reasoned than, say, Charles Frankel's *Education and the Barricades* or George F. Kennan's *Democracy and the Student Left*, and will last longer. Its argument regarding the nature of the university and of scholarship is so tight that it can only be seriously attacked at the level of basic assumptions. As an interpretation of events by one mind, it possesses an elegance and style not earned by the more frequently published anthologies, whether they be on Hook's side, as is Daniel Bell's and Irving Kristal's *Confrontation*, or on the opposite side, as is James McEvoy's and Abraham Miller's *Black Power and Student Rebellion*.

The central thrust is clear and well known. Academic freedom is " . . . the freedom of professionally qualified persons to inquire, discover, publish, and teach the truth as they see it in the field of their competence." Although a relatively recent phenomenon in America, this freedom achieves for the university its intrinsic value to a democratic society. Students, however, do not possess the exact counterpart of freedom to learn whatever they wish and in their own ways. Students do or should have the right to be consulted, to discuss and debate educational matters, but not to decide. That right comes only to "the knowledgeable, the responsible, and those who have a lifelong professional commitment to search for basic values—in short, the faculty."

This precious academic freedom has been seriously jeopardized by student arrogance and violence in destructive campus upsets that have been unjustified and for the most part aimed not at reform but at total destruction. There is no substantive or moral justification for occupation of university buildings, destruction of private property, or holding universities in contempt. There are better and legal means for expression of dissatisfaction with Vietnam, the draft, or racial inequalities than to attack universities; besides which, these issues are not the real ones of concern to revolutionary students.

Student outbreaks, Hook tells us, have all too frequently been encouraged by a small unrepresentative segment of the faculty and have uncovered moral and technical weaknesses of college presidents. The capitulation of President James Perkins at Cornell and his unwillingness for professors to " . . . use the cloak of academic freedom to cover up statements which might anger black students" and the abrupt hiring of an unqualified black faculty member by former President John H. Summerskill at San Francisco State without faculty consultation are just two examples.

Student demands that colleges and universities and their professors should seek to reform society are unwarranted and untenable, for such a mission is contrary to the ideal nature of the university. That ideal is the presence of truth for its own sake, and without concern for possible impact on society. Whether a scholar works on atomic energy, genetic bases of intelligence, or problems of fertility is of concern to no one other than the scholar himself.

This stark dialectic, however, is contaminated with serious error or weakness. Professor Hook devotes two pages to an inflammatory document distributed at San Francisco State and implies it guided student actions. Actually, only a few copies were distributed from off-campus, and these were repudiated by strike leadership. In anger at those who view things differently, he comes close to pure *ad hominem* argument. Thus, President William Birenbaum of Staten Island Community College is called a "headline hunting administrator" for his attempt to explain the roots of protest, and President James Dixon of Antioch College is accused of taking his stand in support of student rights because he was afraid. Hook's emotions too often lead to almost hysterical or at least intemperate language. Describing differing analyses as "mindless inanities," claiming Senator Eugene McCarthy "encouraged" students to "howl down" Secretary Orville Freeman, or saying that explanations of what happened at Cornell were "rationalizations" of votes cast "in fear and trembling" doesn't convince—and may even alienate—readers who might wish to be informed.

At no time does Professor Hook seek to understand causes or to examine possible other sides. He does halfway accept the historico-psychoanalytical interpretation of Louis Feuer and the Oedipal conflict thesis put forth by Bruno Bettelheim as to why students revolt, but he does not consider other plausible explanations. He marks well that blacks had guns at Cornell, but does not inquire as to possible white threats of armed conflict. Rather, he simply calls the actions of violent youth evil. Nor does he reflect deep understanding of how faculties act and the pressures under which presidents struggle to do the one thing they were appointed to do—preserve and protect their institutions.

There is the point of view that no changes of significance have come about in higher education as a result of faculty thought or action. Yet Professor Hook would assign the destinies of colleges and universities to faculties and their search for truth. Too, his logic at times is inconsistent. He would not allow the SDS to meet on campus, even though invited by a recognized campus organization. Generally accepted procedure is to use legitimate invitation, availability of facilities, and noninterference with academic programs as the only tests. Professor Hook can't have it both ways—an absolute principle of academic freedom for research but a modified principle for the university as a forum. Both should be absolute or both are invalid. He also relies too much on his own feelings to describe matters about which there are facts. He claims most good teachers publish more than do poor teachers; yet, with the exception of one very small study, most studies show relationships between teaching and publication to be generally nil. He says the notion that "McCarthyism" had a serious intimidating effect on college campuses is a myth, yet one monumental study proves it did. He says students have less intellectual interest and drive than generations past in spite of impressive clinical evidence that the reverse is true.

Compensating for weakness or error are distinct strengths. Professor Hook has exposed, more than any other writ-

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Streetfight

by Stephen Morse

I ran all the way to the corner
and waited thirty minutes
For someone to show

At three minutes to 12
Leo Kremick came running across the street
Dodging Volkswagens and a cable car

Thirty minutes later
Rodger Luping parked his '55 Ford
by a hydrant
And we waited together
Leo, Rodger, and Me.

At three minutes to one
I left
Stepping on glass
Leo stepping with me
And Rodger Luping drove away.

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er, the senselessness of extreme forms of student protest. It is healthy to air such episodes as profane and obscene student behavior during meetings of Columbia's disciplinary tribunal. His insight into the inflammatory effects of theorists of the left, such as Herbert Marcuse, Carl E. Schorske, or Richard Lichtman, is profound and his sense of their inconsistencies sure. Thus, he demonstrates how impossible it would be for universities to follow Lichtman's advice to condemn the U. S. government. He knows and proves that, far from being an exploited class, American college students have greater freedom and more opportunity and are actually listened to more than any other student generation perhaps in the history of the world. The range of choice of college or program is enormous and freedom of expression is almost a license. (In what other country could students produce *MacBird*, which suggests the President of the United States planned the assassination of his predecessor?) And he aptly identifies deficiencies in students' education that leave them with no historical perspective and with such limited vocabularies that scatology must substitute for analysis. Above all, he demonstrates that continued student violence can lead only to a weakened university and a loss of freedom for students as well as faculty. Student revolt in California did facilitate election of a conservative governor, whose preference for a budget surplus over educational excellence will deny educational opportunity to California youth.

Ultimate significance of the book is difficult to assess. Professor Hook's purpose is obscure. At times it seems he just needed an emotional catharsis, at others that he must fulfill a prophetic obligation and occasionally a desire to clarify a complex of issues. If his purposes are unclear, the final test of significance will rest on how the book is used. If the powerful forces of reaction to education seize the book as intellectual justification for vindictiveness, it will be influential but destructive. If, on the other hand, it is accepted, not as an absolute, but as a needed corrective for the flood of apologist-for-youth literature that characterized the first five post-Berkeley years, then indeed it will have been worth his time to have written it and ours to read it.

Lewis B. Mayhew

LEWIS B. MAYHEW is professor of education at Stanford University and has written widely about higher education. He prepares an annual essay on the literature of higher education and has recently published *Colleges Today and Tomorrow* and *Contemporary College Students and the Curriculum*.

New Books

The Student Revolution: A Global Confrontation, *by Joseph A. Califano, Jr. (W. W. Norton & Co., 96 pp., $3.95);* **Campus Apocalypse: The Student Search Today,** *by Donald L. Rogan (The Seabury Press, 154 pp., $4.95);* **Is the Library Burning?,** *by Roger Rapoport and Laurence J. Kirshbaum (Random House, 180 pp., $5.95);* **The College Scene: Students Tell It Like It Is,** *by James A. Foley and Robert K. Foley (Cowles Book Company, Inc., 187 pp., $4.95);* **The Ideal of the University,** *by Robert Paul Wolff (Beacon Press, 161 pp., $5.95),* furnish good reading on a topic of continuing concern. An impressionistic report on student dissatisfaction throughout the world, Califano's book raises the issue of student radicalism carried along into the business, labor, and professional lives of young people. Crisply analytical, the Rogan work dismisses the generation gap, identity crisis, and games theory as productive concepts of current unrest. Instead, it presents an arresting analogy connecting youthful malaise with a search for salvation—through sex, drugs, sensitivity training, activism, and revolution. Passionately written, the Rapoport-Kirshbaum piece cries out the frustration of American college men and women confronted with academic bigness, aloofness, and human disconnectedness. Foley and Foley have conducted a college poll and set down a more subdued, discursive account of student anxiety. For persuasiveness of argument and artistic brilliance, Robert Paul Wolff is outstanding. His careful examination of university models, grading, and government and his proposal for reform through a social contract ideal of university life place his interpretation among the best yet written.

Black Studies in the University: A Symposium, *edited by Armstead L. Robinson, Craig C. Foster, and Donald H. Ogilvie (Yale University Press, 231 pp., $6),* stems from the 1968 conference sponsored by Yale's Black Student Alliance. As Mr. Robinson's preface explains, the symposium idea grew as a result of general reluctance among educators to tackle Afro-American topics, either because they denied their importance in the intellectual mainstream or for fear of charges of unseemly responses to insistent demands. This tension is apparent in the two opening essays that shade from Harold Cruse's call for particularist studies with recognized limits (the role of the theater in black society, for instance) to Martin Kilson, Jr.'s refusal to concede "that the black man's experience with white oppression has endowed black men with a special insight into oppression." Other contrasting views include Nathan Hare's cutting ironies about long-overdue questions concerning American society and McGeorge Bundy's measured attempt at disabusing enthusiasts of the notion that the path to black studies is easy to tread. Recommended highly.

The Cloistered Elite: A Sociological Analysis of the English Public Boarding School, *by John Wakeford (Praeger, 269 pp., $7),* critically examines that special British educational community that as a "total institution" is not unrelated to a prison or a hospital. Wakeford writes a fascinating account of this exclusive form of training, imitated in other countries, but seldom quite matched. Certain passages based on student responses read like *Tom Brown's School Days.* Essentially, though, here is a serious scholarly offering written to meet such exacting sociological concepts as organizational

membership, relative deprivation, and social control. The author's conclusion that claiming boarding school experience as a causal factor in future achievement "is a most dubious procedure" will perhaps raise some eyebrows. On the other hand, research writers who wish to challenge this remarkably forceful book will have to set their analytical and stylistic sights high.

A Parent's Guide to Children's Reading, *by Nancy Larrick (Doubleday, 360 pp., $5.95),* is itself a joy to read. The third edition of a modern classic, it overflows with information and advice on developing reading skills and good taste in youngsters. It not only explains how reading is taught these days, but it also offers notes and illustrations drawn from hundreds of popular books and magazines. Written by a distinguished authority with boundless zest for her subject, this wonderful revision must surely be a parent's best buy in town (or out).

—JOHN CALAM.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Everyman in the Halls of Ivy

TIMOTHY S. HEALY'S article "Will Everyman Destroy the University?" [*SR*, Dec. 20] shows a great deal of human understanding and a humanity that is not restricted but that encompasses all the social strata. He is certainly within the Christian or humanistic tradition. And in these times, when hate seems to reign supreme, his voice is refreshing and encouraging.

PROFESSOR ANGELO A. DE GENNARO,
Loyola University of Los Angeles,
Los Angeles, Calif.

I AM NOT convinced, although Mr. Healy seems almost euphoric about it, that open admissions and the consequent hoped-for baccalaureate degrees to be earned by "inner-city youth" will "short-circuit" anything, least of all that the new policies will interrupt poverty. He assumes, of course, that graduates will be hired in occupations for which their college degrees supposedly prepare them, in New York City and anywhere else these graduates may seek employment. Is such an assumption justified by conditions of the real world?

Open admissions and the resultant goods so glowingly sketched for us by Healy are based upon still another hidden assumption that may depart from reality: students and their families will financially and otherwise be able to cover costs of a college education. If the purpose of open admissions is truly to enable impoverished students to become CUNY students, then financial components would seem to be required in planning. I saw no indication of economic support for students in Healy's discussion.

PROFESSOR GILBERT KUSHNER,
State University College
at Brockport,
Brockport, N.Y.

UPON READING "Folklore of Selectivity" by Alexander W. Astin [*SR*, Dec. 20], I was so stupefied by his conclusions that my first reaction was that he must surely be pulling my leg. I am dumfounded when a man of his scientific orientation appears to take a "leap of faith" and reaches conclusions that (to my mind, at least) are unsupported by his own preliminary statement regarding the findings from his own data.

No college admissions officer of my acquaintance is naïve enough to expect absolute prediction of academic performance from his admissions tables. We are, however, aware that the amount of error in predicting academic achievement is dramatically reduced when we rely on the objective data produced by secondary school records, test data, and the recommendations of teachers and counselors who have closely observed the student functioning in an academic environment for four years. And the margin of error is dramatically increased when we abandon objective criteria and substitute subjective appraisals of the candidate for admission.

It is important to emphasize here that the decision being arrived at by the admissions officer is being reached in the interest of the applicant. It is too often assumed that colleges begin with an abstract definition of excellence—an artificial standard of what they want to be—and then seek to protect this "image" against the intrusion of students who can't support it. This premise is entirely false. In my experience, at least, colleges do constant and intensive internal studies on the students they already have. And from these studies they are able to construct "models" or prediction tables that indicate the kind of students who are least likely to encounter failure and frustration in future years.

To my mind, this is a commendable use of intelligence and a profound contribution to human welfare and happiness. All I have to do is to examine the academic mortality tables for my university during the past quarter of a century to strengthen my belief in the efficacy of the objective approach in admissions.

GENE CHENOWETH,
Director of Admissions,
Butler University,
Indianapolis, Ind.

GRANTED THAT the American university has long neglected its proper role toward the "other America," but why must we assume, as does James Cass in his editorial "What Is a College for?" [*SR*, Dec. 20] and as does Chancellor Healy, that where the public school system in this country has failed the university will succeed? Please be realistic. If a student has been subjected to thirteen years of overcrowded, inadequate, and perhaps even segregated public education, how can it be assumed that he will be "saved" in four years of college education? Put the emphasis where it belongs—Project Head Start, improved educational television, more and better staffed public nursery schools, and less crowded, better equipped, better staffed public elementary and secondary schools. Then we in the universities will be able to do the job we are now doing even more effectively, thus allowing more time and energy to be spent on those who need additional help.

PROFESSOR JUSTUS F. PAUL,
Wisconsin State University,
Stevens Point, Wis.

MR. ASTIN'S plea, in effect, for open admissions supported by his thesis that " . . . responsibility to improve . . . the individual, not those with the greatest potential," is a textbook case par excellence of *liberalitas neurotica*, a malady both endemic and fashionable in our sorry land.

Pursuing his thesis to its inexorable logic, the music department of academe,

"The college game might go for it, but the pros aren't ready for it yet."

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for instance, should channel all its efforts to teaching every man to pick out "We Shall Overcome" with one finger on the piano (who could meritoriously argue that such virtuosity would not improve "performance of the individual," since at present all he can do is sing it, and not always on key?), and not bother to "pick winners" such as Horowitz or Watts. To hell with them, and, if need be, to hell with Mozart and Beethoven! Before I blow my brains out over the thought of such a prospect, I have a parting message for Astin: Get lost.

Another path his thesis may open up is one in which big business, for whom he says it is appropriate to "pick winners," may simply duck his challenge and set up its own private universities (the tax deductibility is hardly in jeopardy) to insure itself a supply of "winners." The only trouble with that is, granted most of the footage will be allocated to business administration, will anyone remember to leave a broom closet or two for Greek classics or Hindu art? Cry, the beloved country.

DR. J. CHERNUS,
East Orange, N.J.

LET'S FACE it, we won't solve the problem by tinkering with the admissions machinery. Expanded opportunity for higher education will come only when we are willing to change the whole system, not just that small part called admissions.

PROFESSOR JOHN W. MCTERNAN,
State University of New York,
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Dr. Clark and the Teachers

DR. KENNETH CLARK, in "Fifteen Years of Deliberate Speed" [*SR*, Dec. 20], takes exception to the phrase "cultural deprivation," a euphemism to describe children of ghetto areas. Dr. Clark's attack on whatever terms may be the current fashion in educational parlance is for the purpose of leading into the accusation that white children learn better because the system treats white children better. Again, it's never the fault of the learners, it's always the teachers.

Dr. Clark, as a psychologist, should be able to swallow his prejudices long enough to give ear to what ordinary, everyday classroom teachers are saying from one end of New York City to the other, and from kindergarten through college. They would all say something like this:

If only the Negro leaders would encourage the Negro children to go to school to *learn*. If only these leaders would say to the kids, "Do your work. Listen to the teacher. Don't play hooky. Don't cut classes. Don't vandalize. Don't swagger. Get that chip off your shoulder. Don't terrorize. Just learn!"

Dr. Clark, you say that "It [racism] increases hostility and aggression and self-hatred."

How true! Black racism, too!

CHARLES ECKSTAT,
Long Island City, N.Y.

DR. CLARK refuses to accept the cultural deprivation theory with its stress on family instability and impoverished environment. Dedicated white teachers cannot accept the professor's view, with its concomitant implication of their guilt. Therefore, as Eliza Doolittle said, "Show me." Dr. Clark's reputation puts him in an excellent position to take over direction of a few selected schools in Harlem, Wyandanch, Washington, D.C., obtain financing equal to that of Great Neck or Scarsdale, choose and train teachers, and show in practice how to get black children to achieve up to grade level in the essential basic learning skills.

MILLICENT SCHUKER,
Forest Hills, N.Y.

"Hey! Who do you think is going to clean up after you—some archaeologist?"

A Dream Deferred

Continued from page 61

tories, in all their days, they would be able to come up with nothing for collateral. If the grades and board scores did not stop them, it seemed that money would.

But all of this elitist reasoning and politics belonged to our private stock and culture, for the three women were squirming with excitement. Mr. Burton approached them. He stood inside the rectangle now, holding loosely to those sacred forms, the application blanks. The woman to my right spoke her first words: "Give her the forms." She directed her eyes to the girl next to her. "She's going to sign them and give them right back to you tonight." The girl held tightly to a light-blue ballpoint pen, her hand in place, ready.

"Oh, no," Mr. Burton chuckled. "This can't be done tonight. This form takes two whole days to fill out." He flipped through the pages. "There's an information form (flip), a medical form (flip), an academic form (flip). . . ."

When the bell sounded, we left the classroom, the women lingering a bit. Two rooms away we sat among a new group of parents and students as they listened to two representatives of another college. There were no black families here. The talk was essentially the same: the growth of the school, the stress on early decisions, the requirements (tougher than at Cheney State), the expenses (higher than at Cheney State). A parent asked the meaning of room and board. "You mean three meals a day?" "That's right." There was awe; the enormity of higher education; traveling to Rome for one single week. Then there was the explanation of early acceptance for those students possessing outstanding records and a willingness to pledge to the school that it was their first choice. This announcement made more than a few laugh in nervous anticipation. To have the future splashed in one's face so soon, it was almost illicit or obscene.

All of this was in those rooms, in both of those rooms in that enormous high school. And only now could we recognize that we had been rooled by the racial matter. This was not the issue; for these young people, with their "working-class present orientations" and their parents' special accounts in small banks neatly stashed away for their education, represent the majority of young America, black and white—in Bristol Township, all but that special 35 per cent. Yet, all of the dreams and fantasies of trips and campuses and fraternities are as alive and glowing, warm and special, to these people as

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the lights at Cheney State that automatically turn on in the evening and turn off as if by magic early in the morning. The dreams and aspirations are there, make no mistake about it. The "studies" prove their existence. Without them, there would be no gripping tightly to a paper announcing the one-night-only stand of a college representative, no anxious reaching for pages and pages of applications, and no desire to sign up, quickly but legibly, proudly and permanently.

But while some students literally will take off in all directions toward an open future, approaching colleges with confidence and good grades, most students will sit silently in their classrooms some evening, and pray that they might forever preserve those slim moments with fluent representatives from what must seem like heaven itself. On the spot, they will fall in love with a college and the faceless people who teach and study there, as well as with the buildings that watch over small acres of sacred land. But for them and that niche in society they recognize at least partly as their own, in order to make it to some pinpoint of destiny, they are going to have to hit a keyhole perfectly. For there is just not that much space reserved for these people.

So, on this one night they have been reminded, as they have been their entire lives, of just what stands in the way and just what can go wrong. It is just a tiny keyhole they must hit; it is not open sky. It is so tiny, that keyhole rimmed with rejection and defiance, that merely to tap at it, much less swarm around it, cannot help but call forth the primeval aggression and sorrowful turbulence of the powerful excluding the powerless.

Back in the motel that evening, I walked about my room examining the furnishings, the wide bed, and the reproductions of Utrillo and van Gogh. For some reason, although inhibited by the pluralism of contemporary racial politics, educational strategies, and social class data, I kept repeating, as a litany, the words earlier I truthfully had not perfectly recalled: "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

It is a very tiny keyhole, and there is no reason under the sun why, like Mr. Burton's road, it could not be pushed back so that the sky, as enormous as it seems, could be made that much more spacious, truly endless and truly free.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 63: timer, merit, miter, remit.

On the Razor's Edge

Continued from page 59

dents, but his hegemony is shaky there too. There is symbolic defiance—improper dress and hair length—and there are more dramatic eruptions. "Turmoil swept through nine of the city's high schools today," said one New York newspaper story last spring. "Fires were set in two high schools today," said another on another day.

Of all the attacks, perhaps the most telling and the one that excites the most impassioned counter-rhetoric is the detailed record of educational failure in many New York high schools. It extends beyond the ghetto. Perhaps the whitest high school in the city, New Utrecht (only 8 per cent black and Puerto Rican), issued only 278 academic diplomas last year to a senior class of 752. That means 60 per cent did not get the passport to college. Fort Hamilton High School (82 per cent white) gave academic diplomas to only 29.2 per cent of its seniors. John Jay (60.8 per cent white) granted academic diplomas to 22.6 per cent of its seniors.

Badgered by the union and the board, bludgeoned by the critics, buffeted by the community and its spokesmen, baffled by student militancy of a style and vehemence they never experienced, the principals' "occupational psychology," in the phraseology of the USOE report, is to defend the status quo and their own expertise. They do a good deal of looking to the past, insisting that past experience is essential for on-the-job success. They point to the city's competitive examination "merit system" as superior to any other mechanism for promotion. "Standing as they do at the apex of a system of difficult exams and long service, they are proud of their achievements," said the study. "They feel that the selection process does indeed get the best man." A district superintendent describes them as "an elite club and fiercely loyal to one another."

Many of the principals are Jewish (an estimated 80 per cent) and entered the school system during the Depression, a time of extreme competition for teaching jobs. Principals often boast of the small number of applicants who passed the tests in those days and point with pride to "the lawyers, college professors, Phi Beta Kappa graduates" who took the test with them. Jewish principals are in a position of conflict. They place a high cultural value on education ("it is both the content and prerequisite of their careers"), and at the same time they are sympathetic to the poor, especially Negroes who need a chance to rise as they did. However, there is also a feeling of resentment against Negroes "for not being actively committed to and respectful of the value of education."

The examination system in particular legitimizes the principals' feelings of personal accomplishment. They believe they have been publicly certified as superior administrators and scholars by virtue of every advancement, every test passed, every appointment won. They construe the system as built on "hard study and a good record on the job." Others say the exam system is irrelevant to the qualities that make a good educator. Some questions on a recent principal's exam are: "Select the word or word group nearest in meaning to the given word: osier: (1) inhabitant of Indiana; (2) any large bone; (3) willow with twigs flexible enough for wickerwork; (4) popular," and "Select the one which describes the syntax of the underlined part: Com-

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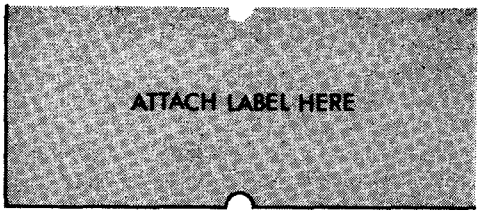

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pletely *irreconcilable* were the viewpoints expressed by the board members: (1) subject of the sentence; (2) predicate noun; (3) predicative adjective; (4) modifies 'completely.'"

While exalting the exam system as proof of their own competence, some principals acknowledged "somewhat evasively" that the tests were of little relevance on the job. The point-spread becomes quite narrow on the written part, making only a few points supremely important in ranking candidates. An ongoing struggle between the principals and the "militants" in New York is substitution of qualifying tests for competitive tests. Each departure from "numbered lists" (the result of competitive exams) is regarded as an inroad into the merit system. The principals point to the new decentralization law as a concession to those who would "weaken" the merit system because it will allow elementary school principals to be chosen by qualifying exams after those on the current list are assigned to openings.

The principals, in addition to showing test-passing ability, have to show a flair for good record-keeping. For instance, to be a successful candidate for a principalship one must have documentary evidence of how one helped, perhaps as a department chairman, a teacher "grow" through individual conferences. "It obviously is not a system to encourage and reward the innovative or the critical," said Vidich and McReynolds.

The principals retain the middle-class ideal of schools and students. They like students who are "polite, respectful of authority, and 'motivated.'" They want a smoothly functioning school in which there is no challenge to methods of operation, one that sorts out the best students so they can go to college and equips the rest "to make a decent living and to live decently." Those students who fail or lose interest must accept that it is their own fault and accept a diluted program—be it in a vocational school or in the general diploma track in an academic school.

"What harm is there for a child to use decent language, dress decently, and sit in an orderly classroom?" asks a principal. "Is that middle-class? Well, I say, 'What's wrong with it?'"

Often, in listening to the reminiscences and ruminations of New York high school principals, one hears a nostalgic reference to the schoolmaster

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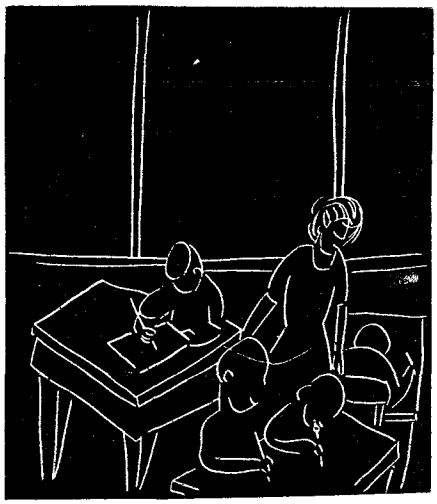

of old, a "dignified, erudite, and slightly distant figure, autonomous in authority, and respected both inside and outside the school," the study notes. By comparison, the principal of 1969 feels that he is cheated, denied status, made subject to hostility from the intellectual camp (to which he is nominally attached), and exposed to community anger. In addition, he feels overwhelmed by the vastness of the enterprise he must manage. The typical pattern in New York high schools is overlapping sessions running until twilight in winter, problems of shoehorning too many students into too few classrooms. For the principal the job is one of logistics, not education. He is a middle-manager trying to satisfy a bureaucracy of overseers and a clientele made up increasingly of second-guessers.

In fact, the principal often blames the turmoil and upheaval in the schools on the overcrowding. When the Board of Education considered a resolution to broaden the rights of students, as one means of tamping down dissent, one principal snapped back that if the schools were dehumanized and impersonal it was the fault of the board for too long allowing overcrowding and disallowing capital budget items meant to give relief.

"What we don't need is more rhetoric encouraging greater permissiveness," said Louis A. Schuker, principal of Jamaica High School in Queens. "What we don't need at this moment is the weakening and undermining of the authority of the school administration which has, through every form of legerdemain, kept these large monsters operating with amazing efficiency and even educational success. What we do need desperately is twenty buildings within the next two years to end the unconscionable overcrowding which has afflicted the high schools. It is the overcrowding that sends pupils to school at dawn and has other pupils traveling home after dark. It is the overcrowding that deprives teachers of a room of their own . . . and hampers development of warm, interpersonal relationships with pupils and produces dangerous anonymity. . . . It is the overcrowding that has necessitated many of the rigidities, restrictions, and regulations that have offended, and many of the grievances would be dissipated as the overcrowding diminished."

Schuker, Board of Education principal-watchers have observed, is a hawk on the subject of the pledge. Several students who have been suspended from his school for refusing to stand for the Pledge of Allegiance have either gone to court or appealed to Livingston Street. To what extent less crowding would lessen protests over the flag salute is open to conjecture. And to what extent overcrowding provides a handy copout for uptight principals is also open to speculation.

To the principals, the education critics (a group that includes the press) are a bad lot. Given the opportunity, they pridefully escort visitors (such as the USOE study team) through the halls to show how quiet and orderly they are. They are anxious to refute the disorderly conduct rap in the headlines. They insist that the schools are better than the critics give them credit for. They turn to statistics on national and state scholarship winners for their professional redemption. "We are *not* in a spiral of decline as far as I can see," says one. "We've just failed to solve the problem of the disadvantaged child. Not that *we* just failed, we all failed, every city in the U.S. But section per section of kids, we've got statistics you can use by the thousands which show that the New York City system is still a good system and in many respects a superior system."

If there are failures, the blame is always on others, never on the principals or the school system they represent. Children come from "disorganized and emotionally damaging homes." They do not "respond" to what has worked in the past for middle-class children. There is no leadership from the board. "The reason that the school has been challenged isn't so much that we didn't do the job well in the past. We did the job all right, until we reached this problem of integration and of dealing with a new kind of student for whom the methods we'd developed weren't adequate. . . ."

Among principals, the USOE team found an "almost total absence of self-doubt." They do not doubt their own competence. They have no second thoughts about their choice of careers. Those who criticize him and the Establishment of which he is a part are "enemies of public education." The princi-

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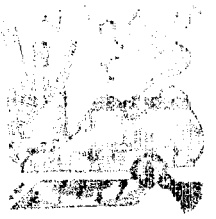
pals also spoke indignantly of their own "heroic efforts" in the face of great difficulty. They prefaced their remarks with, "Of course we're not perfect" and/or "I know we can do a lot more. . . ." The thrust of their disclaimers, however, was that all that can humanly be expected from them is being done in ghetto schools.

What is to be done for the principal—or to the principal—to impel change? The USOE study suggested that perhaps his job be divided into two parts, with one principal operating as "manager of a complex business" and another as chief educator, free to experiment and innovate. With such a division of labor, there presumably would be fewer principals who, when asked what their schools needed most, would reply, "Well, we could use a few more phones here" or "I could use another administrative assistant." Others say the principals should make their own professional organizations more militant, perhaps join forces with the teachers' union, if it will have them, so that principals can call strikes too. UFT members, it will be remembered, were the ones who closed the schools for thirty-six days in New York over alleged denial of "due process" for ten teachers ousted from Ocean Hill-Brownsville schools. And of course no supervisory work stoppage ever resulted when principals and other administrators were bumped out of schools and district offices in the ghettos.

It may be that these prescriptions are not the cure for what ails the principals. Perhaps only a jolt from one of their own, a member of the fraternity, will get at the roots of their sense of persecution. A principal stood up at one of the New York seminars and delivered this diagnosis:

"There's something that bothers me here. Can we be so right and everybody else so wrong? Why don't parents keep their children in the public schools? Why has the school system fallen apart? Is there a theory, a political theory here, that there are evildoers like members of CORE and other organizations who are deliberately pulling down the school system in order to effect political gains of their own? Is this the only philosophy we have? I'm a little puzzled by this. How could we come to this pass if we've been so good? Now I've been in this business a bit longer than some of you here—in a difficult area all the time—and I've bemoaned some of the things that have been happening, too, and it can happen to any of us in two minutes. . . .

"But I think we can look at this thing a little narrowly. I mean, if we stop and ask, 'What's wrong? Why has this pablum which has been handed out by CORE and the others been so



readily accepted? Why have the other parents been silent if it's been such a patent fraud? Why have they responded by taking their children out of the public schools and putting them into private and parochial schools?'

"Let's be honest about this. What's wrong? In what way aren't we serving properly? We can't always take the position—and I think this is the reputation we've gotten—of always defending the status quo. Is there anything that anybody else has suggested about the curriculum, its reorganization, that we approve of? I've attended our meetings for almost fourteen years, and we've always been 'agin.' Why have we always been the victims of the people in the community, instead of playing an active role?

"Whether there have been mistakes on our part, or mistakes on the part of the administration, or the budget-makers, or whoever, I think our schools have left a lot to be desired, and we have very often been defensive where we should have been taking the role of making changes initially and taking leadership."

This principal, not an outsider, was listened to with the silence and respect due a member of the club. The question is: Was he heard?

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1Jc, *Night to Remember;* 2Ii, *Life on the Mississippi;* 3Be, *Mutiny on the Bounty;* 4Ed; 5Gj, *Around the World in 80 Days;* 6Ag, *Argonautica;* 7Ha, *Lord Jim;* 8Fb, *Man Without a Country;* 9Cf; 10Dh, *Treasure Island.*

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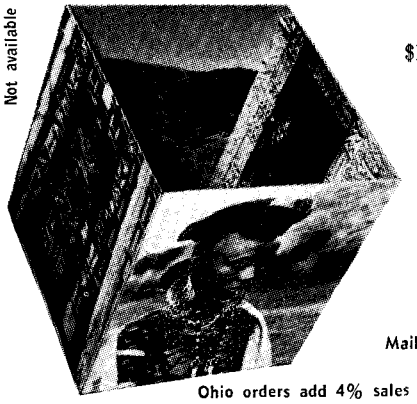

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American Indian Education

Continued from page 57

cially in this setting. It is usual for the schools to ignore the cultural heritage of the children as if it didn't exist—or worse, as if it required eradication.

An exciting departure in Indian education is provided by the program of the DINE (Demonstration in Navaho Education) experimental school at Rough Rock, Arizona. Instruction in Navaho language and culture is part of the curriculum, and the school itself is supervised by an all-Navaho school board. The newly organized first Indian college, the Navaho Junior College at Many Farms, is also gearing its curriculum to the special needs of Indian students. These are among the first tribal-run schools since the Choctaw and the Cherokee ran their own school systems during the last century.

Critics of the BIA and its schools are responding to conditions that are sometimes peculiar to the BIA, but in other cases are not unlike those found throughout American education: the discontinuity between teacher education institutions and the schools in which their graduates will be teaching; the inadequate number of Indians recruited into teaching; the lack of understanding and empathy for the culturally different and the poor; unsuitable instructional materials; inadequate professional leadership; and the lack of involvement of the communities being served.

Aside from its inheritance of distrust and suspicion stemming from an earlier era, the BIA is also beset with all the usual problems faced by an entrenched bureaucratic system. Official policy from above is often frustrated by inadequate execution in the field. Indeed, the educational staff in the field is responsible to BIA area offices concerned with many matters other than education, rather than to the director of educational programs.

Also, the system tends to encourage the maintenance of the traditional structure and methods; advancement into administration is through the ranks and encourages the promotion of those defensive of the system rather than those who are innovative or experimentally inclined. Most important, responsibility and accountability, at all levels, are to the bureau rather than to the Indian communities.

Part of the BIA's difficulty is due to the fact that, while it maintains an educational system of its own, it has been committed to the principle that, whenever possible, Indian children should be placed in public schools. This policy is in keeping with assimilationist goals, the general reluctance of the federal government to run a school system, and the unwillingness, except on a small experimental basis, to allow Indians to run their own schools. This ambivalent position of presiding over a school system dedicated to its own demise is not conducive to adequate Congressional funding, support, and planning.

States and local communities generally have been unwilling to assume educational responsibility for Indians living on reservations because the land is tax-free. Therefore, the federal government has provided subsidies to reimburse public schools for the education of Indian students.

But the transfer of Indians to public schools is a two-edged sword. On the one hand, it seems reasonable that public education allows the Indian child access to common schooling along with others. It appears to encourage integration, and it supports the rights of states to oversee education. It appeals to liberals as a means of rescuing Indians from the custodianship of the BIA, which smacks of a colonial service.

On the other hand, attendance at public schools has frequently placed the Indian child in the position of a minority group within a largely white institution. It often puts him in a position of economic and social disadvantage, especially in areas with long histories of antipathy toward the Indian population. Sometimes the public schools are a greater distance from home than the bureau day schools, and in some instances the federally supervised BIA school is superior to the local public school in facilities and staff, as well as in attention to the special needs of Indian children.

In addition, Indians have rarely been in a strong political position in their local communities, and thus have had little say over the design of programs and the allocation of funds received for their people by the local school districts. And again, in the light of the long history of Indian-white relations, transfer to public schools without approval of the local Indian community is suspected as a policy of reneging on the federal obligations to provide education.

Growing Indian political consciousness has led several Rio Grande pueblos to institute court actions charging misappropriations of federal funds by local public school boards; Indians are exercising their vote to elect school board members; and demands are being made that no school transfers take place without community approval.

Increasingly, nevertheless, the problems of Indian education are likely to be found in the public schools. Since World War II, growing numbers of American Indians, together with other rural Americans, have moved to the cities. Some have gone on their own, searching for jobs, others in urban relocation programs designed by the federal government to assist young Indians to move from the reservations to urban employment. One-third of the Indian population now lives in cities, although for many reservation ties remain strong and there is much moving back and forth.

For those Indian children who are recent migrants to the city, school generally means attendance at a large, inner-city slum school, where they are submerged among the rest of the "disadvantaged" children of the city. The absence of special programs to meet their particular needs, plus the high transiency rate typical of many, is not conducive to successful completion of school programs, and dropout rates are high. As members of the urban poor, they lose out in the competition with other larger and more powerful minorities as recipients of federal programs.

Virtually every critic of American Indian education has pointed to the urgent need to elevate the BIA, which is now a relatively low-level bureau within the Department of the Interior. Some, such as Alvin M. Josephy reporting to President Kennedy, have argued for transferring the BIA to the executive office of the President where it would be more visible and have a mandate for change. Others have urged that it be transferred to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, kept intact, and be placed under an Assistant Secretary or Administrator for Indian Affairs. Still others have proposed that the educational functions of the BIA be transferred to the Office of Education in HEW. A proposal for a more fundamental change was made in a Carnegie Corporation report that called for the creation of a federal commission to assume control of Indian education, with an explicit mandate to transfer this control to Indian communities within five years. The report was careful to state that it was not calling for termination, but rather the continuation of federal responsibility except with Indian control.

The recent Senate subcommittee report elected to retain the BIA in an elevated position within the Department of the Interior. Taking a strong stand in favor of fulfilling federal responsibilities to Indians, it urged that the federal Indian school system be developed into an exemplary system that can play an important role in improving education for Indian children. In addition, it recommended increased and extended funding to public schools, calling for the involvement of Indians

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in the planning, execution, and evaluation of the use to which the funds are put. Over and above the strengthening of existing schools, it urged policies that permit tribal governments and Indian communities to run their own schools.

In calling for the government to commit itself to a national policy of educational excellence for Indian children, the report emphasized the need for maximum participation and control by Indian adults and communities, more demonstration and experimental programs, and a substantial increase in appropriations to achieve these goals.

The 1960s was a period of intense search and evaluation concerning American Indian education. It began with great hope for change with President Kennedy's proposed task force to examine the problems, and ended with a call for a national commitment to excellence. In the interim, while termination practices have halted, little has happened to change the Indians' basic position of powerlessness, and Indian affairs have continued to take a back seat in Department of the Interior programs.

It is too soon to judge the policies of the 1970s, but certain aspects are clear. The myths of the vanishing and silent Indians have been shattered. Active participation and organization by American Indians themselves are growing, whether in the National Congress of American Indian Tribes, meetings such as the National Indian Education Conference, or the proliferating groups of organized college students and "Red Power" advocates.

Despite the pessimistic past there are still time and great promise for America. The heterogeneity of the Indian populations matches that of the nation. If we can be responsive to the education needs of culturally different groups, many of whose members resist loss of identity in a common, bland "melting pot," if we can provide flexible programs with massive federal funding that allows people themselves to engage in the educational enterprise and to develop the programs best suited for their children, we will have gone a long way in tackling the needs of all American education.

The old chiefs are gone; the young men are to be found in school rather than in the woods, but the lesson is clear. It is not just the Indian who has to learn from us, there is much to be learned from him—the values inherent in group identity; respect for nature; the right of men to participate in the institutions that affect their lives; and that no policy or program, regardless of how well intended, will succeed without his approval.

Books for Young People

Continued from page 37

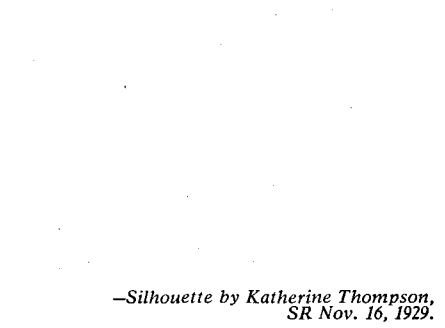
$5.95. It is especially pleasing when an artist in one genre proves to be adept in another, and the many admirers of Peter Spier's picture-book illustrations will doubtless be gratified to find that he has the easy humor of the raconteur, and the ability to balance long views and small details that mark the best informational writers. A facinating study of Holland's centuries-old battle against the sea, *Of Dikes and Windmills* combines historical background with facts about hydraulic engineering and robust and affectionate anecdotes. The precise and charming illustrations are as useful as they are attractive, and the maps and diagrams are lucid. Ages 11 up.

Pistol. *By Adrienne Richard. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 245 *pp.* $4.95. For a fourteen-year-old boy who yearns for his own horse, dreams of being a cowboy, and loves the open Montana country, what could be more wonderful than a job on a ranch? The cowboys called Billy "Pistol," but with all their teasing they taught him every trick they knew. So during the summer Billy learned to break in a wild horse and round up the herds. That winter he went back to school, and worried about his lazy father and the family finances, and—when the Depression hit—about the breaking up of the ranch. A good book in every respect, *Pistol* has fine characterization, a romantic setting, dialogue that is often wryly humorous, and a most perceptive picture of an adolescent boy moving into manhood. Ages 12-14.

America and the Cold War. *By Richard J. Walton. Seabury.* 197 *pp.* $4.95. For five years a United Nations correspondent for the Voice of America, Richard Walton records, with scrupulous objectivity, the long and complex history of the abrasive and potentially explosive relationships among the world powers and especially between Russia and the United States. In analyzing the growing tension after World War II, Mr. Walton explores the background of events and attitudes, of political concepts and national fears, of external factors and internal pressures. A serious but not a somber book, *America and the Cold War* evaluates and compares Russian and American reactions to policy decisions and individual blunders, making no judgment as to culpability but giving the opinions of supporters and critics. These are the facts, and the reader may draw his own conclusions. Ages 12 up.

Making Movies: Student Films to Features. *By Hila Colman. World.* 191 *pp.* $4.95. There is hardly an angle or a job left unexplored in this book, which should appeal to general readers as well as to those interested in a career in film production. The writing is crisp and informal, the information is based on interviews as well as on research, the advice is practical. The areas discussed include television commercials, industrial movies, animation, student films, documentaries, and direct cinema. In addition to an analysis of professional training courses, Mrs. Colman discusses union requirements and gives information about apprenticeship programs and colleges and universities offering film courses. Ages 12 up.

The Writing on the Wall: 108 Poems of Protest. *Edited by Walter Lowenfels. Doubleday* 189 *pp.* $4.95. In a day when anthologies of poetry are far more popular than collections by individual poets (a trend he decries), Mr. Lowenfels has compiled yet another because "the tensions of being alive in the megaton days have given the language a new dimension." Not all the voices of protest are contemporary, but the few poets of the past who are included share the indignation, the passionate sense of injustice, the urgent need for communication and the rejection of war and bigotry that characterize the younger writers. Thus, in spite of variations of style, form and mood, the book is distinguished by its unity of impact. Ages 13 up.



—Silhouette by Katherine Thompson, SR Nov. 16, 1929.

Darwin and the Beagle. *By Alan Moorehead. Harper & Row.* 280 *pp.* $15. When an event has been as much discussed as has the five-year voyage of the *Beagle*, it is a tour de force to write about it so deftly that it has the freshness of new material. That Alan Moorehead has done, and more: he shows the effect of biological and geological evidence on the young, enthusiastic Darwin, who had to face the demolishing of cherished religious beliefs by irrefutable evidence and thereby became a dedicated man of science instead of a happy dilettante. The conflict between FitzRoy and Darwin is realistically portrayed, with the two as often on good terms as bad, and enough information is provided about Darwin's life before and after the journey to round out the book. The writing, which has vigor and polish, smoothly incorporates excerpts from Darwin's letters and journals. The illustrations are intriguing. For young adults.

Search for Sybaris. *By Orville H. Bullitt. Illustrated with maps and photographs. Lippincott.* 238 *pp.* $6.95. One needn't be a history or archeology buff to find fascination in this meticulously detailed story of an eight-year search for a fabulous Greek city. There are moments when Orville Bullitt's enthusiasm for ancient writers, quoted at length, becomes wearing, but most of the book is devoted to theories of location, the mapping of digs, the excitement of finding verifying evidence, and the impressive record of persistence and devotion that led to the discoveries of archaic artifacts and buildings. For young adults.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 21

Jerome Hines as Sarastro. The Queen of the Night was once more Lucia Popp. She began her first aria as if she might have another attitude toward singing in the Metropolitan than when she was last here, but turned tentative once the *fioritura* difficulties began.

On the same evening, music became a part of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's hundredth anniversary observances as Artur Rubinstein joined the other old masters it houses to play a commemorative concert with the Guarneri Quartet. Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium was crowded not only to nominal capacity but almost to the limit of its stage seats for this unique public exposition of Rubinstein's abilities as a chamber music performer. It also marked, in the playing of the F-minor Quintet of Brahms and the E-flat Quintet of Schumann (spaced by the Fauré Quartet), the first New York appearance of Rubinstein with the Guarneri personnel. The fusion of youthful enthusiasm and wise scholarship produced a warming flow of sound that is rarely encountered in conjunction with such totally ordered ensemble effort. It is merely kindness to those who may learn too late of the opportunities in this Museum sequence to mention that the attractions on Saturdays-to-come include Sviatoslav Richter (January 24), David Oistrakh (February 7), Birgit Nilsson (March 7), and the Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio (May 23).

The first New York visit of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under the direction of its new music director, Georg Solti, brought two evenings of orchestral music, one miscellaneous, one all-Mahler, to Carnegie Hall. A visit to the second provided proof that the high standards of performance instituted by the late Fritz Reiner and sustained by Jean Martinon are also being served well by Solti. This conclusion flowed not so much from the sometimes overemphatic performance of the Fifth Symphony as from the introspective *Kindertotenlieder*.

Its fine color values and highly refined dynamic gradations were beautifully interrelated, not only within the instrumental ensemble itself, but also in respect to the artful, eloquent singing of Helen Watts. She is the rare and cherishable kind of Mahler interpreter who does not conceive of her role as a soloistic one, but rather as another element in the composer's concept of a totality. Thus, if Miss Watts did not surround the listener with a wash of tone, she did seek out and convey the sense of every word with a pertinence and insight rarely heard.

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(Continued on page 80)

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

(Continued from page 79)

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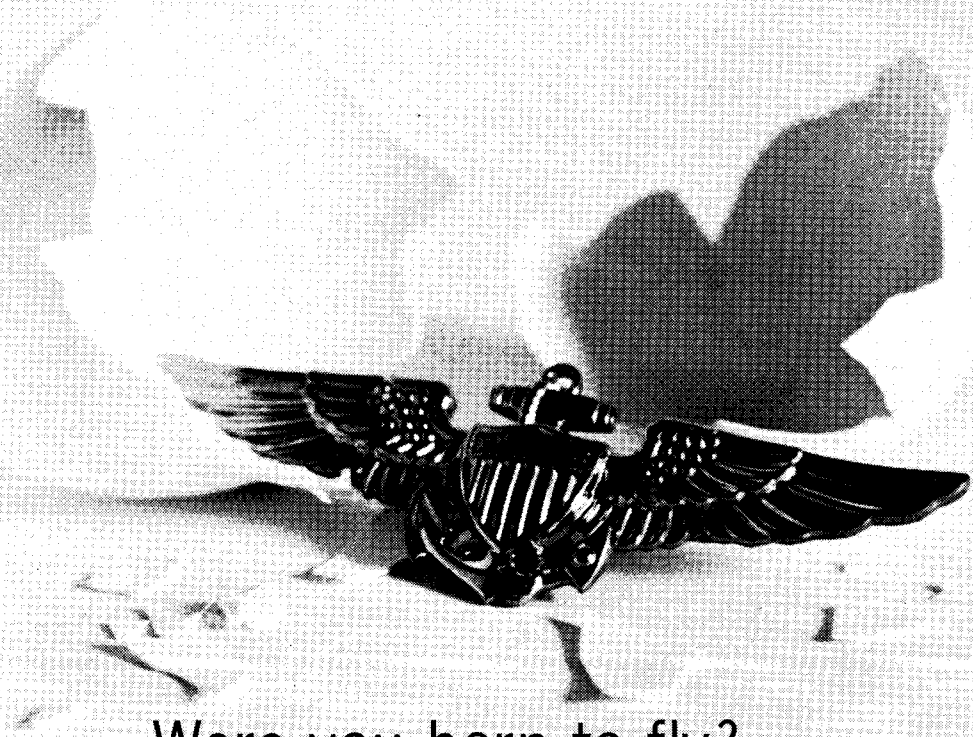

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1868

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Bosh	47 65 80 117 123 125 134 169 152
B. County in SW Scotland on the Firth of Clyde	182 191 1 14 74 89 92 104
C. Deficient in relevant experience	186 200 214 6 12 28 31 54 63 85 91
D. "With sword-sway, and with thrust." (Scott, "Marmion")	109 146 149 197 206 19
E. Shines lustrously	38 51 59 62 72 87 98 110
F. Branch of metaphysics relating to the nature and relations of being	150 157 159 168 175 215 46 69
G. Sum in excess of the just amount	170 105 108 147 205 84 94 180 68 115
H. Dexterity	121 127 181 187 211 15 22 81
I. Group of islands in the central Pacific comprising Sand and Eastern	95 112 114 70 97 145
J. Resource held back until needed (4 wds.)	193 23 34 71 128 142 160 164 177 5 16 48
K. "A harmless———cat." ("The Merchant of Venice")	132 136 75 93 116 124 210 24 42
L. Popular American operatic baritone (1896-1960)	79 118 55 122 130 172 176
M. Genus of Malvaceae including the rose of Sharon et al.	189 198 56 126 133 83 44 119
N. Actuality, as opposed to potentiality	138 163 183 190 209 25 90 101 162
O. Captured	171 178 194 201 29 53
P. Leaves	58 207 4 13 137
Q. Scopes, ranges	100 153 166 213 143 196
R. Counted, banked	64 106 8 21 39 86
S. Long on looks (comp.)	141 11 52 78 27 35 66 202 216 158
T. Adapted, qualified	203 156 3 33 195 20
U. Song from "The Vagabond King" (3 wds., Hooker and Friml)	43 139 36 82 212 76 174 96 199
V. Interwoven, twisted	107 7 26 154 57 111 99
W. Palisaded mounds common in prehistoric Europe	135 49 10 41 165 217
X. Unexpected repercussion	2 17 188 120 173 73 88 61 50
Y. Imparted a hue to	151 9 40 103 161 30
Z. Beginning to exist or appear	204 45 129 37 208 18 184 60 167
Z^1 Governor of Ahab's house (I Kings, 18:3)	67 185 77 155 131 102 192
Z^2 Either of two rivers of Silesia	32 144 179 113 140 148

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 B	2 X	3 T	4 P	5 J	6 C	7 V	8 R	9 Y	10 W	11 S		12 C	13 P	14 B	15 H	16 J
17 X		18 Z	19 D		20 T	21 R	22 H	23 J	24 K	25 N	26 V	27 S	28 C	29 O	30 Y	
31 C	32 Z^2	33 T	34 J	35 S	36 U	37 Z	38 E	39 R	40 Y	41 W		42 K	43 U	44 M	45 Z	46 F
	47 A	48 J	49 W	50 X	51 E	52 S		53 O	54 C	55 L	56 M	57 V	58 P		59 E	60 Z
	61 X	62 E	63 C	64 R	65 A	66 S	67 Z^1	68 G	69 F		70 I	71 J	72 E	73 X	74 B	75 K
76 U	77 Z^1	78 S	79 L		80 A	81 H	82 U	83 M	84 G	85 C	86 R	87 E	88 X	89 B	90 N	
91 C	92 B	93 K	94 G	95 I	96 U		97 I	98 E	99 V		100 Q	101 N	102 Z^1	103 Y	104 B	105 G
106 R	107 V		108 G	109 D	110 E	111 V		112 I	113 Z^2		114 I	115 G	116 K	117 A	118 L	119 M
120 X	121 H		122 L	123 A		124 K	125 A	126 M	127 H	128 J	129 Z	130 L		131 Z^1	132 K	
133 M	134 A	135 W	136 K		137 P	138 N	139 U	140 Z^2	141 S		142 J	143 Q	144 Z^2	145 I		146 D
147 G	148 Z^2		149 D	150 F	151 Y		152 A	153 Q	154 V	155 Z^1	156 T	157 F	158 S		159 F	160 J
161 Y	162 N		163 N	164 J	165 W	166 Q		167 Z	168 F		169 A	170 G	171 O	172 L	173 X	174 U
175 F		176 L	177 J	178 O	179 Z^2	180 G		181 H	182 B	183 N	184 Z		185 Z^1	186 C	187 H	
188 X	189 M	190 N	191 B		192 Z^1	193 J	194 O	195 T		196 Q	197 D	198 M	199 U	200 C	201 O	202 S
203 T	204 Z	205 G		206 D	207 P	208 Z	209 N	210 K	211 H	212 U	213 Q	214 C	215 F	216 S	217 W	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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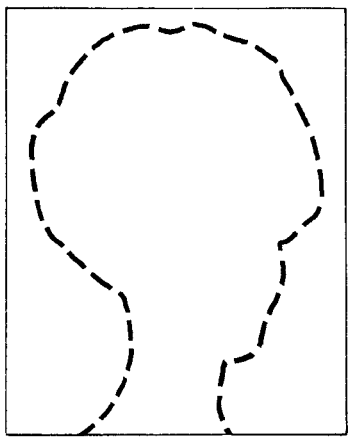
We're looking for creative teachers.

Today, more and more teachers are making classes come alive by supplementing textbooks with the creative use of duplicating equipment. If you're one of these teachers, we'd like to know about you and what you're doing.



Lately, we've been running case histories in this publication about teachers who turned duplicating equipment into creative teaching resources. One teacher made "Silas Marner" more interesting by having students publish a newspaper about the characters and happenings in the book. Another teacher appointed each student a "Minister of Tourism" for a country and had him prepare a travel folder about his country.

Now, we're looking for more case histories to feature. If you too have an exciting story to share with other teachers about the creative use of duplicating equipment, we'll consider it for print.

Then, we'll ask you for your snapshot and your approval. And one of these days, you may see yourself and your idea in this publication.

Send your story and samples of teaching materials you or your students have prepared to: Educational Services, A.B. Dick Company, 5700 W. Touhy Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60648.

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Big Sandy, Texas

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Hung up 41 coats.

Passed out 24 stereo earphones and movie guides. 16 pillows. 4 decks of cards. 1 electric shaver. 3 coloring books. 2 lollipops.

You'd never know, because she's still smiling.

But that's her make-up.

As it is with all members of our cross-country team at United.

Come fly the friendly skies.

And see the stuff teams are made of.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"She's pretty good on her feet."

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